THE

CHRISTIAN MINSTREL.

A NEW SYSTEM OF MUSICAL NOTATION;

WITH A COLLECTION OF

PSALM TUNES, ANTHEMS, AND CHANTS,

SELECTED FROM THE

Most Popular Works in Europe and America.

DESIGNED FOR THE

USE OF CHURCHES, SINGING-SCHOOLS, AND SOCIETIES.

BY J. B. AIKIN.

PHILADELPHIA: T. K. COLLINS, JR., 8 NORTH SIXTH STREET; E. C. & J. BIDDLE, NO. 8 MINOR STREET;
T. K. & P. G. COLLINS, 1 LODGE ALLEY.—*LANCASTER:* MURRAY, YOUNG & CO.
NEW YORK: H. LONG & BRO., 121 NASSAU ST.—*WOOSTER, OHIO:* J. H. BAUMGARDNER & CO.
CINCINNATI: MOORE, WILSTACH, KEYS & CO.—*PITTSBURGH:* KAY & CO.
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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by
J. B. AIKIN,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Collins, Printer.

PREFACE.

THE number of sacred music books has been greatly multiplied within the last few years. Mason's publications alone have furnished the churches with a rich variety of music, arranged and harmonized in a style of unequalled beauty and sublimity, and characterized by a chasteness, simplicity, and facility of expression, and all that is adapted to dignify and elevate the character of devotional song, which must commend it to the hearty acceptance of the most intelligent and best cultivated minds in the world. And from the number of editions of these publications, which have succeeded each other in rapid succession, and which have been anxiously sought after and liberally distributed throughout the country, it seems fair to infer the existence of a happily increasing interest in the subject.

The fact, also, that the unscientific and trashy publications, which but too lately were held in high popular estimation, and which supplied the churches, especially of the south and west, with nearly all their music, are now being in a great degree displaced by those of a more serious and scientific character, indicates a decided improvement in the popular taste.

It is a singular fact, nevertheless—and one which demands the serious consideration of the friends of music, and which it concerns teachers and guides in the science to account for—that by far the largest portion of the community are altogether unacquainted with the elementary principles of the science, and have no use for written music whatever; and this is the case, not only among the ignorant and unlearned, but among the more enlightened and educated portions of the community. Even among members of the church, a very small minority are able to distinguish one note from another, and two-thirds of the ministers find it more difficult to sing the plainest tune unaided, without having first *heard* it, than to write a sermon. And I must add, though I regret the occasion which requires it, that of the classes that receive the instructions of our most scientific and devoted teachers—however they may sing what they have learned by *the hearing of the ear*—not one half are even able to read and comprehend the simplest passages in the books.

Whence, and how is this? Do the people feel no concern upon the subject? Have they no desire to understand the science, or to acquire the art? Or have our guides been at fault? Have they left the simple path of nature, and constructed a road less inviting and more intricate and difficult? Multitudes,—often those of the first order of intellect, who cannot be suspected of a want of energy equal to any mental enterprise,—are heard to say daily, how much they would give to be able to sing *by note*. They have paid some attention to the subject, but a mist seemed to hang over it. They have, perhaps, entered upon the study with earnestness and zeal, but the first results were unsatisfactory, and the difficulties in attaining any thing like an accurate knowledge of the subject appeared insurmountable, with the time and labour which they were prepared to bestow. The fact is notorious, and these deplorable results follow the most improved system of Pestalozzian analysis.

These results are by no means owing to any want of ability or zeal on the part of those engaged in instruction. The energy and untiring

perseverance of those who have for some years past devoted themselves to the business of instruction, and the preparation of music-books, are worthy of all praise, and command our highest admiration. But with the experience of the past, and a just observation of the present, it requires not the gift of prophecy to foretell, that while the same system is continued, no efforts to extend the boundaries of knowledge in this department of science, however energetic and well directed, will succeed in any degree adequate to the wishes and expectations of its friends.

A radical reform in the mode of writing music is what is required. We must cease to inculcate as elementary principles mere dogmas, arbitrarily imposed upon us by those who have gone before. We must make no factitious distinctions where there are no differences. I have bestowed much time and consideration upon this subject, having had the experience of a number of years in teaching. I have looked at the subject again and again, impartially and independently, as far as possible without reference to existing theories, and uninfluenced by the settled opinions and interesting systems of others; and though conscious that I must hazard the imputation of vanity and presumption, I have ventured to offer to the public a "new book," presenting the subject in a shape less complicated, more simple, and as I conceive more in accordance with nature.

I respectfully ask of musicians a careful examination of this work, and a careful consideration of the particulars in which it differs from others, and which I cannot but believe they will agree with me in denominating *improvements*.

PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORK.

I. VARIETIES OF MEASURE, OR MODES OF TIME.

As music is ordinarily written, the varieties of measure amount to some *nine* or *ten*. Professor Mason says in his Carmina Sacra, page 7, "Other varieties also may be used,"—even as many as fifteen or more. In this work only three varieties are used, equal, unequal and compound.

The reasons which induce this change, and the claims it has to be considered an improvement in the mode of writing music, may be estimated from the following considerations.

1st. Other varieties are not necessary. Every variety of *music* may be written intelligibly in one or the other of these three measures—equal, unequal, or compound. All sounds, of whatever relative length, and in every possible combination, may be clearly represented to the eye without the use of any other.

2d. Other varieties are useless. They are of no practical value whatever. They do not define the time. For this the very highest authority may be adduced. "The example $\frac{2}{2}$ is not, necessarily, either slower or quicker than $\frac{2}{4}$; $\frac{3}{2}$ is neither slower nor quicker than $\frac{3}{8}$, &c. The different varieties of time in each of the above examples [the examples specify fifteen] are practically the same. To the *eye* they are different, to the *ear* alike."* These numerous *varieties*, or ways of writing music, then, are of course useless, inasmuch as they are, confessedly, really and in fact *not* varieties of measure at all, but are "practically the same."

* Professor Mason, Carmina Sacra, p. 7.

We sometimes find the same music written in different varieties of measure in different books, (and those, sometimes, by the same author,) and when a choir happens to be supplied with a *variety* of books, they are not unfrequently found singing in good time, and together, the same music, each unconscious that one is singing *half-notes* and another is singing *quarters*.

3d. These multiplied varieties are not only unnecessary and useless, they are positively injurious, and only tend to involve the subject in difficulties. "The most important requisite in all good performance," says the respected author quoted above, "is accuracy of time.—To acquire the habit of keeping good time requires much patience and perseverance; and it is in this that those who commence learning to sing are most likely to fail."* Nothing is more true, as the experience of every teacher will testify. But is it strange? Can it be otherwise, when the theory and the practice are so directly at variance? The acquisition of the art must be difficult when the theoretical instruction is so lumbered up with distinctions, without any essential differences. Much time and labour are spent in acquiring a knowledge of the many *varieties of measure*, as indispensable to the keeping of time; but when the pupil comes to practise, he finds that nearly all these varieties which have been so distinctly pointed out to him, are only such theoretically, and on paper; they are *varieties* to the *eye*, but in fact, and to the *ear*, they are the same. The eye readily perceives the distinction, but the ear cannot discern the difference. The *measure* of the eye and the measure of the ear do not agree. Each organ loses confidence in itself or in the other; nature is divided against itself—a conflict ensues—an appeal is made to the books, and each claims the victory; for, "to the eye they are different, to the ear alike"—each organ charges the other with deception and falschood, and the poor pupil with "confusion worse confounded" despairs of ever finding "patience and perseverance" to carry him through the labyrinth of time.

But the evil may be rendered still more intelligible to all, and the advantage of the improved method will be fully justified by considering another particular. "Every person learning to sing should give strict attention to beating time. Experience proves, that where the habit of *beating* time is neglected, the ability to keep time is seldom acquired."† Such is doubtless the fact, as all teachers must know. To keep time, we must beat time, and when one mode of each measure only is used, correctness in keeping time is soon attained. The habit is soon formed of appropriating one beat to each half-note, or its equivalent, whether in equal or unequal measure.

This is the method adopted in this work. The music is so written that the measure and the counting, or beating, are always the same, whatever may be its character; and the habit once formed is never to be changed. To this most *common mode of time* teachers generally first introduce their pupils, and all is well until a variety is introduced; then the difficulty commences, and *patience* begins to be tried. The habit sedulously cultivated, and already well formed, is now to be directly contravened; and instead of appropriating a beat to each half-note, and one to two quarters, each quarter claims its beat, and the half-note two. The difficulty is not in giving a beat to each quarter, or two beats to the half, but is produced by the breaking up of a fixed habit, and the formation of another, which is so directly the opposite of the first. The more fixed and decided the first habit, the better is the pupil prepared for the performance of the first mode; but the formation

* Carmina Sacra, p. 5

† Ibid. p. 4.

of the second is proportionally difficult. This much is at length accomplished; then the pupil is put back upon his trials in the first measure, and he finds, to his discomfiture, that the second habit has almost displaced the first, and so he must address himself to that again. This, however, is only the beginning of his troubles; he must go through all the varieties, learning and unlearning, advancing and retreating, forming habits and again effacing them from his mind, to make room for the formation of others—forgetting as far as possible the first, in order to embrace the next; and forgetting the last in order to remember the first. Surely much patience and perseverance are required in such a work as this; and yet it is a labour which satisfieth not—nothing whatever is gained by it.

The method of writing music, adopted in this work, avoids all the evil, and accomplishes every purpose that can be needed or desired.

II. THE MINOR SCALE EXCLUDED.

The same general considerations which were offered in reference to the varieties of measure, may with equal propriety and force be urged against the usual distinction of major and minor scale, or major and minor mode. There is no ground for such a distinction in nature—such a distinction is not necessary. It answers no practical purpose whatever; and it is difficult to conjecture why it was invented, unless it were to confound the uninitiated, to puzzle the student, and to involve the whole subject in mystery.

The natural scale, with the sharp fourth, fifth, &c., contains all the sounds and all the intervals that can be furnished by the artificial minor scale. Every conceivable variety of music, bold and cheerful, soft and plaintive, may be written upon the natural scale. All music is in fact written upon it. The minor scale itself (so called) is founded upon it, or more properly is not really any thing different from it. The minor scale, it is evident, is neither more nor less than portions of two octaves of the natural scale—commencing with the sixth in the octave below the key, and ending with the sixth in the octave above. It is a part of the scale embracing such a proportion of half-intervals, as to secure a plaintive effect, and when a certain amount of this plaintive influence is introduced, it has been called the minor scale, or minor key. But why object to it? Because it is a distinction without a difference. We might, with equal propriety, commence a scale with the third, another with the fourth, another with the fifth, and so on, and name them from the peculiar musical effect—the sub-major where the tune is half as plaintive as the minor, and the super-major where the effect is peculiarly cheerful.

But the objection to this distinction is not merely that it answers no valuable purpose. Its effect is to produce confusion in the mind, and to hinder the progress of the student by introducing two keys into the theory, and fixing a double set of numerals to precisely the same sounds and syllables.

The *key*, or *one*, of the natural scale, is the basis or governing sound: it governs or determines the pitch of all the other sounds in the scale. It is of the first importance that the key, and the relation of other sounds to it, and their dependence upon it, be well understood and firmly fixed in the mind. Hence all authors and teachers are obliged to devote special attention to the exposition of this

point, and to the practice of singing the scale by numerals, by skips, &c.; and this must be persevered in until, the key being given, the learner can with ease produce any sound of the scale when designated by its numeral.*

But when this is accomplished, and the situation of the half-intervals as always occurring between *three* and *four*, and between *seven* and *eight*, has become familiar to the pupil; and pleased with the ease with which he is able to recognise the high and low sounds by their numerical relation to the key, he fancies himself just prepared to *read music* with some satisfaction, his mind is at once and suddenly upset by the introduction of another scale, whose numerals conflict throughout with that which had been so firmly fixed in his mind. Now *three* is no longer *three*, but *five; five* is metamorphosed into *seven; two* has become *four; four* is *six; seven* is *two;* and one, yes, ONE, the *key*, which he supposed to be *fixed*, independent and immovable, sitting as a monarch on his throne, marshaling and locating his subjects around him, is now dethroned, and made to take the place of a slave. And to add to his confusion, he finds that even the "semitones" are represented as unfaithful servants to their master, now in duress, and as having in the general confusion left their places and taken their stations elsewhere. Inquiring earnestly for their whereabouts, he learns, to his amazement, and to the utter undoing of his confidence, that their location is uncertain; they have no abiding-place—that "in the minor scale, the tones and semitones do not occur in the same order, ascending, that they do in descending."†

In this work the minor key is not reckoned as belonging to the principles of the science; and by its entire exclusion, deceptive distinctions are avoided, the subject is divested of some of its mysteries, and presented in a manner at once natural, simple, and intelligible to all.

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* "It is very important, and we repeat it, that the situation of the tones and semitones be firmly fixed in the mind of the scholar."—*Mason's Manual*, p. 110.

† The error of introducing into the theory of music another scale, separate but not distinct from the natural scale, and based upon a separate and imaginary key, called the minor key, may be demonstrated to the satisfaction of any one who will take the trouble to examine it. The justness of this thought may be tested by a reference to the illustration here presented. It is manifest that the numerals conflict, while the sounds agree. There is a double set of numerals to the same sounds and syllables. In excluding the imaginary minor key, the number of scales is not only reduced one-half—at least from twenty-eight to fourteen—but especially it should be noticed, the confusion of numbers is avoided.

III. POSITION OF THE LETTERS ON THE STAFF.

A new position has been assigned to the letters on the staff. Heretofore, and apparently without reason, so far as the author has been able to discover, the staff has been located, so to speak, *on one side of the voice.* The more appropriate location, doubtless, is to give G, the letter representing the central sound of the compass of the voice, a central position upon the staff. In this work, G is accordingly placed upon the middle of the staff, and the other letters occupy their places in due order.

By this arrangement, a great advance has been made towards simplifying and reducing to a more complete system the mode of writing music for the various classes of voices, and for various instruments. Heretofore the letters upon the staff have been located variously for the treble, the counter, and the base. The C *cleff*, indicating the position of the letters upon the alto staff, has of late years, however, gone nearly out of use in this country; and modern authors generally letter the alto staff in the same way as that of the treble. This was one step towards reform—rendering the subject less complicated, and easing the art of *reading* music of one of its unnecessary burdens.

In this work, the use of the cleff is entirely dispensed with, the new lettering of the treble staff rendering it perfectly convenient to write all music, for the base voice as well as for base instruments, on the same staff, or one similarly lettered. Thus, the central G of the base voice is fixed on the centre of the staff, and perfect uniformity is attained in the mode of lettering the staffs for all the parts in which music is written.

Teachers will be able to appreciate at once the advantage gained by this arrangement. It supersedes entirely the necessity of introducing into their lessons of instruction, all the *scales* based upon the F cleff, or base staff, and relieves them of all further concern in regard to just *one-half* of that half which remains after the carrying away of the fourteen by the exclusion of the so-called *minor-key.* And the pupil will find his mind no longer confused by the various positions of seven letters; and his memory burdened with endless distinctions. But having mastered the seven scales, based upon the seven letters occupying seven fixed places on the staff, he will find his way short and comparatively easy, without being required to retrace his steps or to cross his path. Much might be said in favour of this mode of writing music, and much will readily suggest itself, especially to the instrumental performer, to whom alone it will be an immense gain,* but further remark here is unnecessary. Those concerned, and the public, will judge for themselves.

* To the organist, and to the performer on the piano, the advantages of this method of lettering the staff will be incalculable. The labour of the pupil will be comparatively trifling. Every teacher knows that when the pupil has the position of the letters of one staff, and their relation to his instrument once fixed in his mind, he is, according to the method heretofore adopted, immediately perplexed to find that C in the first staff is not C in the base staff, but E; that the central line of one staff is B, and the central line of another is D; in short, that the letters of both, and their relation to the instrument, conflict throughout; and all this while the octaves on the instrument are exactly alike. Any one can, in some measure, appreciate the difficulty which consists not so much in learning the position of a number of letters, virtually amounting to fourteen—which would be objectionable enough, since it is unnecessary—but in distracting the mind by the use of two staffs, so much alike, and yet so much unlike.

Upon the method here adopted, when the pupil has mastered one staff, he has accomplished all in this department. The author designs, should the present work meet with public favour, in accordance with the repeated solicitations of many teachers, to publish a work upon this plan expressly for the piano-forte.

IV. THE SIGNATURE.

The signature ordinarily used, consisting of *flats* and *sharps* at the commencement of a tune, indicating the position of the key, has been laid aside, and its place supplied by the use of the word *key* itself. This mode of designating the place of the key has been adopted as being more simple, and less liable to misconstruction than the use of the *flats* and *sharps*. It is well known to all musicians, that the flats and sharps at the beginning of a tune are not designed to affect the *voice* in any manner whatever. The singer has no concern with them—except so far as they serve to indicate the place of the key; and yet it is amazing how many persons—who are by no means entire strangers to music books—have utterly misconceived the design of flats and sharps when used as a signature, and have supposed that they really affect the character of the music to which they are prefixed!—that the *flats* and *sharps fix* the place of the key, &c.

Now, as the *key* constitutes a sufficient and most intelligible signature; and as the performer on instruments, to whom alone they can be of any possible service, should make himself thoroughly acquainted with the rules for performing each *scale*, and is supposed to know immediately when the *key* is given, what letters are to be played *flat* or *sharp:* these characters have been entirely excluded from the signature, and the direct method of signing the key has been adopted.

V. FIGURED NOTES.

The system of seven syllables used as *names* for the different notes in the octave, now so deservedly popular in every part of the world, has been adopted in this work. Nothing is more easily demonstrable than the superiority of this to the four syllable system. For, if any thing at all is gained by giving names to the sounds of the octave—and of this there can be no question—it is easy to perceive that the nomenclature which appropriates to each sound in the octave a distinct name, must have the decided advantage over that which requires the same name to be applied to different sounds. On this plan, the association of the *name* and the *sound*—which is the great object designed in the use of names—is necessarily more complete; and universally, where this system is adopted in singing schools, the intonation is much sooner formed.

But this work differs from all others in the use of seven figured notes, each of a peculiar shape. Every singer knows how difficult it is to learn to apply the seven syllables to the notes all of one shape. The learner must know whether the note is *doe*, *ray*, or *faw*, by the lines and spaces on the staff. This he must learn in all the seven scales: for example, in the key of C, or in the C scale, *doe* is on C, *ray* on D, *me* on E, &c. And in the key of A, *doe* is on A, *ray* on B, *me* on C, &c. In short, in the seven scales, *doe*, as well as every other syllable in the octave, is on every line and space on the staff.

The system adopted in this work will be found to have the double advantage of giving to each sound its own name, and to each note or name its own form. As seven different *syllables*, or names, are used for the purpose of attaining the seven different *sounds* in the octave with

greater facility; so seven different *figures*, or forms, are used for the purpose of obtaining the *names* immediately and with perfect certainty. The key, and the name of any note, and also its pitch and relation to the key, as well as its length, are all written and clearly presented to the eye of the reader by the *figured* symbol. The name, the shape, and the sound of a note, and its relative pitch, are thus perfectly associated.

The *round* notes teach nothing which is not taught by the use of the seven *figured* notes. But the *figured* notes do teach what the round notes *do not*. The musical *ideas* are the same, whether the notes be round or figured. But as the ideas are *expressed* unambiguously, and with equal precision, and, withal, may be *read* with greater facility when written in *figured* notes, seven characters are used in this work, as best adapted to increase the number of readers of music

The peculiarities above specified embrace the chief characteristics of this work, and constitute its principal claims to public patronage. Whether to them shall be awarded the merit of being considered *improvements*, must be submitted to the decision of a liberal and enlightened community.

The vain design of thrusting before the world useless innovations upon the established *principles* of science, and of making unnecessary inroads upon the customary *modes* of instruction, has had no share in getting up this work. With the firm conviction that the science, as ordinarily presented in the books, might be divested of some of its mysteries and subtleties, and a sincere desire, if possible, to contribute something towards multiplying the number of those—alas! now too few—who shall be prepared to lift up their voices in harmonious strains of praise to HIM before whom "the morning stars sang together," the editor has done what he could, and now earnestly praying, that the day may not be far distant when the multitude of those who shall be able to "sing unto the Lord a new song" may be such as "no man can number," he cheerfully leaves the result of his labours in the hands of an impartial public.

ELEMENTS OF MUSIC.

Musical sounds may be considered in reference to their *Pitch*, *Length*, and *Force*. And upon these are founded three departments, which embrace the whole of the elementary principles of music.

Pitch regards a sound as *high* or *low*. *Length*, as *long* or *short*. *Force*, as *loud* or *soft*.

FIRST DEPARTMENT.—Pitch.

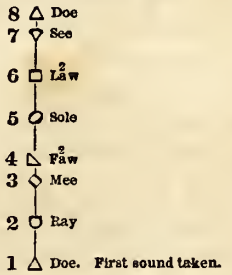
At the foundation of the high and low sounds, lies a series of eight sounds called *the octave*.

The distance between two sounds is called an *interval*.

The intervals throughout the whole variety of pitch are always uniform, though not equal to one another.

Certain of these intervals are only half as great as others. Hence we have what are properly called the greater and the less intervals, which, for the sake of convenience, are denominated *whole-intervals* and *half-intervals*.

The voice, in producing the eight sounds ascending, naturally passes from the first sound taken, a whole-interval to the second sound; from the second sound, a whole-interval to the third; from the third sound, a half-interval to the fourth—then proceeds to the fifth, sixth, and seventh, by whole-intervals; and from the seventh, the next step is a half-interval, to the eighth, making five whole-intervals, and two half-intervals. These eight sounds and the seven natural intervals form the scale of an octave; thus:



These notes called Doe, Ray, Mee, &c., represent the sounds; and the spaces between the notes represent the whole and half-intervals. From 1 to 2, from 2 to 3, from 4 to 5, from 5 to 6, and from 6 to 7, are whole-intervals—from 3 to 4, and from 7 to 8, are half-intervals.

QUESTIONS.

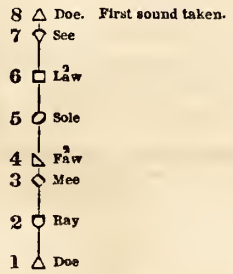
What three qualities belong to every musical sound? Into how many departments are the elements of music divided? What is pitch? What is length? What is force? What does the first department embrace? [Ans.—Every variety of pitch, or all the high and low sounds.] What is an interval? Are the intervals or steps in the voice uniform and equal to one another?

QUESTIONS.

What are the greater intervals called? What the less? In what order do the intervals occur when the voice produces the eight sounds ascending? Is this order natural or artificial? What is an octave? What do notes represent? What interval occurs between 1 and 2? 2 and 3? 3 and 4, &c.? What is the distance between 1 and 3? Between 1 and 4, 1 and 8, 3 and 8, &c.?

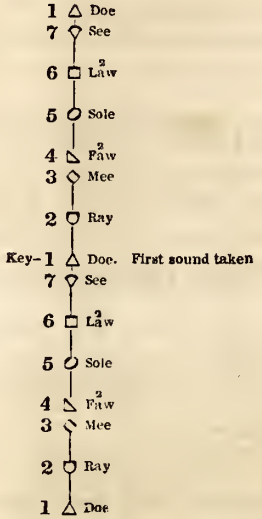
In descending, the voice naturally falls from the first sound taken a half interval—then three whole-intervals in succession—then another half-interval—then two whole-intervals in succession—making five whole-intervals and two half-intervals.

These eight sounds and seven natural intervals form the scale of an octave descending, thus:



Thus it may be seen, the voice produces the same series of sounds, and passes over the same intervals, and forms the same scale, whether in ascending or descending an octave.

If the voice is extended either above or below the octave, it will naturally pass over the same gradation of sounds and intervals, as far as the compass of the voice extends. For example, take *any* sound, and raise the voice by the regular intervals an octave—then descend the octave, by the same steps, to the first sound taken—proceed an octave below—and you have a scale of two octaves in all respects similar, in each of which are eight sounds and seven natural intervals. The voice thus naturally forms, upon the first sound taken, two octaves; and this (the first sound taken) becomes the key or governing sound in the ear and voice; thus,



The figures 1, 2, 3, &c., are used to distinguish the different sounds in the octave, and designate precisely the distance of each sound from the key, and its relation to it.

QUESTIONS.

By what steps does the voice proceed in forming an octave descending? Is this order of sounds and intervals natural or artificial? [Ans. Natural.] What will be the result if the voice is extended above or below the octave?

QUESTIONS.

What is the key? [Ans. The governing sound in the ear and voice.] How does the voice form a scale of two octaves? Is this gradation of sounds and intervals natural or artificial? What is the use of the figures 1, 2, 3, &c.?

The key is always called 1, and the other numbers are appropriated to the sounds of the octave ascending.

The eighth sound of the octave ascending is always the first, or key of the octave above, and is therefore called 1, and the key or 1 is always the eighth of the octave below.

The key is not any particular sound; it may be of any pitch, higher or lower, and the natural rise and fall of the voice will be the same.

Neither is 2, or 5, or any other number in the scale, a particular sound except with reference to the key. Whatever may be the pitch of the key, 2 will always be one whole-interval above the key, 3 will be two whole-intervals, and 4 will be two whole-intervals and one half-interval above the key, &c.

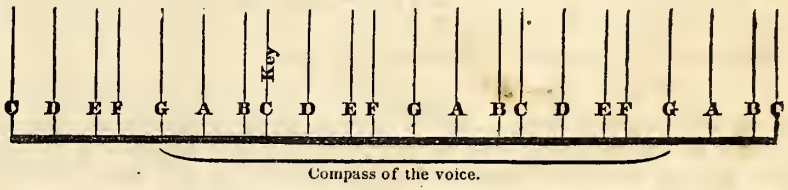
From the fact that the voice assumes no particular pitch as the key, and always distributes all the other sounds of the octave with reference to the key, throughout the whole range of its compass, arises the necessity of having fixed or stationary sounds by which to be governed.

The *fixed* or *stationary* sounds are obtained by means of instruments, which are put in tune by the ear—and, of course, are made to correspond with the sounds and intervals of the voice.

But as the ear readily distinguishes sounds both higher and lower than the compass of the voice extends, instruments are made to embrace a much wider range, extending often to six or seven octaves.

It is found by experience, that the ordinary compass of the human voice embraces about two octaves—but it is by means of instruments alone, that it is ascertained what sounds are embraced within the usual extent of its compass; and thus the sounds which the voice is capable of producing are located and specified, so that one sound may be compared with another, the instrument always being the standard of comparison.

The names of instrumental sounds are those of the first seven letters of the alphabet, as in the following illustration:



In this illustration, the lettered lines represent the sounds on instruments, and the spaces between the lines represent the whole and half-intervals.

The compass of the voice is indicated by the brace which extends from G to G, embracing two octaves.

In the application of these seven letters as names to the several sounds of the octave on instruments, it was necessary that one of the seven should be applied to the key. Any letter might have been selected; but C was the letter applied to the key.

The half-intervals, therefore, on all instruments occur between E and F and between B and C.

QUESTIONS.

What numeral is always applied to the key? How are the other numbers appropriated? Explain the connection of the octaves? Do you mean by the key a sound of any particular pitch? Whence arises the necessity of having fixed sounds? How are fixed sounds obtained? How are instruments made. May instruments be made higher and lower than the compass of the voice? What is the ordinary compass of the human voice? How is it ascertained what sounds are embraced within its compass? Why study instrumental sounds when you only desire to learn vocal music? [Ans. Because it is only by means of fixed or stationary sounds that music is reduced to a science.] What are the names of instrumental sounds? What sounds are embraced within the compass of the voice? What letter is applied to the key or governing sound on instruments? Was this arbitrary? Where do the half-intervals occur on instruments?

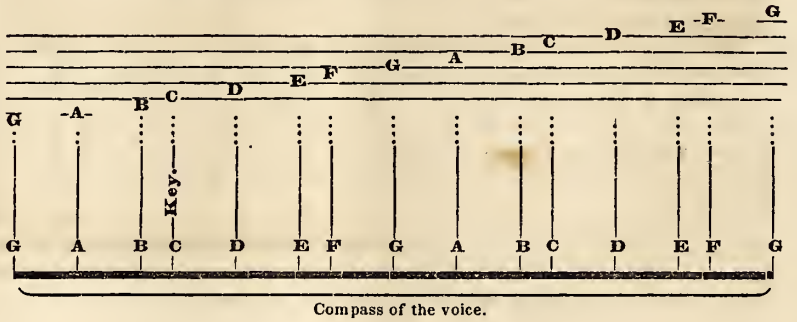
QUESTIONS.

C is the same sound on all instruments. D is the same sound; A; and so of all the other letters.

An instrument that produces but one sound, if it produces that sound at all times without variation, will furnish the means of ascertaining all the other sounds. If the instrument, for example, gives C, and the sound D is required—D is obtained by rising one whole-interval above the sound given; if B is required, it is always found a half-interval below C, &c.

Thus by means of instruments we have fixed and definite sounds, so that when we speak of A, or C, or G, we speak of a sound which is known to be always and in every part of the world the same.

In order to write these sounds, a scale of letters corresponding with the letters on the instrument must be constructed, and so arranged as to indicate the pitch of any sound intended to be represented—so that upon this scale each sound upon the instrument shall have its own fixed position upon the paper, and be known by its own name. For this purpose a staff is used which is composed of five lines and the spaces between them, thus:



The letters or names of the sounds on instruments are thus transferred to the staff; each line and space having its corresponding name, and representing a particular sound. The first line of the staff is C; the first space is D; the second line is E, &c. These five lines with their spaces constituting the most convenient staff, furnish nine places for notes.

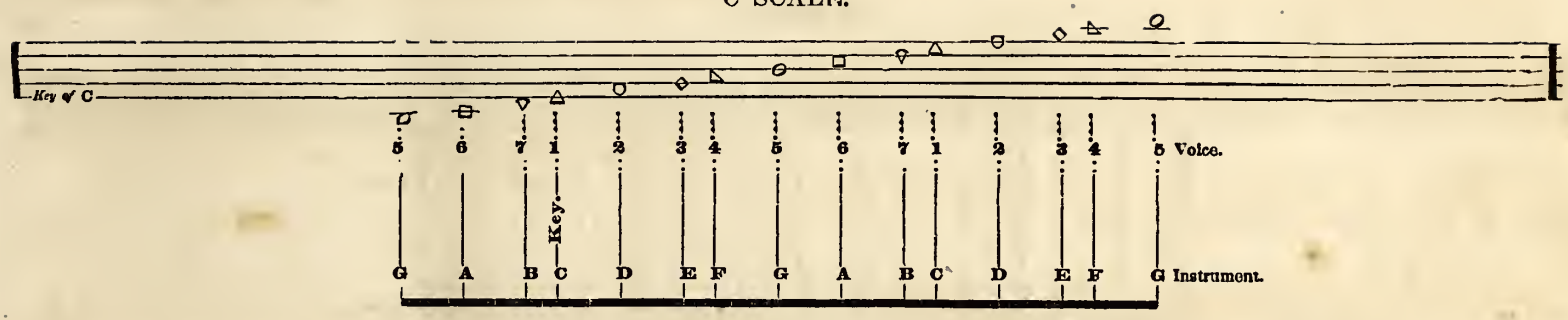
The compass of the voice is from G second space below the staff, to G second space above it; and when music is thus written, the spaces immediately above and below the staff are used; also the short lines called *added lines*

QUESTIONS.

Do the sounds on all correct instruments correspond? [Ans. They do.] Are the numbers 1, 2, 3, &c., ever appropriated as names to the sounds of instruments? [Ans. No. It is only when we speak of the voice that we use the numbers.] Could you arrive at the true sound of any number or letter by means of an instrument that produces invariably a given pitch? If an instrument gives the sound C, how do you obtain the pitch D?

What is necessary in order to write music? What is the staff? Why are the lines and spaces named after the first seven letters of the alphabet? [Ans. Because the sounds on instruments are thus named.] How many places for notes does the staff furnish? Does the compass of the voice extend above and below the staff? Why is the staff constructed of five lines only? What is the use of added lines? Why is G placed on the middle line of the staff? [Ans. Because the sound called G on instruments is found to be about the central sound of the compass of the voice.]

C SCALE.



This scale of notes occupying the places of the letters on the staff, represents the fixed or stationary sounds on instruments.

C is the key or governing sound; this is therefore called the C scale.

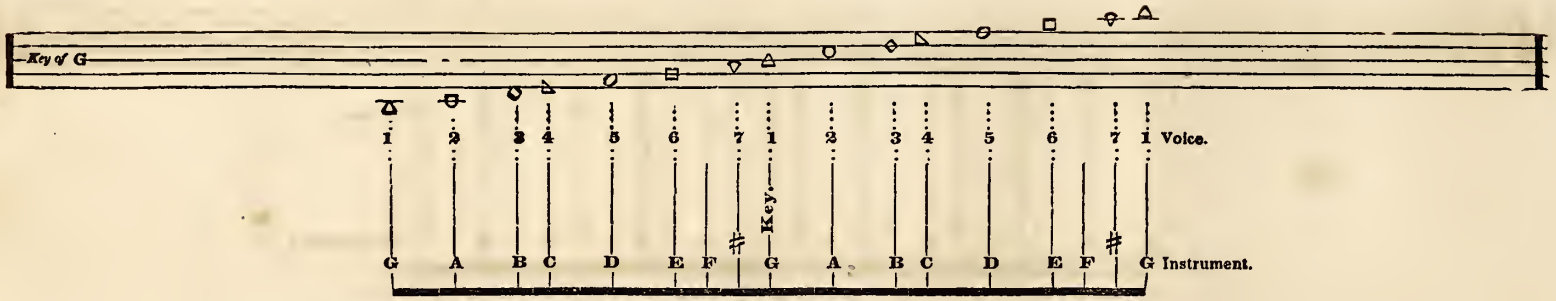
To assist in obtaining with accuracy and fixing in the ear each sound of the scale, seven distinct names are applied to the notes in the octave. In singing the scale, 1 (the *key*) is called Doe; 2 is called Ray; 3 is called Mee; 4 is called Fȧw, (ȧ as in *far;*) 5 is called Sole; 6 is called Lȧw, (ȧ as in *far;*) and 7 is called See. The same syllable and the same note being always applied to the same number of the scale.

This C scale, and the succeeding scales, should be practised first continuously, and then by skips, as 1, 3, 5, 8;—1, 5;—1, 5, 8;—1, 8, &c., until (the key being given) the pupil can give the sound of any number required, or of any note pointed out on the staff.

QUESTIONS.

How is the pitch of sounds indicated? [Ans. By the position of the notes on the staff.] What is this scale called? What do you understand by the key? What do the numerals under the staff show? [Ans. The natural rise and fall of the voice.] In singing the scale, why use seven syllables? What names are used? Is the same name or syllable always given to the same number? On what line or space is Doe in this scale? On what is Mee? On what is Sole? Sing the scale.

G SCALE.



This is called the G scale, because G is the key or governing sound of the scale.

The natural rise and fall of the voice is the same, whatever may be the key.

Different letters or sounds are taken as the key, in order to produce a greater variety in the combination of sounds.

INSTRUMENTAL.

In this scale G is taken as the key, consequently the voice, which naturally produces the half-intervals between 3 and 4 and between 7 and 8, will produce them between B and C, and between F and G; the half-interval between B and C on the instrument will correspond with the voice between 3 and 4, but the half-interval between E and F will not correspond with the whole-interval between 6 and 7 in the voice. Instruments, therefore, in order to perform this scale, must be constructed so as to produce an intermediate sound between F and G, conforming to the whole-interval between 6 and 7 in the voice.

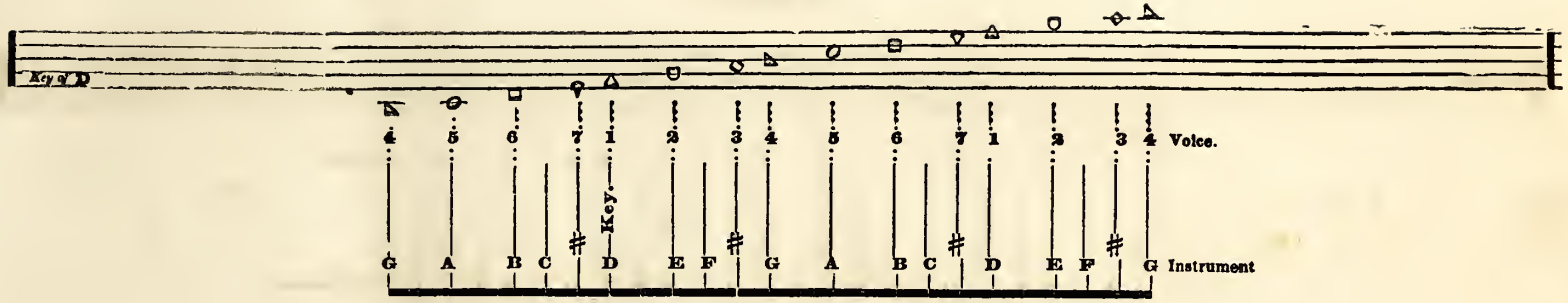
A sound thus raised a half-interval is said to be *sharped*, marked thus #. Hence the rule, ☞ When G is the key, *F* must be played sharp to form the seventh of the scale. NOTE.—A flat 7th in the key of G is played on F.

QUESTIONS.

What letter or sound is taken as the key in this scale? Does the voice rise and fall from G in this scale precisely as it does from C in the C scale? Why take different letters or sounds as the key? On what line or space is Doe in this scale? On what line or space is Sole? Sing the scale.

Instrumental.—Between what letters do the half-intervals occur in this scale? Does the instrument ascend and descend the octave from G in this scale as it does from C in the C scale? What sound or sounds not introduced in the C scale are required in order to form the scale on G? What letters are performed differently? Why is F played sharp? [Ans. To make the instrument correspond with the voice.] What is meant by F#? What is the rule for performing this scale?

D SCALE.



In this scale, D is the key or governing sound; it is **therefore called the** D scale.

The gradation of sounds as produced by the voice is the same whatever may be the key.

INSTRUMENTAL.

In this scale D is assumed as the key.

From D=1 to E=2 is a whole-interval on the instrument. From E=2 to F♯=3 is a whole-interval. From F♯=3 to G=4 is a half-interval. From G=4 to A=5 is a whole-interval. From A=5 to B=6 is a whole-interval. From B=6 to C=7 is a half-interval. But the voice naturally rises a whole-interval from 6 to 7.

Instruments therefore, in order to perform this scale, must, in addition to being capable of making F♯, be constructed so as to make an intermediate sound between C and D called C♯. Then from B=6 to C♯=7 is a whole-interval, and from C♯=7 to D is a half-interval, which completes the octave.

☞*Rule.* When D is the key, F and C must be played sharp.

QUESTIONS.

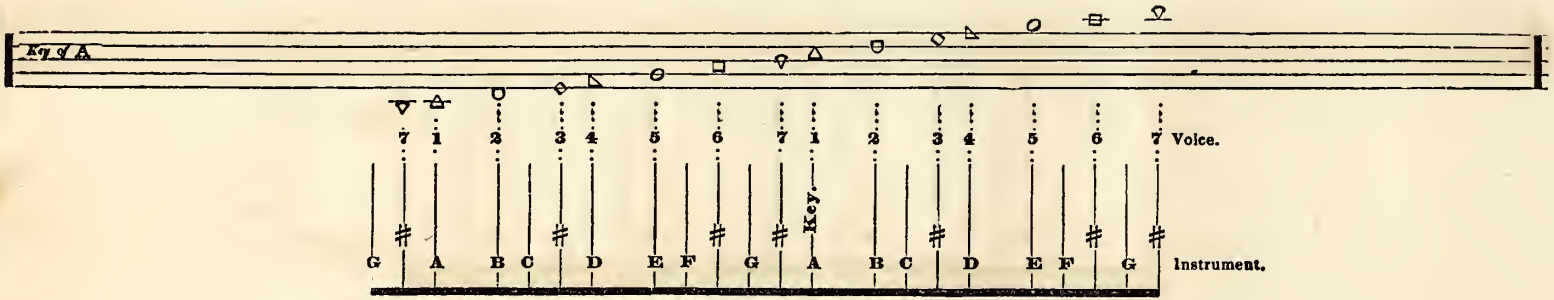
What letter is taken as the key or governing sound in this scale? Does the voice produce the same gradation of sounds when it assumes D as the key, as when it assumes C? What name or syllable is applied to the note on D in this scale? How often does Doe occur in this scale? How often does Faw? Sing the scale?

Instrumental.- Between what letters does the ear require the half-intervals in this scale?

QUESTIONS.

What sounds different from those necessary in the C scale are required to perform this? What letters are required to be performed differently? Why? [Ans. To make the instrument please the ear and correspond with the natural rise and fall of the voice.] What is the rule for performing this scale?

A SCALE.



In this scale, A is the key or governing sound; it is therefore called the A scale.

The voice ascends and descends the octave by the same steps, whatever may be the key.

INSTRUMENTAL.

In this scale A is taken as *one*, or the key; consequently, as may be seen at once, an additional intermediate sound will be required between G and A. Instruments, therefore, in order to perform this scale, must be capable of elevating G a half-interval, or of making G ♯ as well as F and C.

Rule.—☞When A is the key, F, C, and G must be played sharp.

This scale may be performed by assuming A ♭ as the key or governing sound, then observe the following

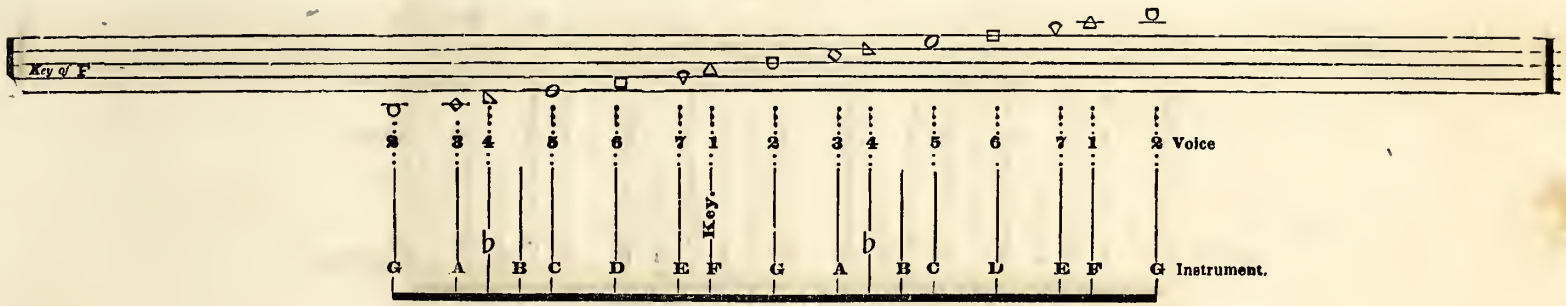
Rule.—☞When A ♭ is the key, B, E, A, and D must be played flat.

QUESTIONS.

Why is this called the A scale? What do you understand by the key? On what line or space in this scale is Doe? What name do you give the note on the third line? Sing the scale?

Instrumental.—What sounds additional to those necessary in the C scale are required in this? Where does the ear require the half-intervals in this scale? What letters are performed differently? What is the rule for performing this scale? What is the second rule? Do the numerals, syllables, and notes occupy the same lines and spaces when this scale is performed with three sharps as with four flats? [Ans. They do.]

F SCALE.



This is called the F scale, because **F is the key or governing sound of** the scale.

The natural rise and fall of the voice is always the same.

INSTRUMENTAL.

In this scale F is taken as the key. F is 1. From F to G is a whole-interval—from G to A is a whole-interval. From A to B is a whole-interval; but this will not correspond with the voice, which naturally rises and falls a half-interval between 3 and 4. We must therefore have an intermediate sound between A and B, called B flat—marked thus ♭.

Rule.—☞When F is the key, B must be played flat to form the fourth of the scale.

NOTE.—**A sharp 4th in the key of F is played on B.**

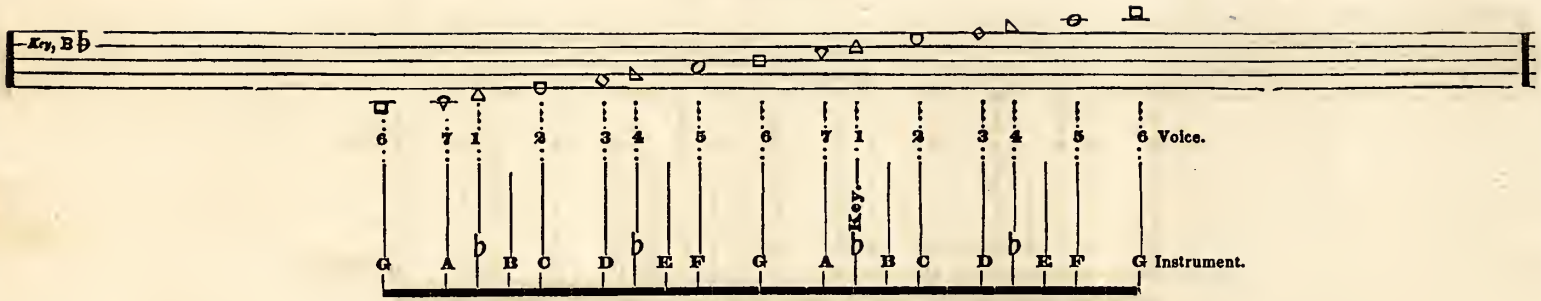
QUESTIONS.

What letter is the governing sound in the ear and voice in this scale? Does the voice rise and fall from F in this scale as it does from C in the C scale? Where is *Doe* in this scale? On what line or space is Sole? Sing the scale.

QUESTIONS.

Instrumental.—What sound or sounds besides those introduced in the C scale are required to perform this? What letter is to be performed differently? When a letter is performed a half-interval lower what is it called? What is the rule for performing this scale?

B♭ SCALE.



In this scale, B flat is the key or governing sound; it is therefore called the B♭ scale.

The voice naturally rises and falls by the same intervals, whatever may be the pitch of the key.

INSTRUMENTAL.

In this scale B♭ is taken as the key or governing sound. And to perform this scale an intermediate sound between D and E is required, called E♭.

Rule.—☞ When the *key* or governing sound is B♭, B and E must be played flat in every octave.

[NOTE.—This scale is played with B♭ and E♭ as a convenience to the instrumental performer.

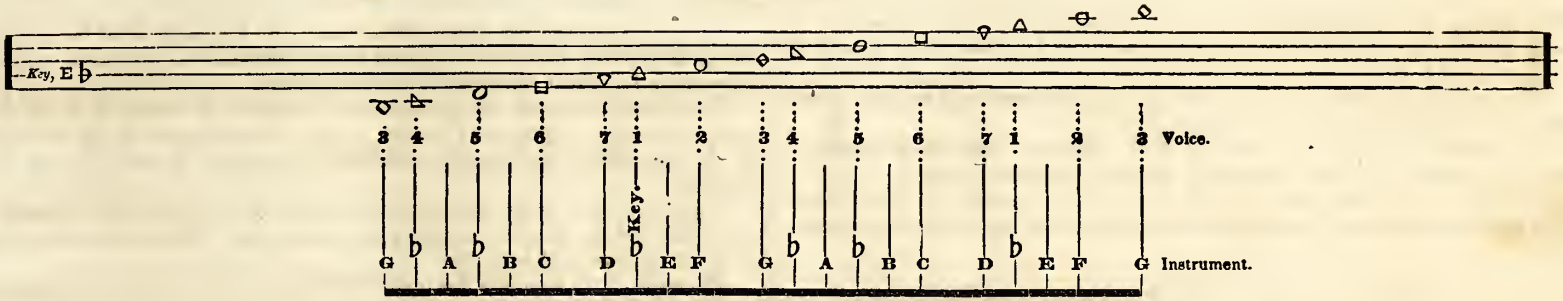
Take B as the key or governing sound, and it will be necessary to play five sharps, in order to make the instrument correspond with the natural rise and fall of the voice.]

QUESTIONS.

On what line or space is *Doe* in this scale? What note is on the second line and first space above? How many times does *Doe* occur in this scale? What is the name of the note on the added line above? Sing the scale.

Instrumental.—What is the pitch of the key in this scale? Does the inst. ascend or descend the octave by the same degrees from B♭ as it does from the key of C? What sounds different from those in the C scale are required to perform this scale? [Ans. Intermediate sounds between A and B and between D and E.] What letters are performed differently? What is the rule for performing this scale?

E♭ SCALE.



In this scale, E flat is the key or governing sound; it is therefore called the E♭ scale.

The voice rises and falls by the same intervals, whatever may be the pitch of the key.

In the preceding scales, the *key-note*, Doe, has been so varied as to occupy every letter on the staff.

INSTRUMENTAL.

In this scale the pitch assumed is E♭. To perform this scale no additional sound is required different from those in the preceding scales. A must be played flat, but G♯ has been already introduced and is precisely the same sound.

Rule.—☞When the key or governing sound is E♭,—B, E, and A must be played flat.

This scale may be performed by assuming E as the key or governing sound, then observe the following

Rule.—☞When E is the key, F, C, G and D must be played sharp.

Instruments, in order to perform the scale based on every letter, must, it is evident, be constructed upon a scale of half-intervals. Accordingly all correct instruments are so made.

QUESTIONS.

Is the natural rise and fall of the voice always the same, whatever may be the pitch of the key? In the preceding scales has the key-note been on every letter on the staff? Why are only seven letters used? [Ans. Because seven are all that can be used on an instrument, which limits seven to the staff.] What is the use of taking different letters or sounds as the key? [Ans. It produces a greater variety in the combination of sounds.] Is it easier or more natural to sing in one scale than another? On what line or space is *Doe* in this scale? Is the syllable *Doe* always applied to the key or governing sound? What syllable is always applied to the 3d sound of the scale? What to the 5th? What to the 7th? What to the 2d? Sing the scale.

QUESTIONS.

Instrumental.—What is the key or governing sound of this scale? Is any sound different from those already introduced necessary to perform this scale? Is A♭ the same as G♯? Is the sharp of any letter the same as the flat of the one next above it? What sounds different from those in the C scale are necessary to perform this? [Ans. An intermediate sound between A and B, D and E, G and A.] What letters must be performed differently? What is the rule for performing this scale? Must an instrument be constructed upon a scale of half-intervals, in order to perform the scale based on every letter? Can instruments thus made perform this scale of notes by assuming E as the key? What is the rule? Do the numerals, syllables, and notes occupy the same lines and spaces when this scale is performed with three flats as with four sharps? [Ans. They do.]

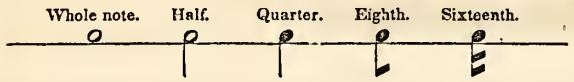
SECOND DEPARTMENT.—Length.

The consideration of the length of sounds naturally follows that of pitch. The first question in regard to notes is, What sounds do they represent? Or what is their pitch? The second question is, How long are these sounds to be continued?

We have heretofore considered sounds in reference only to their pitch, and their relation to each other as high or low.

The pitch of sounds is not affected by their length. The same sounds, of whatever pitch, may be continued for a longer or shorter time.

The notes (Doe, Ray, Mee, Faw, Sole, Law, See) which represent *pitch*, also represent *length*, by adding a stem, &c., as in the following illustration:



These notes represent five varieties of length, each having its appropriate name expressive of its relative length.

A *dot* (·) adds to a note one half its length.

Thus, a dotted half-note is equal to three quarters or

A dotted quarter is equal to three eighths or

It should be observed that these notes, whole, half, quarter, &c., do not indicate the positive, but only the relative length of the sounds which they represent. Thus, if the whole note be considered as representing a sound to be continued four *seconds*, the half-note must have two seconds; the quarter, one second; the eighth, half a second; the sixteenth, the fourth of a second; and the dotted whole note, six seconds; the dotted quarter one second and a half.

Or if to the quarter be given two seconds, the half-note must be four, the whole note eight, the dotted quarter three seconds, &c., each note claiming its relative length in comparison with the others.

The time occupied in the performance of a piece of music, or of any particular passage, is governed by the nature of the music or the character of the sentiment; according to the taste, judgment, or habit of the performer.

A general idea of the movement of a tune, or of a particular passage, is suggested by the use of the following terms, viz.: Moderate—slow—very slow—lively—very lively, &c.

Measures.—To regulate the time, and to preserve equability throughout, written music is divided into equal portions called *measures*.

Bars.—The measures are marked off by straight lines drawn across the staff, which are called *bars*.

Each measure, or portion between the bars, must occupy the same time in the performance, whatever may be the number of the notes.

Measures are divided into smaller portions, called *parts* of *measures* There are two kinds of measures, equal and unequal.

A measure with two parts is called *equal measure.*

A measure with three parts is called *unequal measure.*

Music written with equal measure is in equal time, and is marked $\frac{2}{2}$ because two half-notes constitute a measure.

Music written with unequal measure is in unequal time, and is marked $\frac{3}{2}$ because three half-notes constitute a measure.

The unequal measure is sometimes doubled, and forms what is called *compound time.* It is marked $\frac{6}{4}$ because six quarter-notes constitute a measure.

QUESTIONS.

What is the first consideration in regard to sounds? What is the second? Are we now to consider the same high and low sounds as long or short? Does the pitch of a sound affect its length? How is the length of sounds designated? How many kinds of notes are used? What are their names? What one note is equal to two halves? What note is equal to two quarters? What note is equal to two quarters and four eighths, &c.? Have notes any positive length? How then? What is to be our guide as to the time to be occupied in singing a piece of music? How is an idea of the time suggested? What are measures? For what are they used? What are bars? How are measures divided? How many kinds of measures are there? What is equal measure? What is unequal measure? How is a quarter note known from an eighth? [Ans. The eighth has one mark on the stem.]

To aid in the computation and equal division of the time, certain regular motions of the hand are made; this is called *beating time.*

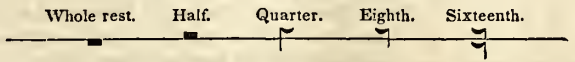
Equal measure has two beats, one to each part of a measure; the first *down*, the second *up.*

Unequal measure has three beats, one to each part of a measure; the first *down*, the second *horizontally*, to the left, the third *up.*

Compound time has two beats to the measure, with three quarter-notes, or their value, to each beat.

Rule.—☞ The downward beat always begins the measure.

Rests.—There are five different *rests*, or marks of silence, corresponding in time to the five different kinds of notes, as follows:



A *dot* (·) adds to a rest one half its length.

A *pause* (𝄐) is sometimes used. The notes over or under which it is written are to be prolonged indefinitely at the pleasure of the performer.

Staccato.—When a note or several notes are to be performed in a short, pointed and distinct manner, the *staccato* (ı) is used.

Slur.—When one syllable of poetry is to be applied to two or more notes, a *slur* is drawn over or under them, or the stems of the notes are connected.

Thus:

Tripletts.—When three notes are to be performed in the time of two of the same nominal value, the figure 3 is written over or under them.

Thus equal to or equal to

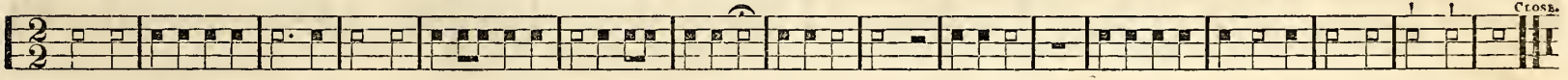
Repeat.—A passage to be repeated is embraced between two dotted lines across the staff.

Thus:

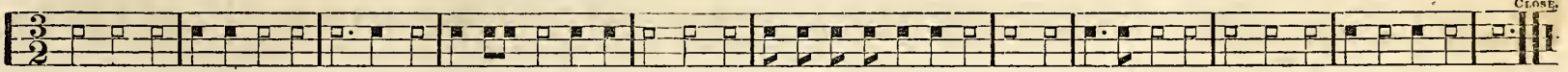
A *double bar* (𝄀) shows the end of a strain of the music, or of a line of the poetry.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

EQUAL TIME.



UNEQUAL TIME.



QUESTIONS.

What is the use of beating time? How many beats has equal time? How many has unequal? In what part of the measure does the hand descend in beating time? What are rests? How many are used? For what is the pause used? For what is the staccato used?

QUESTIONS.

What is the use of a slur? What effect is intended by the figure 3 over or under three notes? When a passage is to be repeated, what sign is used? What is the use of the double bar? What is the sign of equal time? What of unequal time?

THIRD DEPARTMENT.—Force.

Musical sounds may be loud, very loud, soft, very soft, moderate, or ordinary as to force, without effecting their pitch or length.

Medium.—A sound produced by the ordinary action of the organs of voice or of an instrument is a medium sound, and is marked *m*.

Piano.—A sound produced by the vocal organs, somewhat restrained, is a *soft* sound; it is called *piano*, and is marked *p*.

Pianissimo.—A sound produced by a very slight exertion of the vocal organs, yet so as to be distinctly audible, is called *pianissimo*, and is marked *pp*.

Forte.—A loud sound called *forte* is produced by a strong and full exertion of the vocal organs. It is marked *f*.

Fortissimo.—A very loud sound is called *fortissimo;* it must not be attempted beyond the power of the vocal organs so as to degenerate into a scream. It is marked *ff*.

Accent.—General rules. 1st. The first note in every measure must be accented.

2d. When there is more than one note to a beat, the first is accented.

3d. In unequal time, when the measure is filled with two quarters and two half-notes, the first half-note is accented.

Organ sounds.—A sound which is commenced, continued, and ended with an equal degree of force is called an organ sound.

Diminishing sound.—A sound commencing loud, and gradually diminished until it becomes soft, is marked thus >.

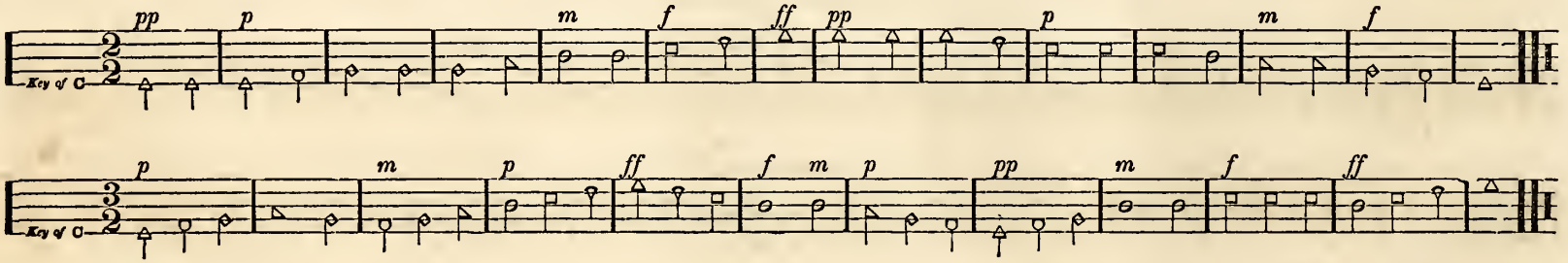
Increasing sound.—A sound commencing soft, and gradually increased until it becomes loud, is marked thus <.

Swell.—A sound commencing soft and gradually increased till it becomes loud, then diminished till it becomes soft, is marked thus <>.

Pressure tone.—A very sudden swell is marked thus <>.

Explosive tone.—When a sound is to be struck with very great force, and instantly diminished, it is marked thus >.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.



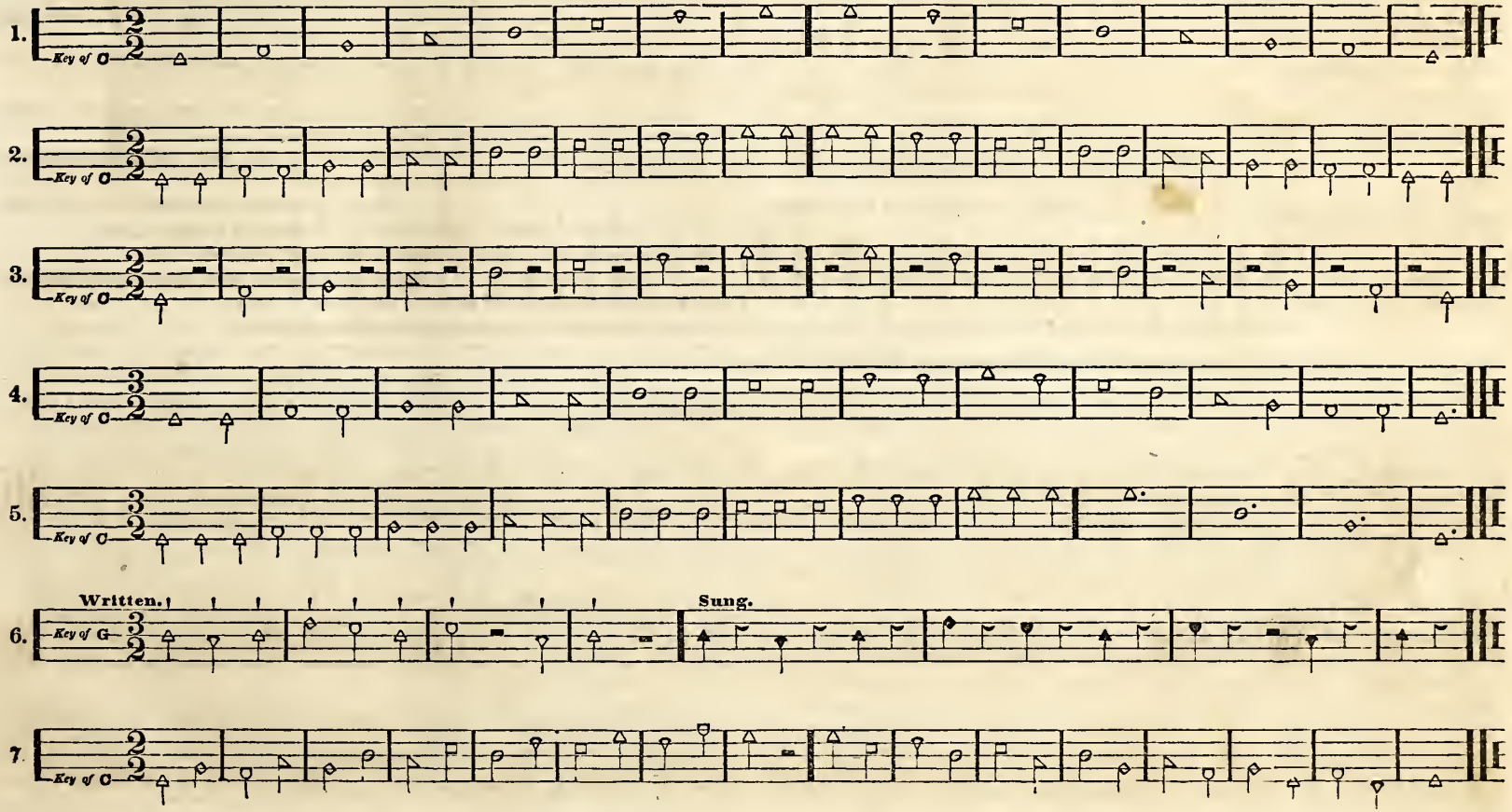
QUESTIONS.

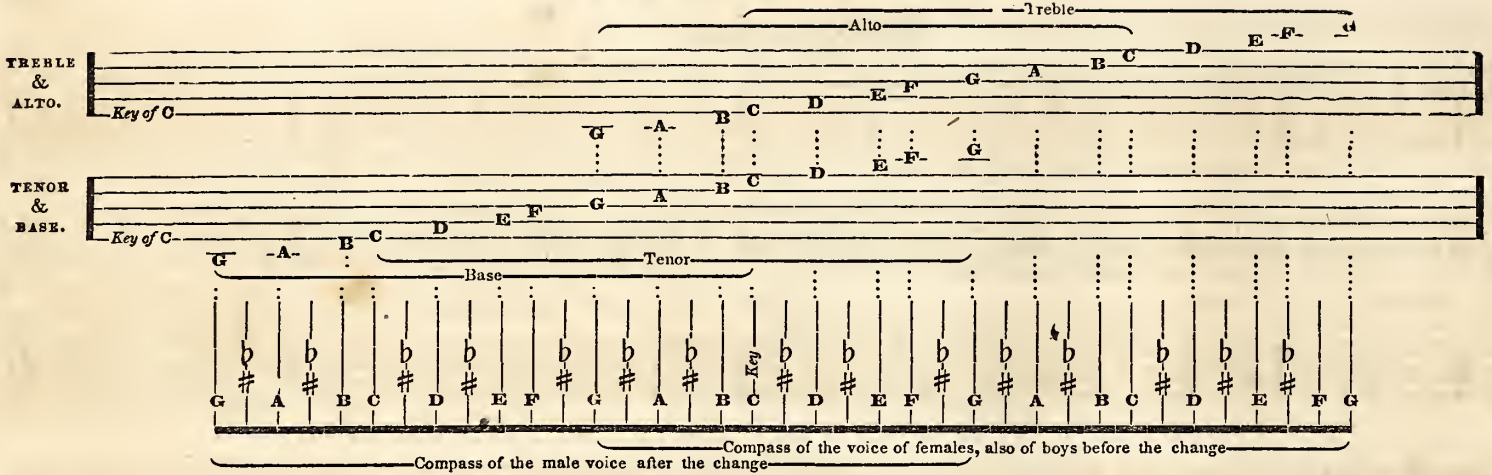
How are musical sounds distinguished in regard to force? What letter is used to signify medium? What letter is used to signify soft? What letter is used to signify very soft?

QUESTIONS.

What does *f* signify? What does *ff* signify? What is the first rule for accent? What is the second rule? What is the third rule? What is an organ sound?

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.





In the preceding scales, we have already seen that an instrument, in order to perform tunes written in all the various keys, must be constructed upon a scale of half-intervals.

But this figure in connection with the staff, &c., is introduced with a view of illustrating the relations of the different voices.

The human voice is divided into four classes. The treble or highest voice of females, the alto or lowest voice of females. The tenor or highest voice of males, and the base or lowest voice of males. The brackets above and below the staffs show the range of sounds from which the different parts are ordinarily written.

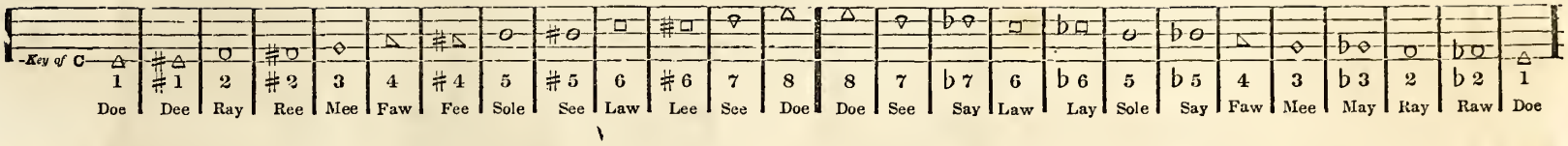
The sound called G on instruments is about the centre of the compass of the voice; it is, therefore, written on the middle of the staff, and the other sounds or letters located accordingly. It must be remembered, however, that the voice of boys—which corresponds with that of females, and is classed with the alto—undergoes a change before they arrive at maturity, and is depressed an entire octave. The voice after the change is on the tenor and base staff.

On referring to the tunes, it will be seen that the music for the four classes of voices is written on four staffs, marked *base*, *treble*, *alto*, and *tenor*. The G on the middle line of the base and the tenor staffs, representing the centre of the ordinary compass of the voice of males, is an octave lower than G on the treble and alto staffs. Performers on the organ, piano-forte, melodeon, &c., should not forget that the notes written upon the base and tenor staffs are to be played an octave lower than the notes written upon the treble and alto staffs. Instruments must have a compass of at least three octaves, to embrace these voices, or to play two octaves of written music.

Questions.—Into how many classes of sounds is the human voice divided? Why is the letter G placed on the third or middle line of the staff? What is the relation of the male voice to that of the female? [Ans. The male voice after the change is an octave lower.] Does an instrument require three octaves to play two octaves of written music?

Note.—Instruments may be constructed or tuned to different sounds. For example, the German flute is based upon D, some of the clarinets upon B♭, and others upon E♭. The church organ, piano-forte, and several other leading instruments are constructed or tuned to the sound called C. This key, or scale, is therefore called *natural* to instruments, and is made the universal standard of reference and comparison.

CHROMATIC SCALE.


Key of C
1 ♯1 2 ♯2 3 4 ♯4 5 ♯5 6 ♯6 7 8 8 7 ♭7 6 ♭6 5 ♭5 4 3 ♭3 2 ♭2 1
Doe Dee Ray Ree Mee Faw Fee Sole See Law Lee See Doe Doe See Say Law Lay Sole Say Faw Mee May Ray Raw Doe

It is proved by instruments that the less intervals which occur between 3 and 4, and between 7 and 8, are precisely half as great as those which occur between the other sounds of the octave.

Now between the other sounds of the octave it has been found by experience that the voice, by an effort, may produce intermediate sounds. Thus intermediate sounds may be produced between 1 and 2, 2 and 3, 4 and 5, 5 and 6, and between 6 and 7; but not between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8, because the intervals between those sounds are naturally half-intervals, and no smaller interval is practicable.

The notes representing intermediate sounds may be written on the same line or space of the staff with either of the notes between which they occur. Thus, the note representing the sound between 1 and 2 may be written on the same line or space with either of those notes. 1 may be elevated a half-interval, or 2 may be depressed a half-interval, and the same sound will be produced.

If it is proposed to elevate the lower sound, a ♯ is used, and the sound is called a sharp 1st, a sharp 4th, &c.

If it is proposed to depress the upper sound, a ♭, (the sign of depression.) is used, and the sound is called a flat 3d, a flat 7th, &c.

☞A sharp (♯) elevates the pitch of a note a half-interval.

☞A flat (♭) depresses the pitch of a note a half-interval.

In the application of names to the intermediate sounds, the voice is assisted in producing the proper elevation or depression by changing the vowel sound of the syllable used. Thus when a sharp occurs before Doe, Ray, Faw, &c., these syllables should be pronounced Dee, Ree, Fee, &c. When a flat occurs before a note, the intermediate sound should be attempted by pronouncing See, Mee, &c. thus, Say, May, &c.

In attempting to sing this scale, it will be difficult to obtain the artificial sounds perfectly without the aid of an instrument.

In the practice, therefore, an instrument should always be introduced as a guide, that shall give the intermediate sounds with accuracy and certainty.

In the preceding scales the key has been so varied as to occupy every letter on the staff and every variety of high and low sounds exhibited, requiring only to extend the scales higher and lower in order to reach the widest range of instruments. From these scales all music is written, of whatever character, and from them every possible combination of sounds may be made.

NOTE.—A tune may be written upon two or more scales; that is, a piece of music may commence in one key, and during its progress be changed into another key, which is called *modulation*. When the change is continued several measures, the syllables should be changed, (see page 332,) but when the change is made for one or two notes only, the ♯4th, or ♭7th, &c., should be introduced; hence the necessity of singers practising the chromatic scale.

QUESTIONS.

How is it proved that the less intervals are half as great as the whole-intervals? Between what numbers of the octave may the voice produce intermediate sounds? Are the intervals thus produced natural? Why may we not have intermediate sounds between 3 and 4, and between 7 and 8? What is a Chromatic scale? [Ans. A scale of half-intervals.] How are intermediate sounds written on the staff? What character is a sign of elevation? What is the sign of depression? Where a note appears on the staff with a ♯ prefixed, how is it to be sung? How when a ♭ is prefixed? Is it any advantage in singing sharped or flatted notes to change the pronunciation of the syllables? What change is recommended?

Instrumental.—When a note appears on the staff with a ♯ prefixed, how is it to be played? [Ans. The sound is to be raised a half-interval in the key in which the tune is written.] When a ♭ how? [Ans. The sound is to be lowered a half-interval in the key in which the tune is written.] When a ♯ 4th occurs in the key of F, how is it to be played? [Ans. On B.] When a ♭ 7th occurs in the key of G, how is it to be played? [Ans. On F.]

THE

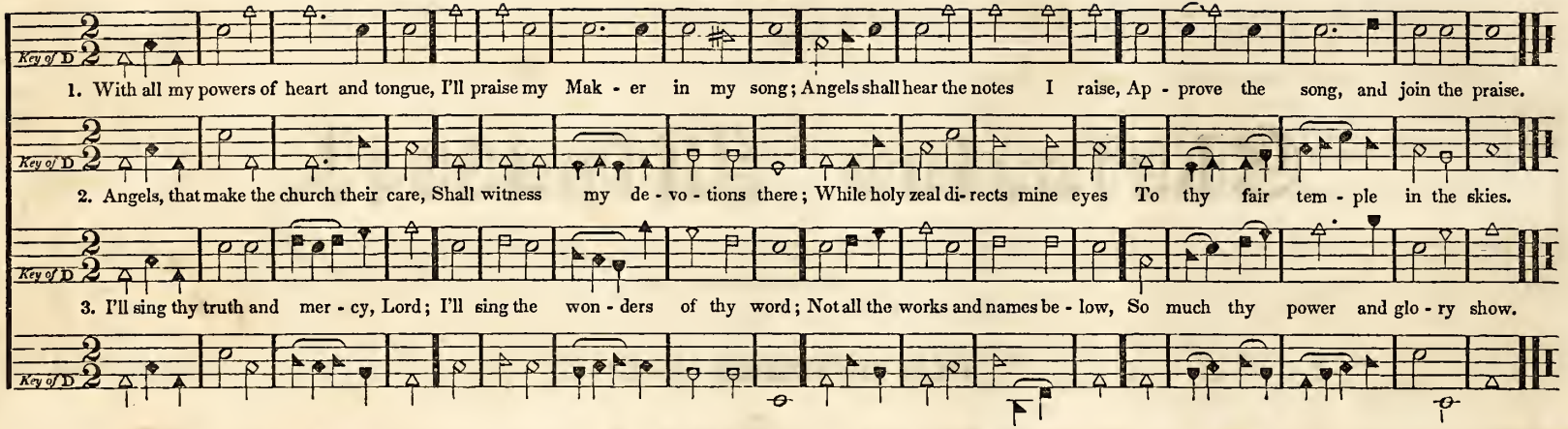
Christian Minstrel.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

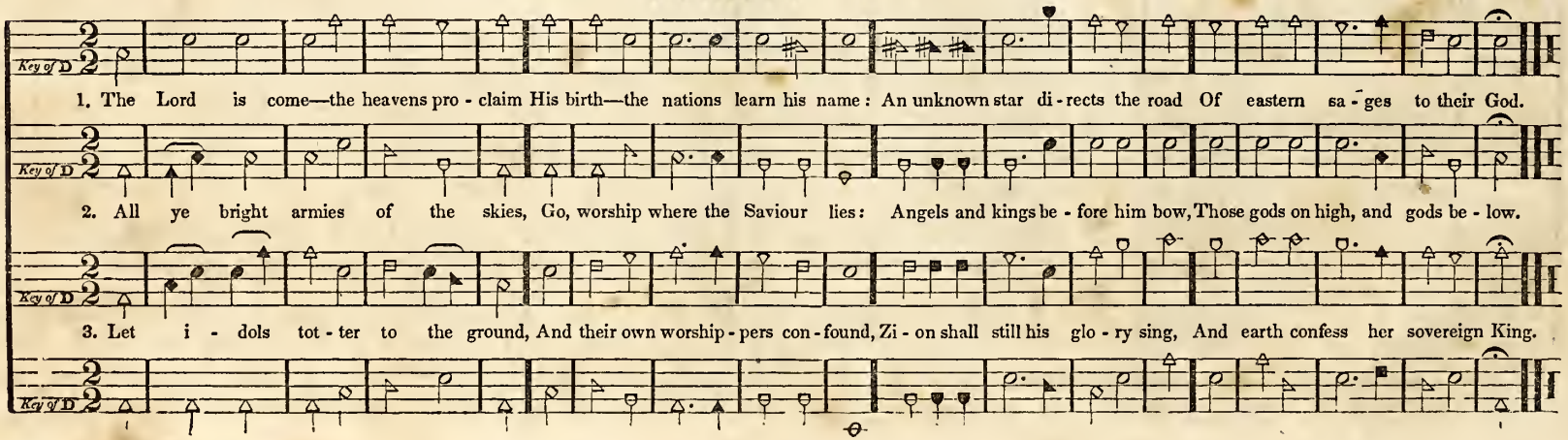
TENOR.
Key of A
1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy: Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate and he de - stroy.
ALTO.
Key of A
2. His sov'-reign pow'r, with-out our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when, like wan-d'ring sheep, we stray'd, He brought us to his fold a - gain.
TREBLE.
Key of A
3. We are his peo - ple, we his care, Our souls and all our mor - tal frame: What last - ing hon-ours shall we rear, Al - migh - ty Ma - ker, to thy name?
BASE.
Key of A
4. We'll crowd thy gates with thank-ful songs, High as the heav'ns our voi - ces raise: And earth with her ten thou-sand tongues Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise
5. Wide as the world is thy com - mand, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When roll-ing years shall cease to move.

BREWER. L. M.

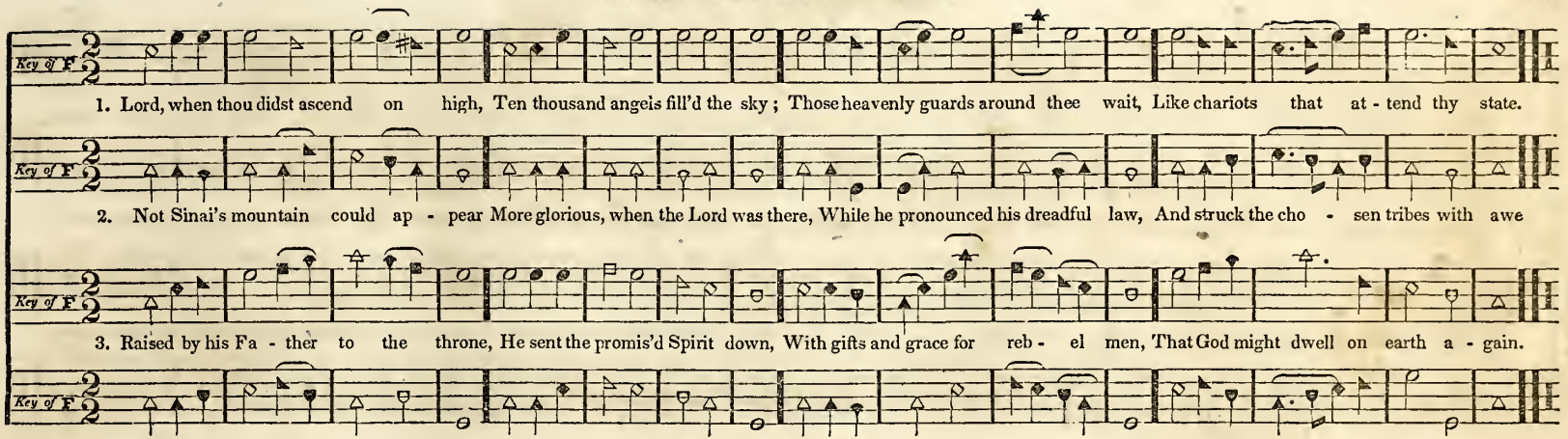

Key of D
1. With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Mak - er in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap - prove the song, and join the praise.
2. Angels, that make the church their care, Shall witness my de - vo - tions there; While holy zeal di-rects mine eyes To thy fair tem - ple in the skies.
3. I'll sing thy truth and mer - cy, Lord; I'll sing the won - ders of thy word; Not all the works and names be - low, So much thy power and glo - ry show.

ARNHEIM. L. M.

Altered from HOLYOKE.

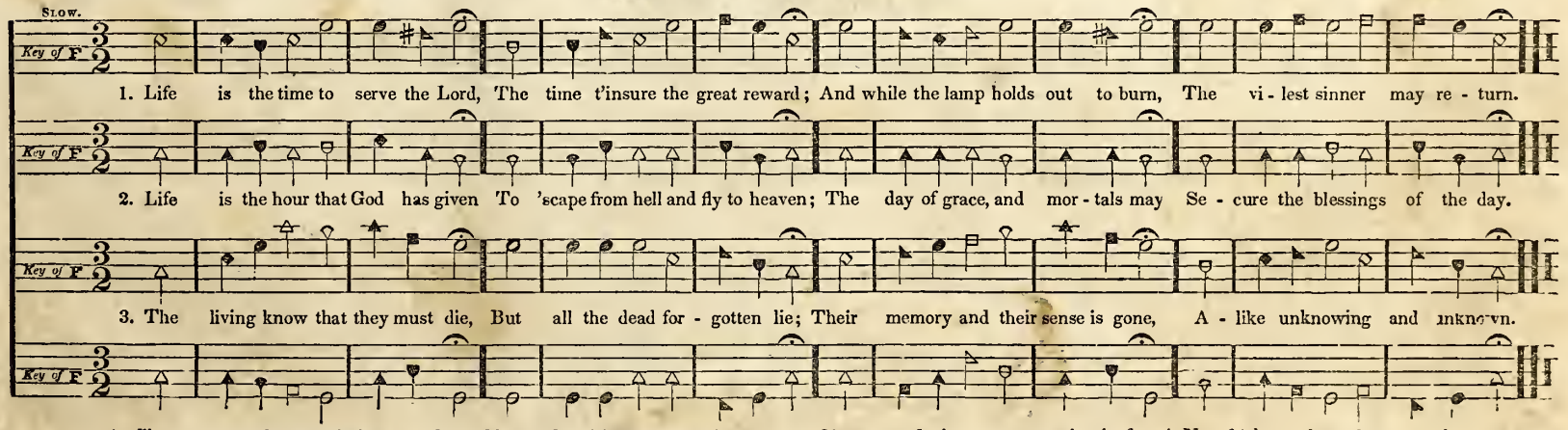

Key of D
1. The Lord is come—the heavens pro - claim His birth—the nations learn his name: An unknown star di-rects the road Of eastern sa-ges to their God.
2. All ye bright armies of the skies, Go, worship where the Saviour lies: Angels and kings be - fore him bow, Those gods on high, and gods be - low.
3. Let i - dols tot - ter to the ground, And their own worship - pers con - found, Zi - on shall still his glo - ry sing, And earth confess her sovereign King.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

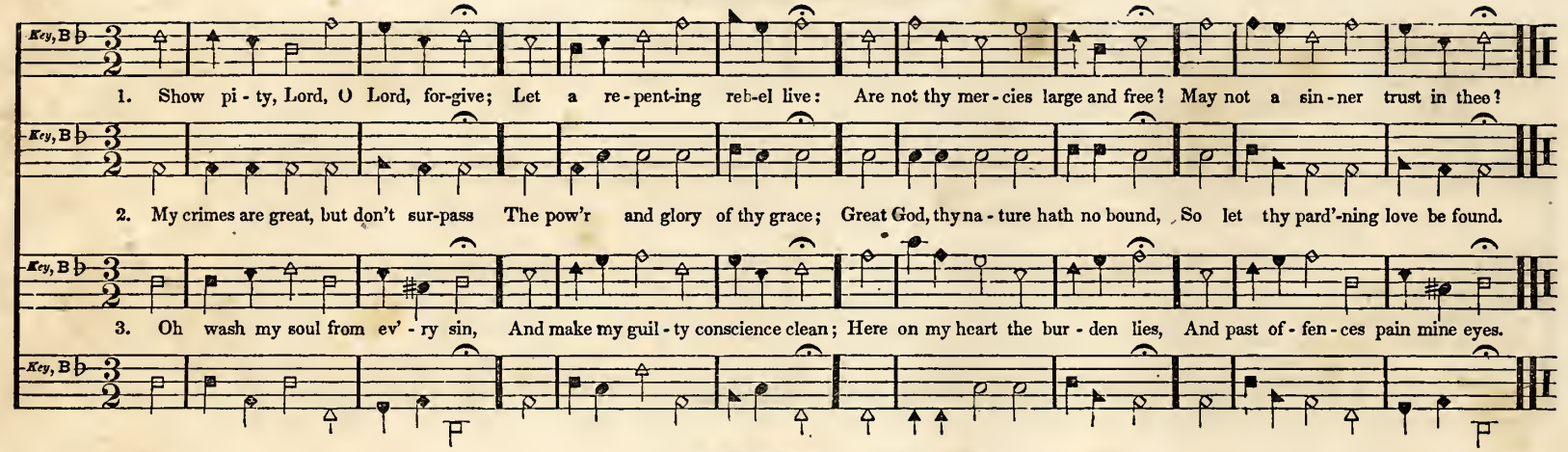

Key of F
1. Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky; Those heavenly guards around thee wait, Like chariots that at - tend thy state.
2. Not Sinai's mountain could ap - pear More glorious, when the Lord was there, While he pronounced his dreadful law, And struck the cho - sen tribes with awe
3. Raised by his Fa - ther to the throne, He sent the promis'd Spirit down, With gifts and grace for reb - el men, That God might dwell on earth a - gain.

WELLS. L. M.

HOLLARD.


Slow.
Key of F
1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'insure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vi - lest sinner may re - turn.
2. Life is the hour that God has given To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven; The day of grace, and mor - tals may Se - cure the blessings of the day.
3. The living know that they must die, But all the dead for - gotten lie; Their memory and their sense is gone, A - like unknowing and unknown.
4. Then what my thoughts design to do My hands, with all your might pursue; Since no device nor work is found, Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

SUNDERLAND. L. M.


Key, B♭
1. Show pi - ty, Lord, O Lord, for-give; Let a re - pent-ing reb-el live: Are not thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?
Key, B♭
2. My crimes are great, but don't sur-pass The pow'r and glory of thy grace; Great God, thy na - ture hath no bound, So let thy pard'-ning love be found.
Key, B♭
3. Oh wash my soul from ev' - ry sin, And make my guil - ty conscience clean; Here on my heart the bur - den lies, And past of - fen - ces pain mine eyes.
Key, B♭

St. PETERS. L. M.

HARWOOD.

Key of G
1. To God, the great, the ev - er-bless'd, Let songs of hon - our be address'd; His mercy firm for ev - er stands; Give him the thanks his love demands.
Key of G
2. Who knows the wonders of thy ways? Who shall ful - fil thy boundless praise? Bless'd are the souls that fear thee still, And pay their du - ty to thy will.
Key of G
3. Re - member what thy mercy did For Ja - cob's race, thy chosen seed: And with the same salva - tion bless The mean - est sup - pliant of thy grace.
Key of G

Key of A
1. Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest, Come, fix thy man - sion in my breast; Dis - pel my doubts, my fears con - trol, And heal the an - guish of my soul.
2. Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere, Come, make your con - stant dwelling here; Still let your presence cheer my heart, Nor sin com - pel you to de - part.
3. Thou God of hope and peace divine, Oh make these sa - cred pleasures mine; Forgive my sins, my fears re - move, And send the to - kens of thy love.

ELLENTHORPE. L. M.

LINLEY.

Key of A
1. Say, how may earth and hea-ven unite? Say, how shall men with an - gels join? What link harmonious may be found, Natures dis - cord - ant to com - bine?
2. Loud let the pealing or - gan swell! Breathe forth your soul in raptures high! Angels with men in mu - sic join; Music's the lan - guage of the sky.

DANVERS. L. M.

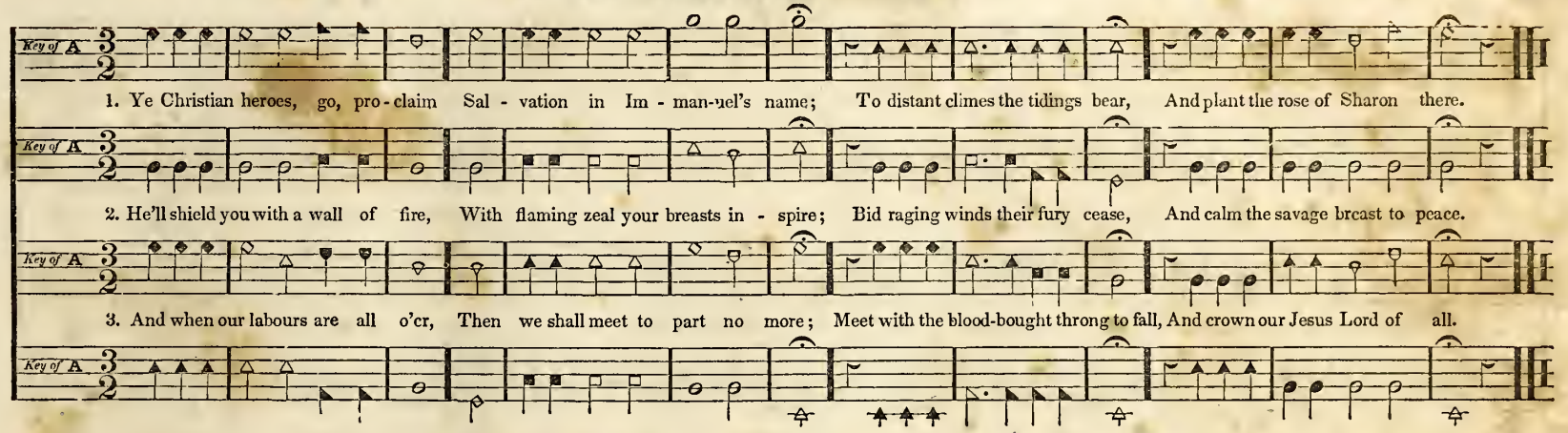
Key of E
1. Awake, my tongue, thy trib- ute bring, To Him who gave thee power to sing; Praise Him, who is all praise a - bove, The source of wis - dom and of love.
Key of E
2. How vast his knowledge! how profound! A depth where all our thoughts are drown'd! The stars he numbers, and their names He gives to all those heavenly flames.
Key of E
3. Through each bright world above, be - hold Ten thousand thousand charms un - fold: Earth, air, and migh - ty seas combine, To speak his wis - dom all di - vine.
Key of E
4. But in redemp - tion, Oh what grace! Its wonders, Oh, what thought can trace! Here wisdom shines for ev - er bright; Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight.

STONEFIELD. L. M.

STANLEY.

Key of D
1. O all ye people, shout and sing Hosan - nas to your heavenly King; Wher - e'er the sun's bright glo - ries shine, Ye nations, praise his name di - vine.
Key of D
2. High on this ever - last - ing throne, He reigns almighty and a - lone; Yet we, on earth, with an - gels share His kind re - gard, his ten - der care
Key of D
3. Re - joice, ye servants of the Lord, Spread wide Jehovah's name a - broad; Oh, praise our God, his power a - dore, From age to age, from shore to shore.
Key of D

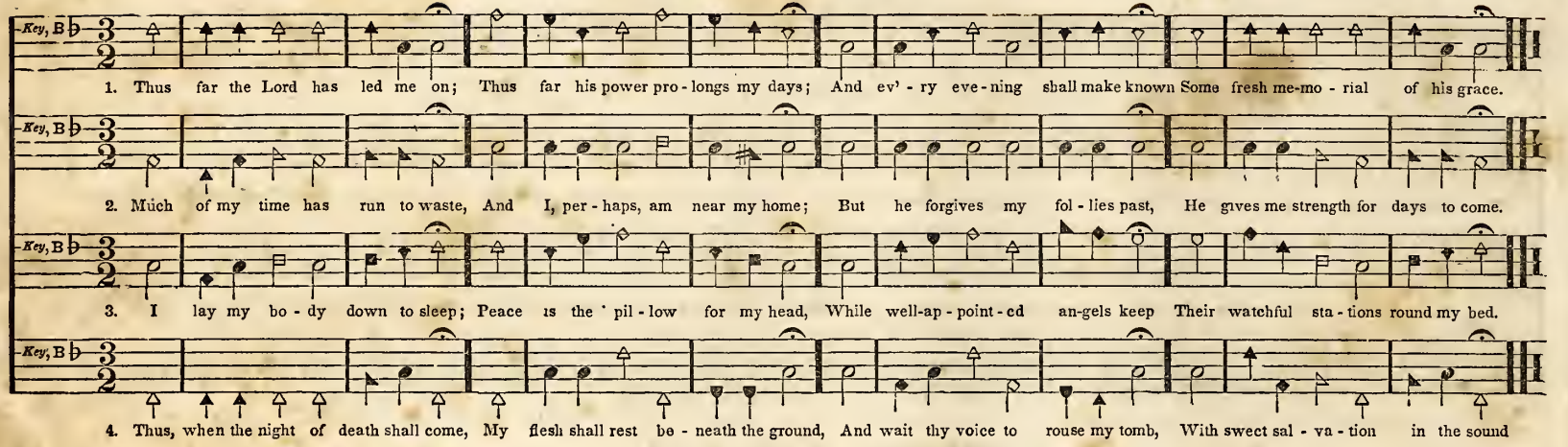
MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.


Key of A
1. Ye Christian heroes, go, pro-claim Sal-vation in Im-man-uel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there.
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your breasts in-spire; Bid raging winds their fury cease, And calm the savage breast to peace.
3. And when our labours are all o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more; Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

STERLING. L. M.

Key of A
1. Oh come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al-mighty King; For we our voices high should raise, When our sal-va-tion's rock we praise.
2. In-to his presence let us haste, To thank him for his fa-vours past; To him address, in joy-ful song, Praises which to his name be-long.
3. O let us to his courts re-pair, And bow with a-do-ra-tion there; Down on our knees, de-vout-ly, all Before the Lord, our Ma-ker, fall.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be-low: Praise him, a-bove, ye heaven-ly host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

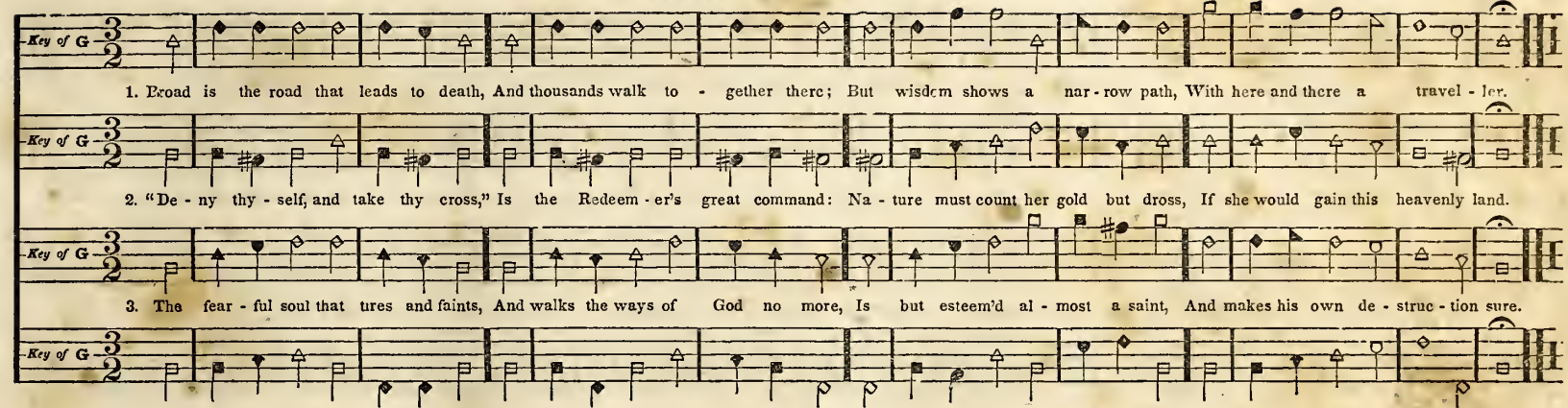
HEBRON. L. M.


Key, B♭
1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his power pro-longs my days; And ev'-ry eve-ning shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home; But he forgives my fol-lies past, He gives me strength for days to come.
3. I lay my bo-dy down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head, While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.
4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest be-neath the ground, And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet sal-va-tion in the sound

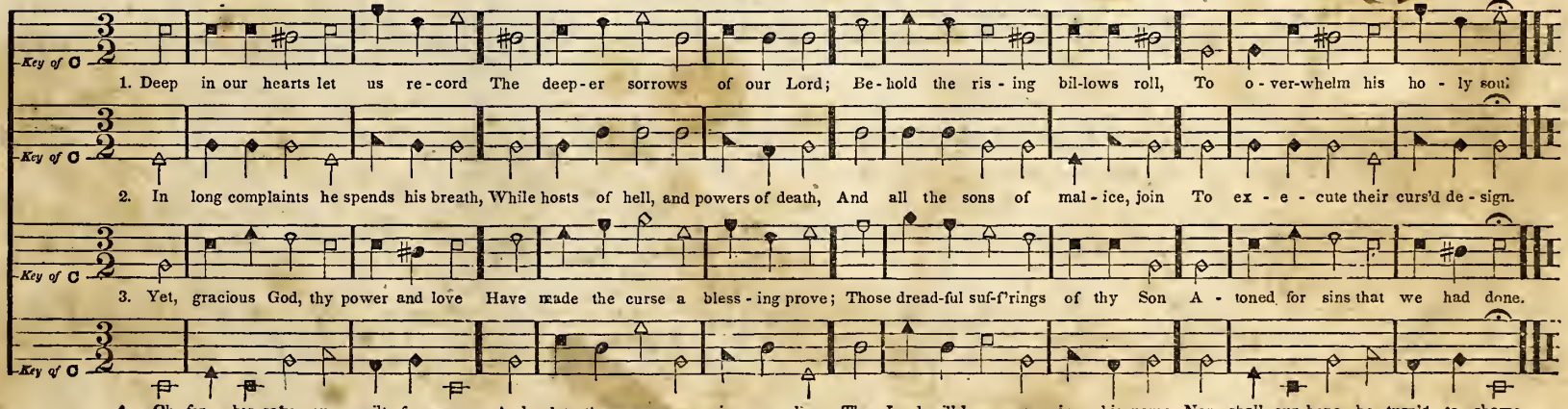
WARD. L. M.

Key, B♭
1. God is the ref-uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis-tress in-vade; Ere we can of-fer our complaints, Be-hold him pre-sent with his aid.
2. Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd Down to the deep and buried there; Convulsions shake the so-lid world; Our faith shall nev-er yield to fear.
3. Loud may the trou-bled o-cean roar; In sa-cred peace our souls a-bide: While ev'ry na-tion, ev'-ry shore, Trem-bles and dreads the swell-ing tide.
4. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Sup-plies the ci-ty of our God! Life, love, and joy still gli-ding through, And wa-tring our di-vine a-bode
5. That sa-cred stream, thine ho-ly word, Sup-ports our faith, our fear con-trols; Sweet peace thy promis-es af-ford, And give new strength to faint-ing souls

WINDHAM. L. M.


Key of G
1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - gether there; But wisdom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a travel - ler.
2. "De - ny thy - self, and take thy cross," Is the Redeem - er's great command: Na - ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heavenly land.
3. The fear - ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more, Is but esteem'd al - most a saint, And makes his own de - struc - tion sure.
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Cre - ate my heart en - tire - ly new: Which hy - po - crites could ne'er at-tain, Which false a - postates ne - ver know

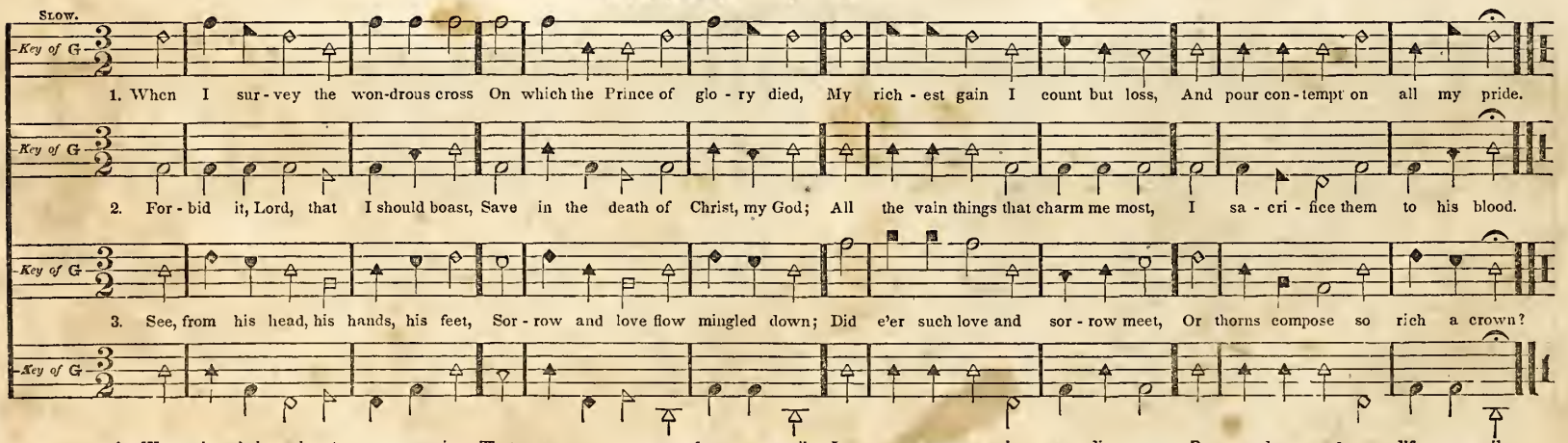
ASHFIELD. L. M.


Key of C
1. Deep in our hearts let us re - cord The deep - er sorrows of our Lord; Be - hold the ris - ing bil-lows roll, To o - ver-whelm his ho - ly soul.
2. In long complaints he spends his breath, While hosts of hell, and powers of death, And all the sons of mal - ice, join To ex - e - cute their curs'd de - sign.
3. Yet, gracious God, thy power and love Have made the curse a bless - ing prove; Those dread-ful suf-f'rings of thy Son A - toned for sins that we had done.
4. Oh, for his sake, our guilt for - give, And let the mourning sin - ner live. The Lord will hear us in his name, Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

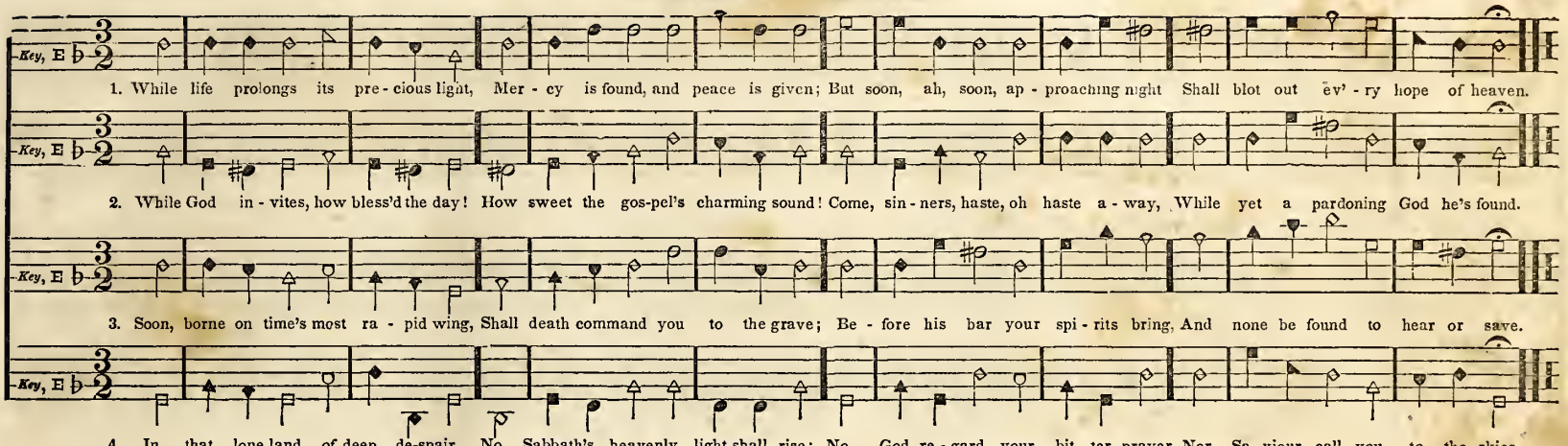
BRENTFORD. L. M.

Key of F
1. Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove A - mid the won - ders of thy love, Sweet hope re - vives my droop - ing heart, And bids in - truding fears de - part.
Key of F
2. Re - pentant sorrow fills my heart, But mingling joy al - lays the smart; Oh! may my fu - ture life de - clare The sorrow and the joy sin - cere.
Key of F
3. Be all my heart and all my days De - voted to my Sa-viour's praise; And let my glad o - be - dience prove How much I owe, how much I love.
Key of F

LINDON. L. M.

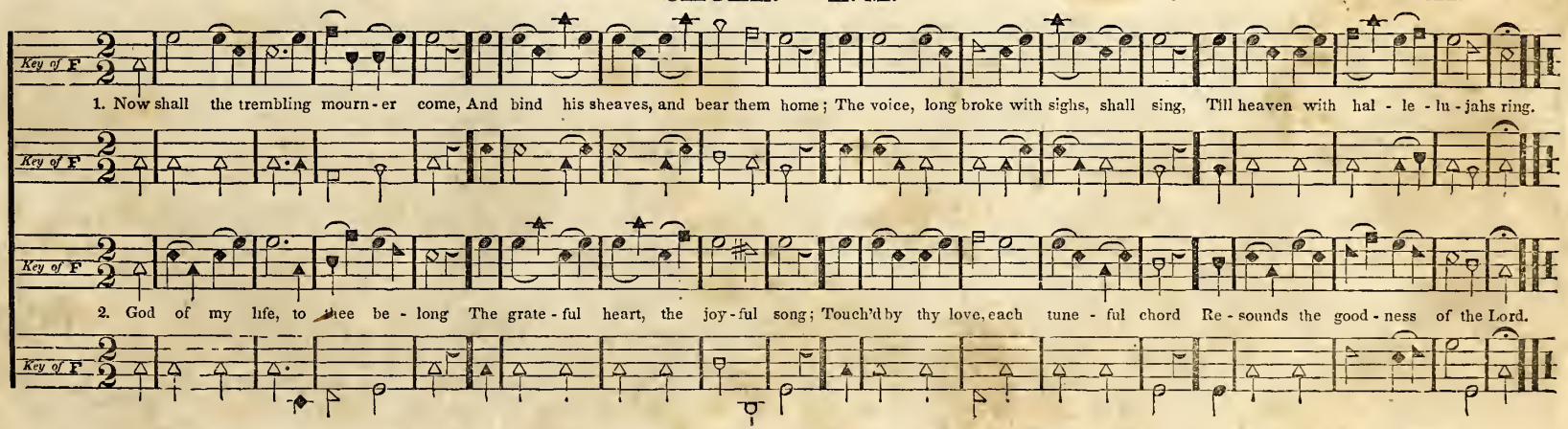

Slow.
Key of G
1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
Key of G
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sa - cri - fice them to his blood.
Key of G
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and love flow mingled down; Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Key of G
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a present far too small; Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

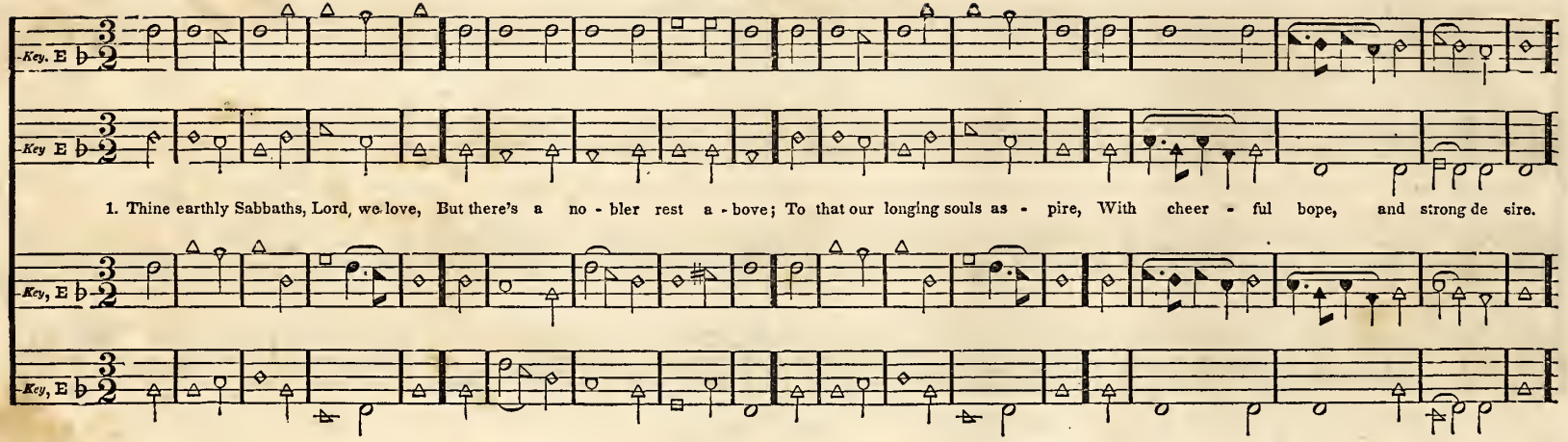
CABOT. L. M.


Key, E ♭
1. While life prolongs its pre - cious light, Mer - cy is found, and peace is given; But soon, ah, soon, ap - proaching night Shall blot out ev' - ry hope of heaven.
2. While God in - vites, how bless'd the day! How sweet the gos-pel's charming sound! Come, sin - ners, haste, oh haste a - way, While yet a pardoning God he's found.
3. Soon, borne on time's most ra - pid wing, Shall death command you to the grave; Be - fore his bar your spi - rits bring, And none be found to hear or save.
4. In that lone land of deep de-spair, No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise; No God re - gard your bit - ter prayer, Nor Sa - viour call you to the skies.

SHOEL. L. M.

Altered from SHOEL.


Key of F
1. Now shall the trembling mourn - er come, And bind his sheaves, and bear them home; The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing, Till heaven with hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
2. God of my life, to thee be - long The grate - ful heart, the joy - ful song; Touch'd by thy love, each tune - ful chord Re - sounds the good - ness of the Lord.


Key. E ♭
Key E ♭
Key, E ♭
Key, E ♭
1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a no - bler rest a - bove; To that our longing souls as - pire, With cheer - ful bope, and strong de sire.

2. No more fatigue—no more distress
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

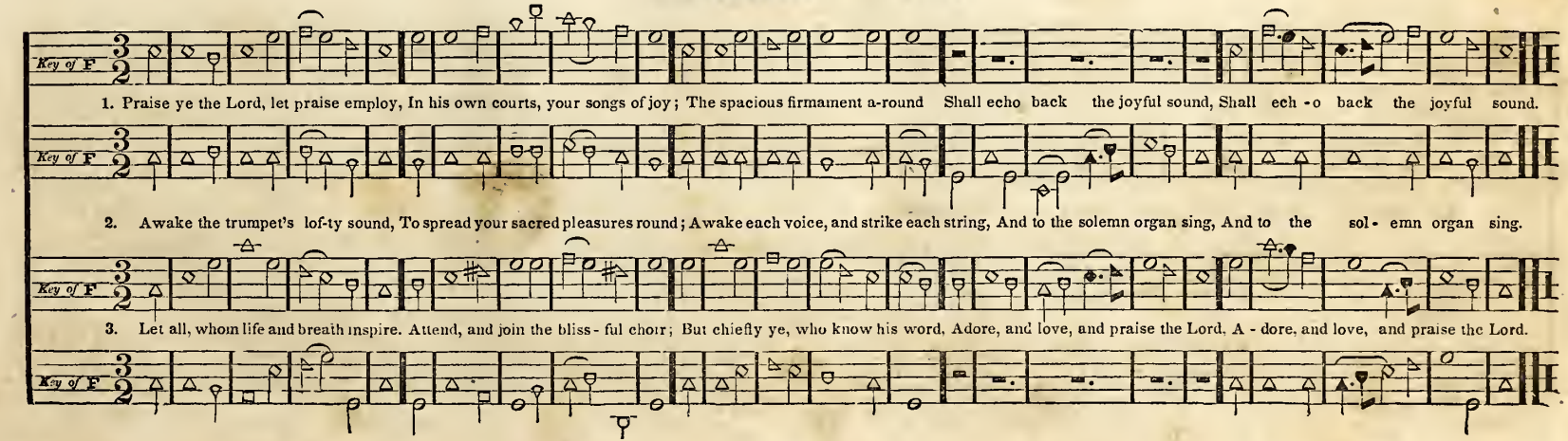
3. No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4. O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest in God

WINCHELSEA. L. M.

Key of C
Key of C
Incumbent on the bending sky, The Lord de-scended from on high; And bade the dark-ness of the pole, Be - neath his feet tre - mendous roll.
Key of C
Key of C

ROTHWELL. L. M.


Key of F
1. Praise ye the Lord, let praise employ, In his own courts, your songs of joy; The spacious firmament a-round Shall echo back the joyful sound, Shall ech - o back the joyful sound.
Key of F
2. Awake the trumpet's lof-ty sound, To spread your sacred pleasures round; Awake each voice, and strike each string, And to the solemn organ sing, And to the sol - emn organ sing.
Key of F
3. Let all, whom life and breath inspire. Attend, and join the bliss - ful choir; But chiefly ye, who know his word, Adore, and love, and praise the Lord, A - dore, and love, and praise the Lord.
Key of F

WAKEFIELD. L. M.

Key of F
1. Come, wea - ry souls, with sin op - press'd, Oh come! ac - cept the promised rest; The Sa - viour's gracious call o - bey, And cast your gloomy fears a - way.
2. Oppress'd with sin, a pain - ful load, Oh come, and spread your woes a - broad: Di - vine com - pas-sion, migh - ty love, Will all the pain - ful load re - move.
3. Here mercy's boundless o - cean flows, To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes: Here's par - don, life, and end - less peace— How rich the gift!— how free the grace.
4. Lord, we ac - cept, with thank - ful heart, The hope thy gra-cious words impart: We come with trembling, yet re - joice, And bless the kind in - vit - ing voice.

MENDON. L. M.

Key of C
1. O praise the Lord in that blest place, From whence his goodness large - ly flows, Praise him in heaven, where he his face, Unveil'd, in per - fect glo - ry shows.
2. Praise him for all the mighty acts, Which he in our be - half hath done; His kindness this re - turn ex - acts, With which our praise should e-qual run.
3. Let all, who vi - tal breath en - joy, The breath he doth to them af - ford, In just re - turns of praise employ; Let ev' - ry crea - ture praise the Lord.

DUNSTAN. L. M.

Key of G
1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive jour - neys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. For him shall endless prayer be made, And prai-ses throng to crown his head; His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With ev' - ry morn - ing sac-ri - fice.
3. People and realms of ev' - ry tongue Dwell on his love with sweet - est song; And in - fant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on his name.
4. Blessings a-bound where'er he reigns; The prisoner leaps to burst his chains; The wea-ry find e - ter-nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.

LUTON. L. M.

BURDER.

Key, E♭
1. With one con - sent, let all the earth To God their cheer-ful voi - ces raise; Glad homage pay, with aw-ful mirth, And sing be - fore him songs of praise.
2. Convinced that he is God a - lone, From whom both we and all pro-ceed; We whom he chooses for his own, The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
3. O en-ter then his tem-ple gate, Thence to his courts de - vout - ly press; And still your grateful hymns re-peat, And still his name with praises bless.
4. For he's the Lord, su-premely good, His mer - cy is for ev er sure; His truth, which always firmly stood, To end - less a - ges shall en - dure.

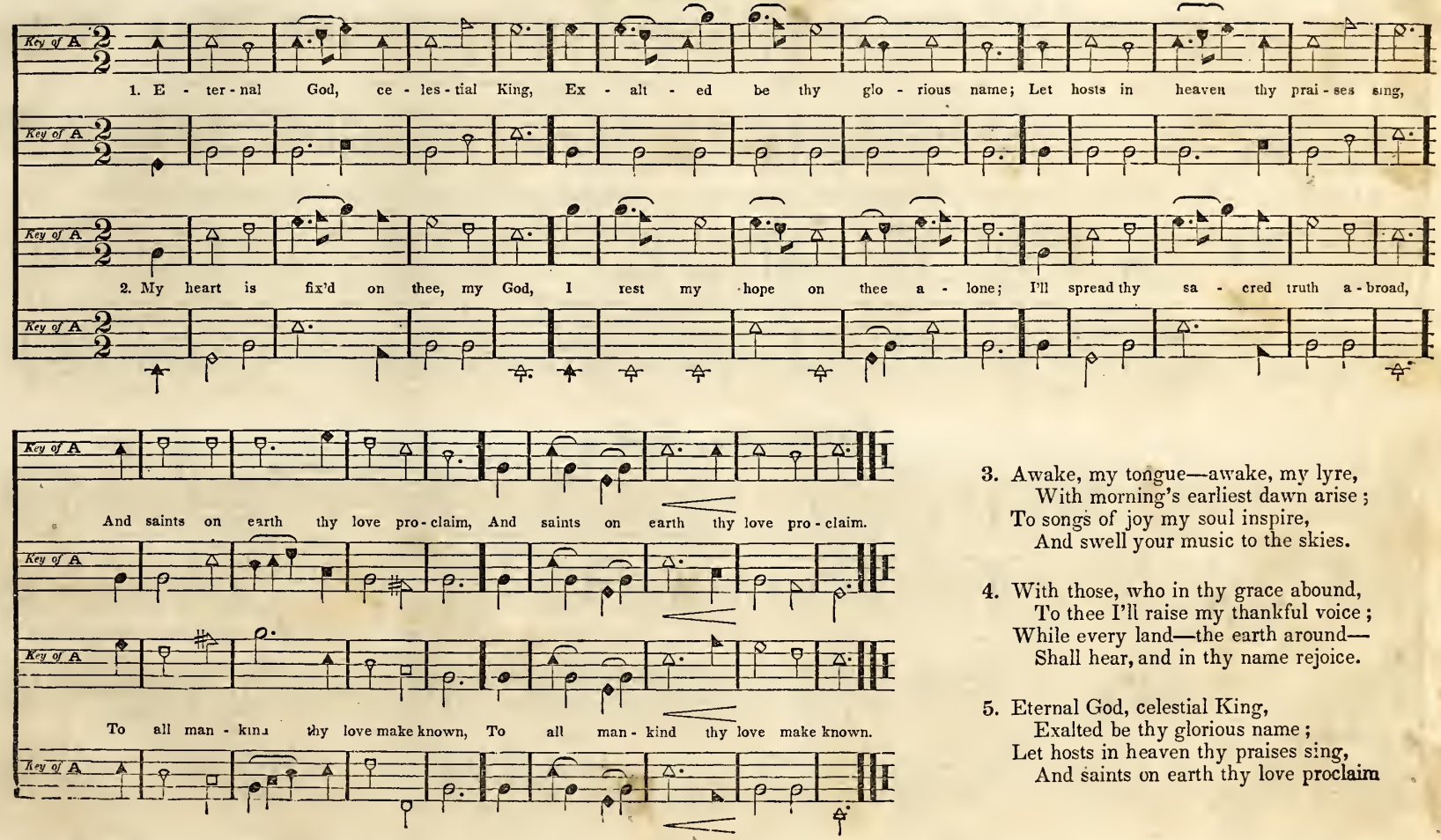
GOLAN. L. M.

Key of G
1. O Thou that hear'st when sin-ners cry, Though all my crimes be-fore thee lie, Be-hold them not with an-gry look, But blot their mem'-ry from thy book.
2. Cre-ate my na-ture pure with-in, And form my soul a-verse to sin: Let thy good Spi-rit ne'er de-part, Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
3 I can-not live with-out thy light, Cast out and banish'd from thy sight: Thy ho-ly joys, my God, re-store, And guard me that I fall no more.
4. Though I have grieved thy Spi-rit, Lord, Thy help and comfort still af-ford; And let a wretch come near thy throne, To plead the merits of thy Son.
5. A broken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sacri-fice I bring; The God of grace will ne'er de-spise A broken heart for sa-cri-fice.
6. My soul lies humbled in the dust, And owns thy dreadful sentence just; Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye, And save the soul condemn'd to die.

ALFRETON. L. M.

W. BEASTALL.

Key of F
1. Bless, O my soul, the liv-ing God; Call home thy thoughts that rove a-broad; Let all the powers within me join In work and wor-ship so di-vine.
2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His fa-vours claim thy high-est praise: Why should the wonders he hath wrought Be kept in silence, and for-got.
3. Let the whole earth his power con-fess; Let the whole earth a-dore his grace; The Gentile with the Jew shall join In work and wor-ship so di-vine.


Key of A
1. E - ter - nal God, ce - les - tial King, Ex - alt - ed be thy glo - rious name; Let hosts in heaven thy prai - ses sing,
2. My heart is fix'd on thee, my God, I rest my hope on thee a - lone; I'll spread thy sa - cred truth a - broad,
And saints on earth thy love pro - claim, And saints on earth thy love pro - claim.
To all man - kind thy love make known, To all man - kind thy love make known.

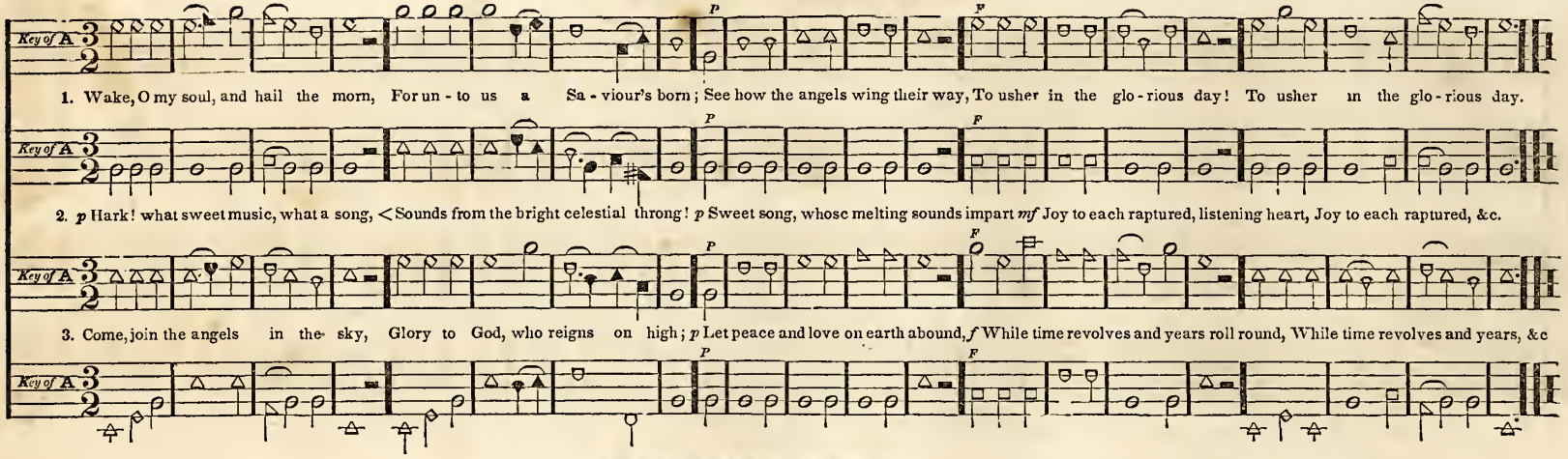
3. Awake, my tongue—awake, my lyre,
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

4. With those, who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
While every land—the earth around—
Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.

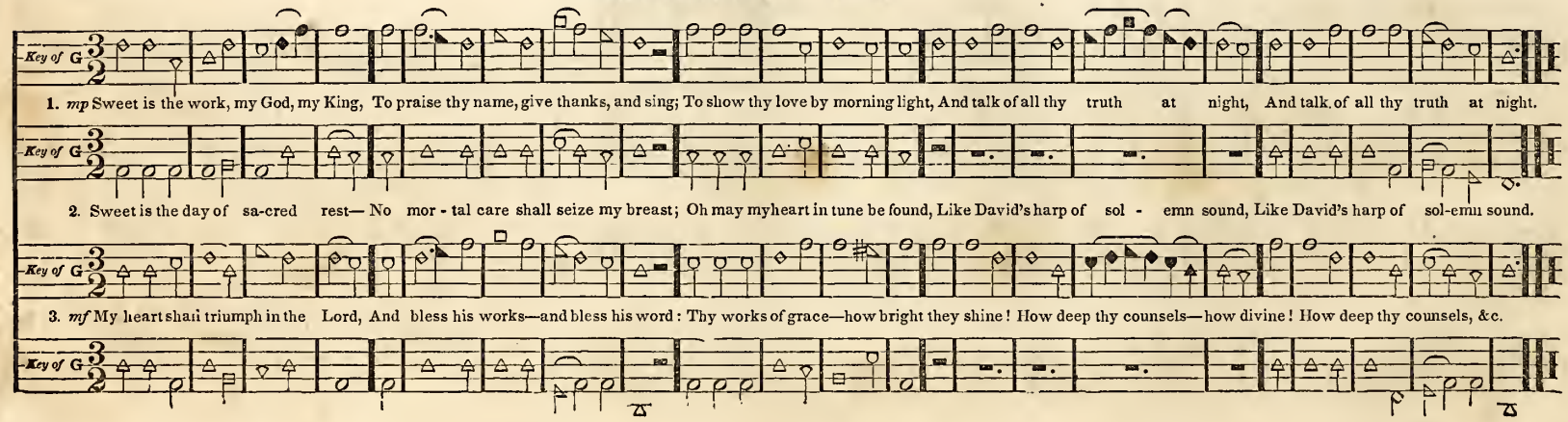
5. Eternal God, celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim

PARK STREET. L. M.

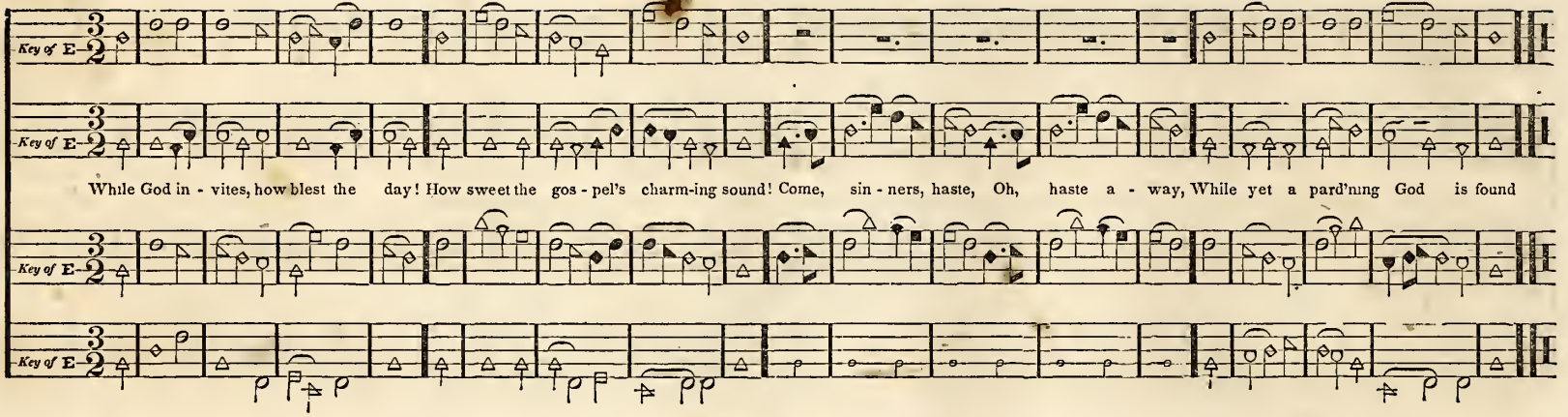
VENUA.


Key of A
1. Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For un - to us a Sa - viour's born; See how the angels wing their way, To usher in the glo - rious day! To usher in the glo - rious day.
2. p Hark! what sweet music, what a song, < Sounds from the bright celestial throng! p Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart mf Joy to each raptured, listening heart, Joy to each raptured, &c.
3. Come, join the angels in the sky, Glory to God, who reigns on high; p Let peace and love on earth abound, f While time revolves and years roll round, While time revolves and years, &c

HINGHAM. L. M.

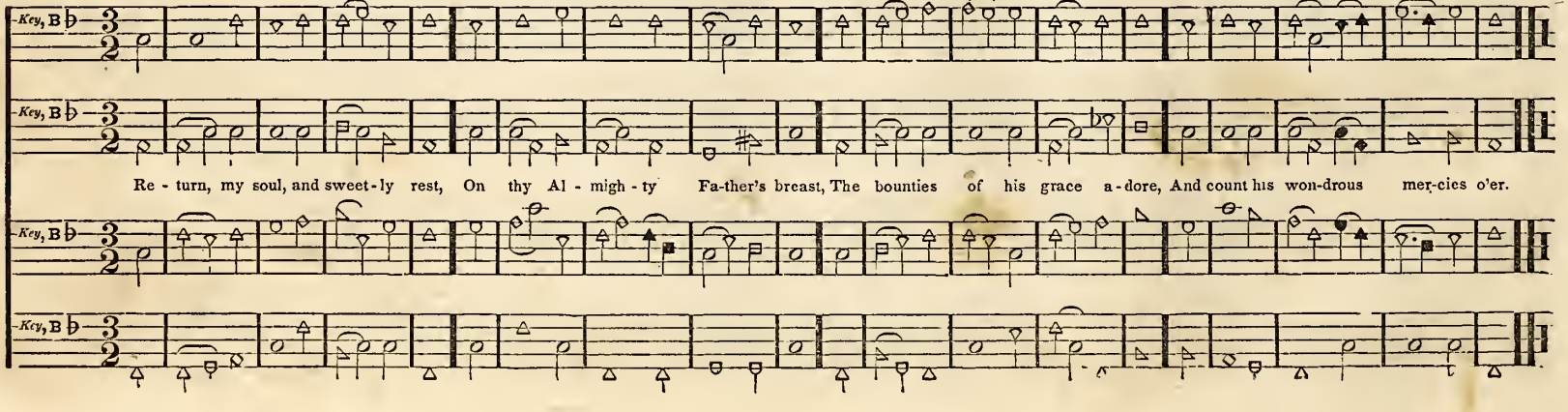

Key of G
1. mp Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night, And talk of all thy truth at night.
2. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest— No mor - tal care shall seize my breast; Oh may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol - emn sound, Like David's harp of sol-emn sound.
3. mf My heart shall triumph in the Lord, And bless his works—and bless his word: Thy works of grace—how bright they shine! How deep thy counsels—how divine! How deep thy counsels, &c.

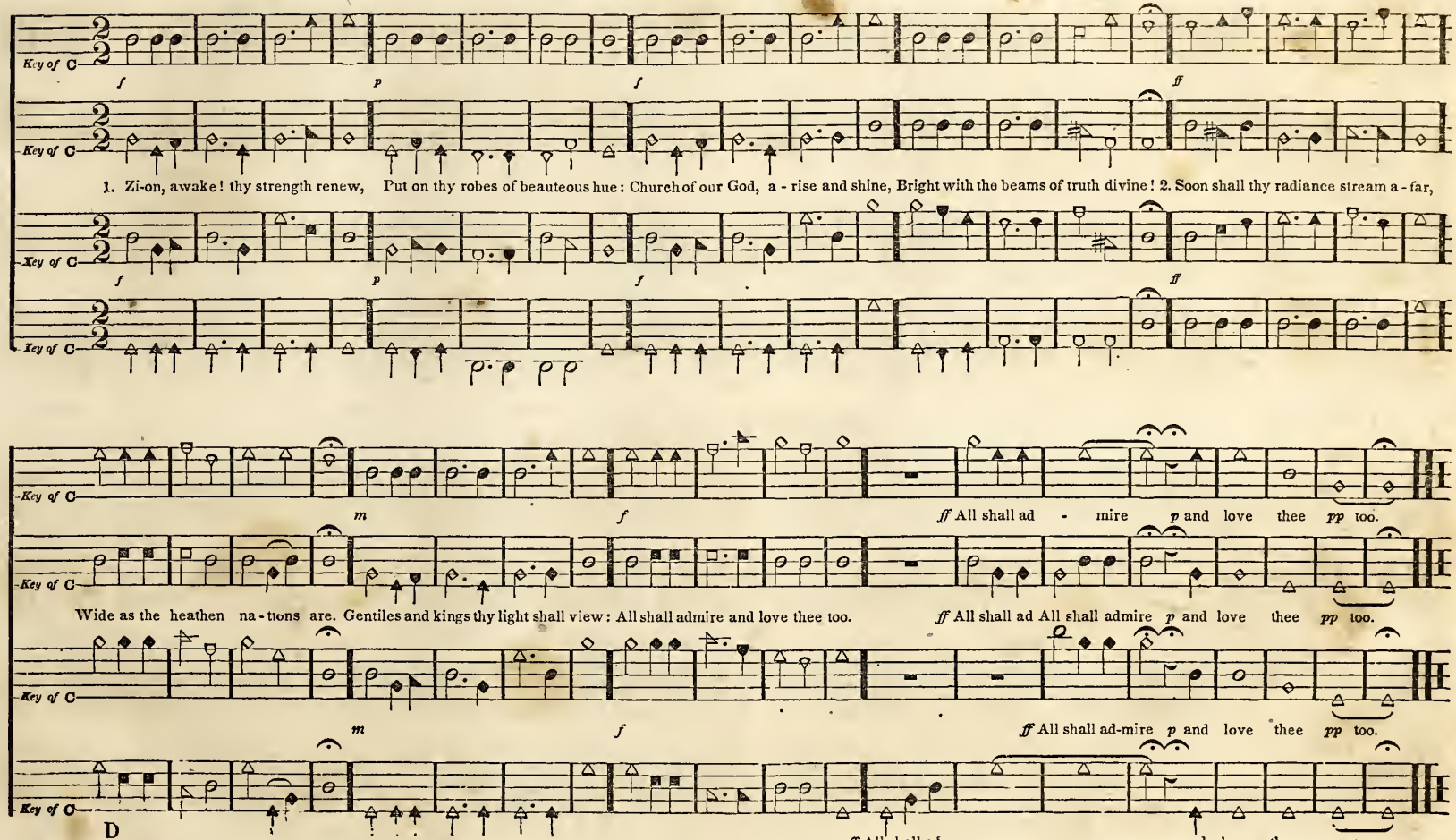
Key of F
1. Lord, in thy great, thy glo - rious name, I place my hope, my on - ly trust; Save me from sor - row,
2. Thou art my rock, thy name a - lone, The for - tress where my hopes re - treat; Oh make thy pow'r and
3. Blest be the Lord, for ev - er blest, Whose mer - cy bids my fears re - move; Those sacred walls, which
4. Ye hum - ble souls, who seek his face, Let sa - cred cou - rage fill your heart! Hope in the Lord, and
guilt, and shame, Thou ev - er gra - cious, ev - er just, Thou ev - er gra - cious, ev - er just.
mer - cy known; To safe - ty guide my wand' - ring feet, To safe - ty guide my wand' - ring feet.
guard my rest, Are his al - migh - ty power and love, Are his al - migh - ty power and love.
trust his grace, And he will heaven - ly strength im - part, And he will heaven ly strength im - part.


Key of E
Key of E
While God in - vites, how blest the day! How sweet the gos - pel's charm-ing sound! Come, sin - ners, haste, Oh, haste a - way, While yet a pard'ning God is found
Key of E
Key of E

MADRID. L. M.

WHITAKER.
Arranged by Heinrich Oelschlagen.


Key, B♭
Key, B♭
Re - turn, my soul, and sweet - ly rest, On thy Al - migh - ty Fa-ther's breast, The bounties of his grace a - dore, And count his won-drous mer-cies o'er.
Key, B♭
Key, B♭


Key of C
f
p
f
ff
1. Zi-on, awake! thy strength renew, Put on thy robes of beauteous hue: Church of our God, a - rise and shine, Bright with the beams of truth divine! 2. Soon shall thy radiance stream a - far,
m
f
ff All shall ad - mire p and love thee pp too.
Wide as the heathen na - tions are. Gentiles and kings thy light shall view: All shall admire and love thee too.
ff All shall ad All shall admire p and love thee pp too.
ff All shall ad-mire p and love thee pp too.
D
ff All shall ad - mire - - - p and love thee pp too.

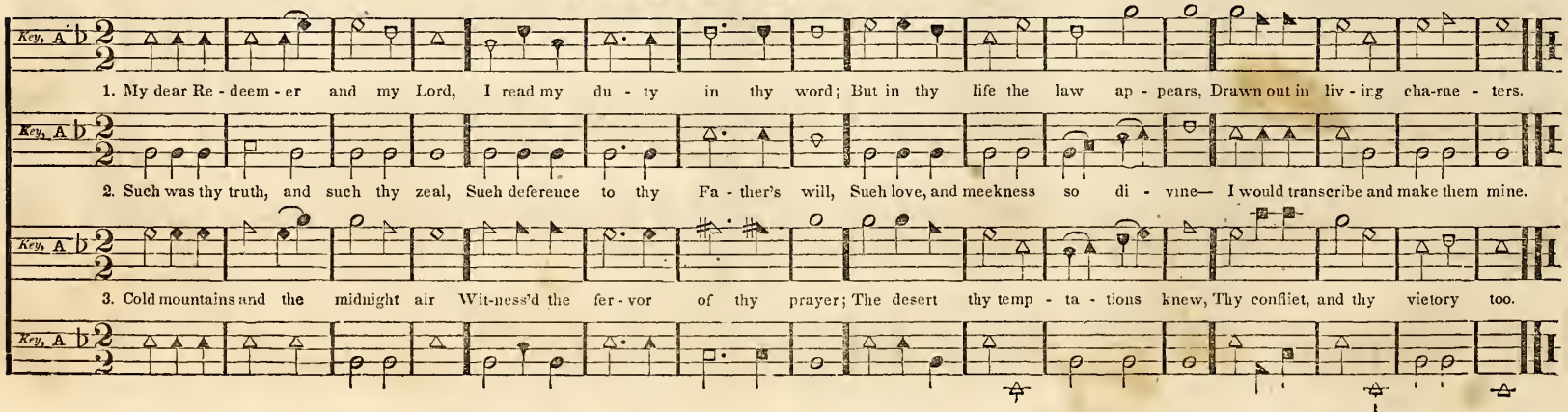
NEW SABBATH. L. M.

ISAAC SMITH.

Key of D
1. For thee, O God, our con-stant praise In Zi-on waits, thy cho-sen seat; Our promised al-tars there we'll raise, And there our zeal-ous vows complete.
2. Thou! who to ev'-ry hum-ble prayer Dost al-ways bend thy list'ning ear, To thee shall all man-kind re-pair, And at thy gra-cious throne ap-pear.
3. Our sins, though num-ber-less, in vain To stop thy flow-ing mer-cy try; Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain, And wash-est out the crim-son dye.
4. Blest is the man, who, near the place, With-in thy sa-cred dwell-ing lives! 'Tis there abundant-ly we taste The vast de-lights thy tem-ple gives

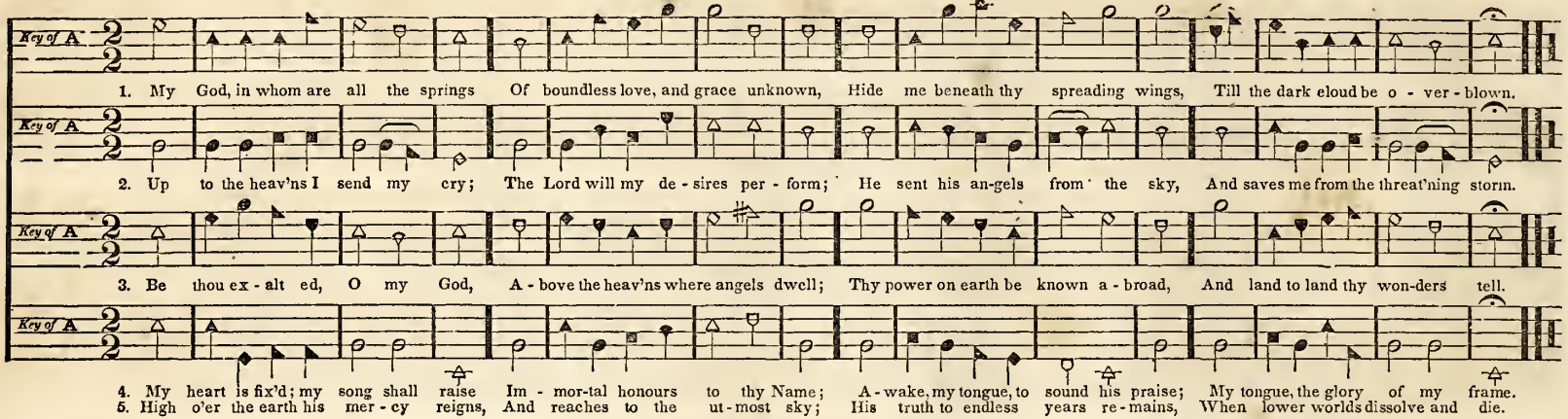
FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.


Key, A♭
1. My dear Re-deem-er and my Lord, I read my du-ty in thy word; But in thy life the law ap-pears, Drawn out in liv-ing cha-rac-ters.
2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such deference to thy Fa-ther's will, Such love, and meekness so di-vine— I would transcribe and make them mine.
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air Wit-ness'd the fer-vor of thy prayer; The desert thy temp-ta-tions knew, Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
4. Be thou my pat-tern; make me bear More of thy gra-cious im-age here; Then God, the Judge, shall own my name Among the followers of the Lamb

Key of D
1. The spacious fir - ma-ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great O - ri - gi - nal pro - claim.
3. Soon as the ev'ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And night - ly, to the list'ning earth, Repeats the sto - ry of her birth,
5. What though in solemn silence all Move round this dark ter - res-trial ball, What though no re - al voice, or sound A - mid their radiant orbs be found,
2. Th'unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And pub - lish - es, to ev' - ry land, The work of an al - migh - ty hand.
4. While all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets, in their turn, Con - firm the ti-dings, as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
6. In reason's ear they all re - joice, And ut - ter forth a glorious voice; For ev - er singing as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine.
Key of D
Key of D
Key of D

UPTON. L. M.


Key of A
1. My God, in whom are all the springs Of boundless love, and grace unknown, Hide me beneath thy spreading wings, Till the dark cloud be o - ver - blown.
2. Up to the heav'ns I send my cry; The Lord will my de - sires per - form; He sent his an-gels from the sky, And saves me from the threat'ning storm.
3. Be thou ex - alt ed, O my God, A - bove the heav'ns where angels dwell; Thy power on earth be known a - broad, And land to land thy won-ders tell.
4. My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise Im - mor-tal honours to thy Name; A - wake, my tongue, to sound his praise; My tongue, the glory of my frame.
5. High o'er the earth his mer - cy reigns, And reaches to the ut-most sky; His truth to endless years re-mains, When lower worlds dissolve and die.

ATLANTIC. L. M.

GEO. OATES.

Key of A
1. Come, O my soul, in sa-cred lays,—At - tempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise: But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame! What verse can reach the lof - ty theme.
2. En-throned a - mid the radiant spheres, He glo - ry like a gar-ment wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thou - sand suns a - round him shine.
3. In all our Maker's grand designs, Al - migh - ty power, with wis-dom, shines; His works, through all this won-drous frame, De - clare the glo - ry of his Name.
4 Raised on de - vo - tion's lof - ty wing, Do thou, my soul, his glo - ries sing; And let his praise em - ploy thy tongue, Till list' - ning worlds shall join the song

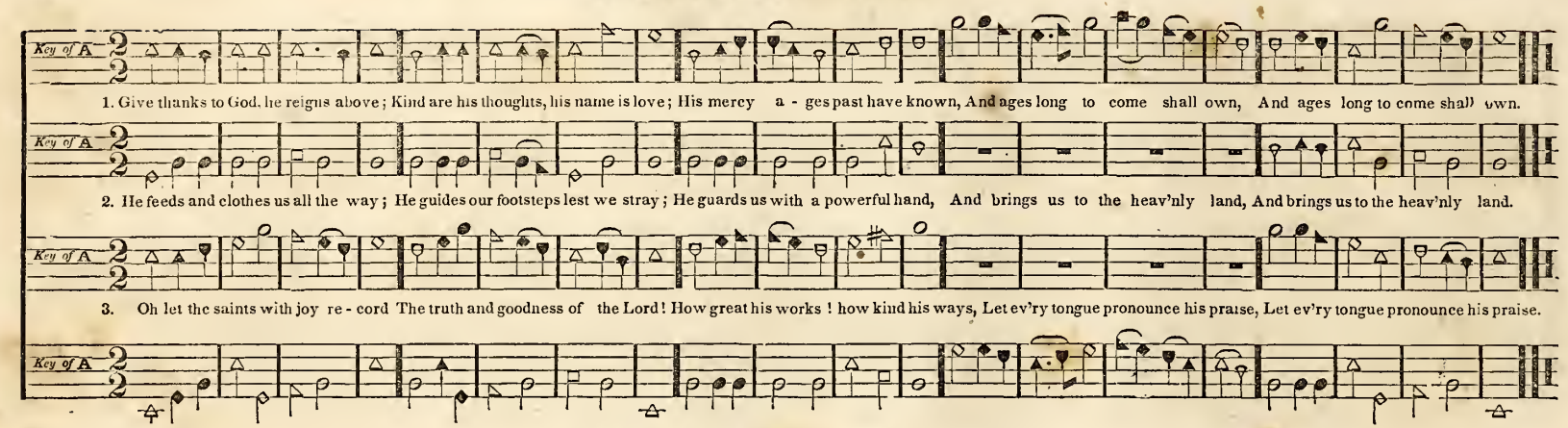
PILESGROVE. L. M.

Key of G
1. Oh render thanks to God a - bove, The foun-tain of e - ter - nal love; Whose mer-cy firm, through a-ges past Has stood, and shall for ever last.
2. Who can his migh - ty deeds ex - press, Not on - ly vast but num - ber-less? What mor-tal el - o-quenee ean raise His trib - ute of im - mortal praise?
3. Hap - py are they, and on - ly they, Who from thy judgments ne - ver stray; Who know what's right; nor on-ly so, But al - ways prae - tise what they know.
4. Ex-tend to me that favour, Lord, Thou to thy cho - sen dost afford; When thou return'st to set them free, Let thy sal - va - tion visit me.

AUGUSTA. L. M.

Key of A
1. "Come hither, all ye weary souls, Ye hea - vy la - den sin - ners, come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heav'n - ly home.
2. "They shall find rest, who learn of me; I'm of a meek and low - ly mind; But passion ra - ges like the sea, And pride is rest - less as the wind.
3. "Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with de - light; My yoke is ea - sy to his neek, My grace shall make the bur - den light."
4 Jesus, we come at thy com - mand; With faith and hope and hum - ble zeal, Resign our spirits to thy hand, To mould and guide us at thy will

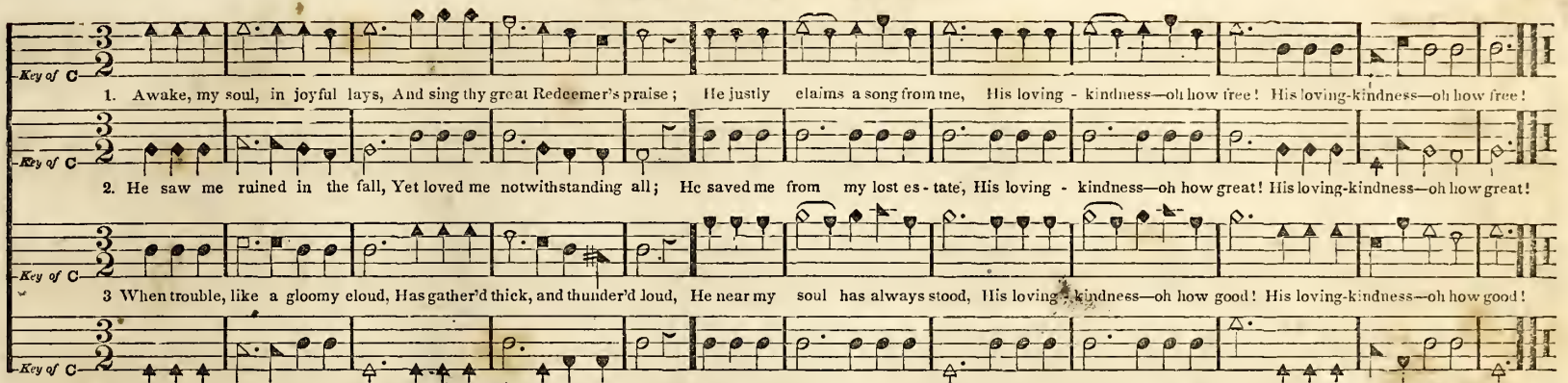
NOTTAWAY. L. M.


Key of A
1. Give thanks to God, he reigns above; Kind are his thoughts, his name is love; His mercy a - ges past have known, And ages long to come shall own, And ages long to come shall own.
2. He feeds and clothes us all the way; He guides our footsteps lest we stray; He guards us with a powerful hand, And brings us to the heav'nly land, And brings us to the heav'nly land.
3. Oh let the saints with joy re - cord The truth and goodness of the Lord! How great his works! how kind his ways, Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise, Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

MAYSVILLE. L. M. (6 LINES.)

Slow.
Key of E
1. Fa - ther of mercies, God of love! Oh! hear an humble suppliant's cry; Bend from thy lof - ty seat a - bove, Thy throne of glorious ma - jes - ty: Oh! deign to hear my mournful voice, And bid my drooping heart re - joice.
2. I urge no me - rits of my own, No worth, to claim thy gra-cious smile: No, when I bow be - fore thy throne, Dare to converse with God a - while, Thy name, blest Je-sus, is my plea, Dearest and sweetest name to me.
3. Fa - ther of mer-cies, God of love! Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry; Bend from thy lof - ty seat a - bove, Thy throne of glorious ma - jes - ty: One pard'ning word can make me whole, And soothe the anguish of my soul.

LEPANTO. L. M.


Key of C
1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me, His loving - kindness—oh how free! His loving-kindness—oh how free!
2. He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me notwithstanding all; He saved me from my lost es - tate, His loving - kindness—oh how great! His loving-kindness—oh how great!
3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud, He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness—oh how good! His loving-kindness—oh how good!
4. Often I feel my sinful heart Prone from my Saviour to de-part; But though I have him oft for-got, His loving-kind - ness changes not, His loving-kindness changes not.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

Slow.
Key of G
1. Re - turn, my wand'ring soul, re-turn, And seek an in - jured Fa-ther's face; Those warm de - sires that in thee burn Were kindled by re - deeming grace.
2. Re - turn, my wand'ring soul, re - turn, And seek a Fa - ther's melting heart; His pitying eyes thy grief dis - cern, His heav'nly balm shall heal thy smart.
3. Re - turn, my wand'ring soul, return, Thy dying Sa - viour bids thee live; Go, view his bleeding side, and learn, How free - ly Je - sus can for-give.
4 Re turn, my wand'ring sou., return, And wipe a - way me fall - ing tear; 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;" 'Tis mercy's voice in - vites thee near.

AERION. L. M. (DOUBLE.)

Key of D
1. Lord, I am thine, but thou wilt prove My faith, my patience, and my love; When men of spite a - gainst me join, They are the sword, the hand is thine.
3. What sinners val - ue, I resign; Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine; I shall behold thy bliss - ful face, And stand com - plete in right - eous - ness.
5. O glorious hour! O blest abode! I shall be near, and like my God; And flesh and sin no more control The sacred pleasures of my soul.
2. Their hope and portion lie - be - low; 'Tis all the hap - piness they know; 'Tis all they seek, they take their shares, And leave the rest a - mong their heirs.
4. This life's a dream, an emp-ty show; But that bright world to which I go Hath joys sub - stan - tial and sin - cere; When shall I wake and find me there?
6. My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till the last trumpet's joy-ful sound: Then burst the chains, with glad sur - prise, And in my Saviour's im - age rise

BURROUGHS L. M.

D. P. ALDEN

SLOW, AND IN A GLIDING MANNER.

Key of A 3/2

1. Come, gracious Spi - rit, heav'nly Dove, With light and com-fort from a-bove: Be thou our guar-dian, thou our guide; O'er ev' - ry thought and step pre - side.

2. The light of truth to us dis - play, And make us know and choose thy way; Plant ho - ly fear in ev' - ry heart, That we from God may not de - part.

3. Lead us to ho - li - ness,—the road That we must take to dwell with God; Lead us to Christ, the liv - ing way, Nor let us from his pre - cepts stray.

4. Lead us to God, our fi - nal rest, in his en - joy - ment to be blest; Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss, Where pleasure in per - fec - tion is

MEROM. L. M.

SLOW.

Key of C 2/2

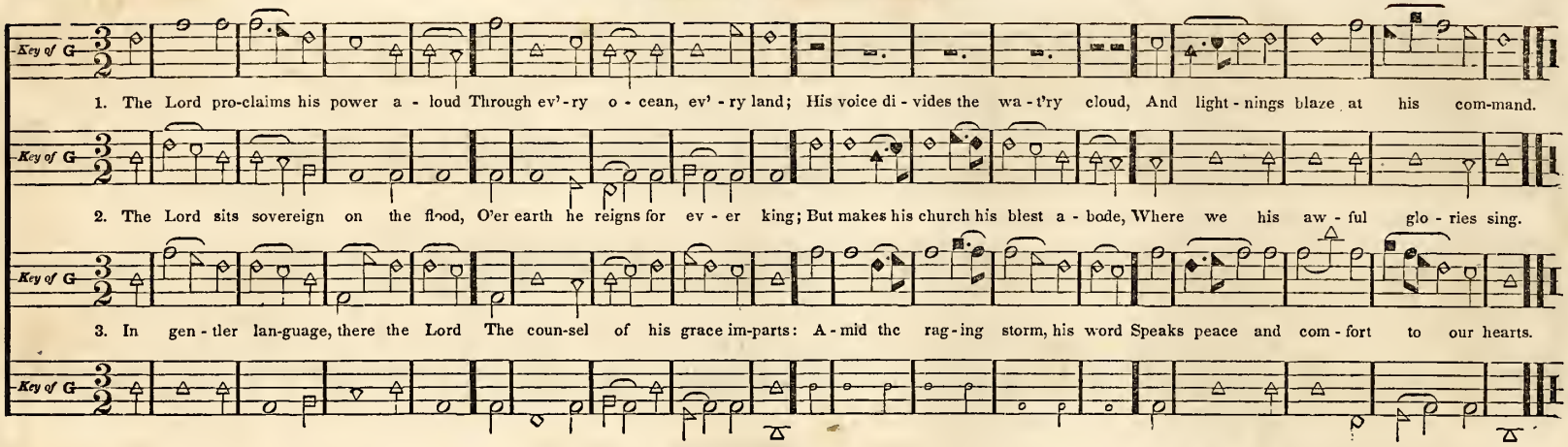
1. 'Twas on that dark, that dole - ful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a - rose A - gainst the Son of God's de - light, And friends betray'd him to his foes;—

2. Be - fore the mourn - ful scene be - gan, He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake: What love through all his actions ran! What wondrous words of grace he spoke.

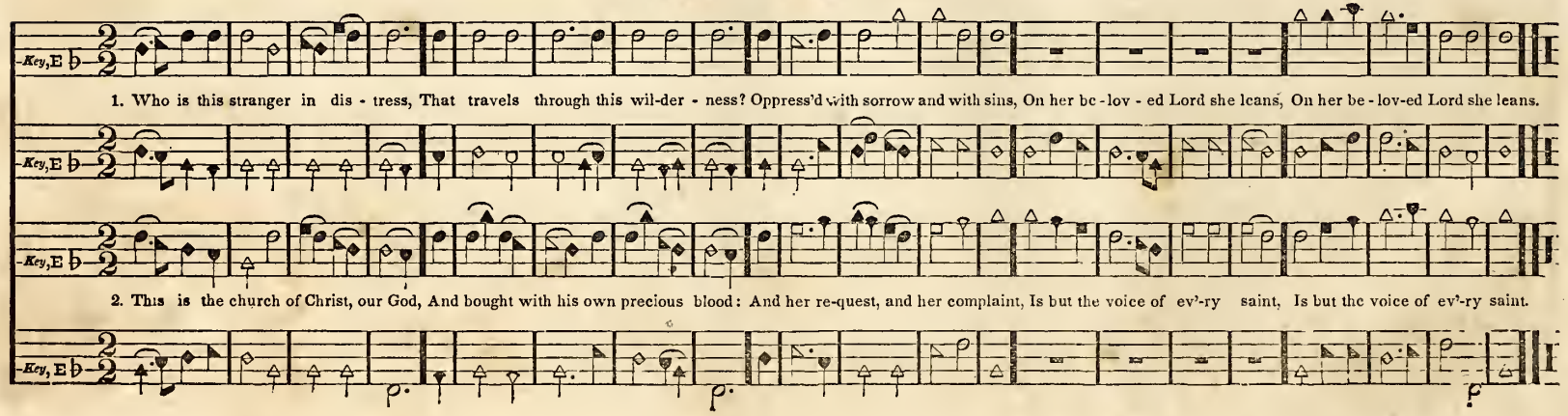
3. "This is my bo - dy, broke for sin; Re-ceive and eat the liv - ing food;" Then took the cup and bless'd the wine; "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4. "Do this" he cried. "till time shall end. In mem'ry of your dy - ing friend; Meet at my ta - ble, and re - cord The love of your de - part - ed Lord."
5. Je - sus, thy feast we ce - le - brate, We show thy death, we sing thy name, Till thou re-turn, and we shall eat The marriage sup per of the Lamb.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.


Key of G
1. The Lord pro-claims his power a - loud Through ev'-ry o - cean, ev'-ry land; His voice di - vides the wa - t'ry cloud, And light - nings blaze at his com-mand.
2. The Lord sits sovereign on the flood, O'er earth he reigns for ev - er king; But makes his church his blest a - bode, Where we his aw - ful glo - ries sing.
3. In gen - tler lan-guage, there the Lord The coun-sel of his grace im-parts: A - mid the rag - ing storm, his word Speaks peace and com - fort to our hearts.

QUITO. L. M.


Key, E♭
1. Who is this stranger in dis - tress, That travels through this wil-der - ness? Oppress'd with sorrow and with sins, On her be - lov - ed Lord she leans, On her be - lov-ed Lord she leans.
2. This is the church of Christ, our God, And bought with his own precious blood: And her re-quest, and her complaint, Is but the voice of ev'-ry saint, Is but the voice of ev'-ry saint.

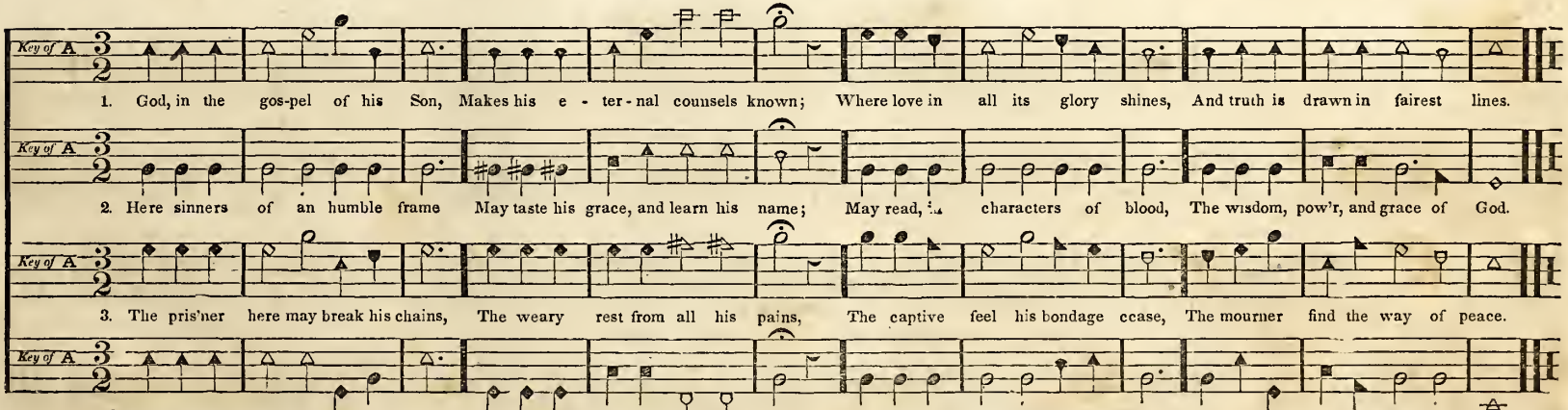
HAMBURG. L. M.

From a Gregorian Chant.

Key of E
1. Kingdoms and thrones to God be - long; Crown him, ye nations, in your song: His wondrous name and pow'r re - hearse; His honours shall en - rich your verse.
Key of E
2. He rides and thun - ders through the sky, His name, Je-ho - vah, sounds on high: Praise him aloud ye sons of grace; Ye saints, re - joice before his face.
Key of E
3. God is our shield, our joy, our rest; God is our King—pro - claim him blest: When terrors rise, when na - tions faint, He is the strength of ev' - ry saint.
Key of E

HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.


Key of A
1. God, in the gos-pel of his Son, Makes his e - ter - nal counsels known; Where love in all its glory shines, And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
Key of A
2. Here sinners of an humble frame May taste his grace, and learn his name; May read, in characters of blood, The wisdom, pow'r, and grace of God.
Key of A
3. The pris'ner here may break his chains, The weary rest from all his pains, The captive feel his bondage cease, The mourner find the way of peace.
Key of A
4. Here faith re - veals to mortal eyes A brighter world be-yond the skies; Here shines the light which guides our way From earth to realms of endless day.
5 Oh grant us grace, Al - mighty Lord, To read and mark thy ho - ly word; Its truth with meekness to re - ceive, And by its ho - ly precepts live.

CREATION. L. M.

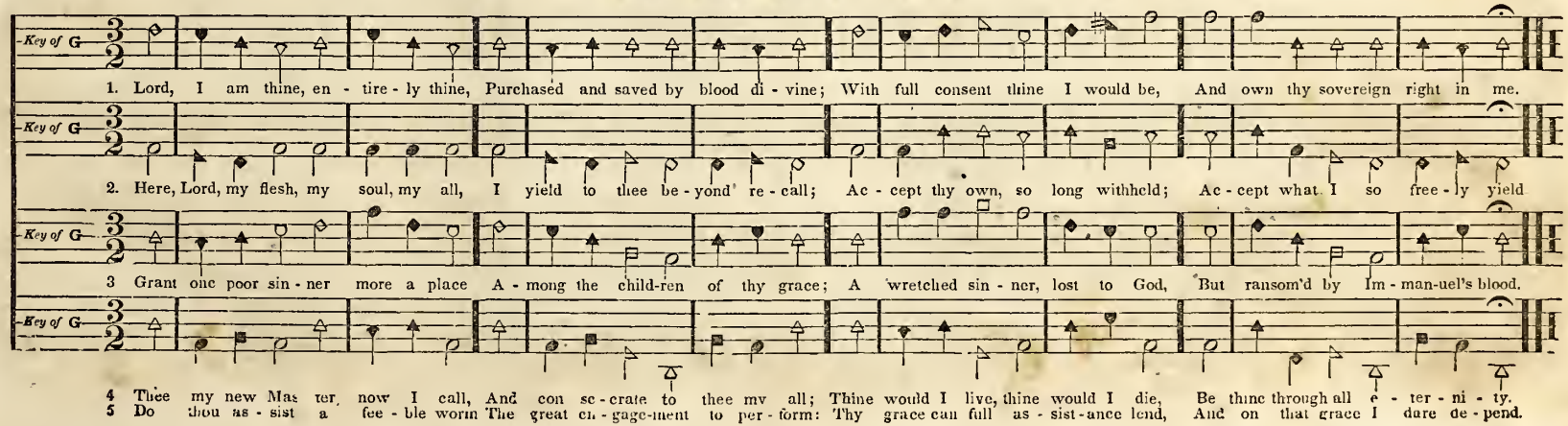
HAYDN.

Key, B♭
1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re- deemer's name be sung,
2. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Through ev' - ry land, by ev' - ry tongue, Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Through ev' - ry land by ev' - ry tongue.
Till suns shall rise and set no more, Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

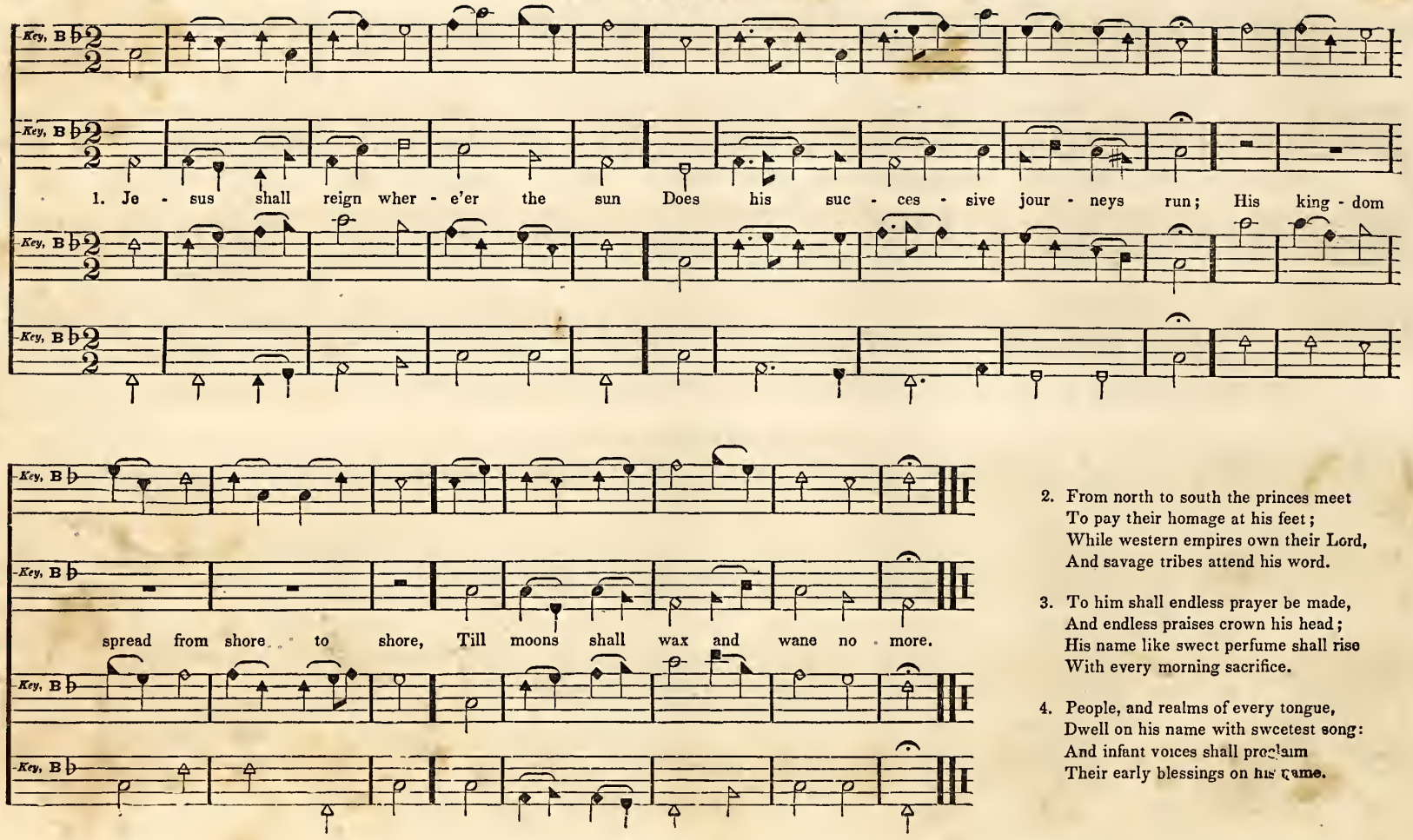
UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Key of F
1. The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev' - ry star thy wis - dom shines; But when our eyes be - hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.
2. The roll - ing sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy power con - fess; But the blest volume thou hast writ Re - veals thy justice and thy grace.
3. Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise Round the whole earth, and nev-er stand; So when thy truth be - gan its race, It touch'd and glanced on ev' - ry land.
4. Nor shall thy spreading gos - pel rest, Till through the world thy truth has run; Till Christ has all the na-tions bless'd, That see the light, or feel the sun.
5. Great Sun of Righteousness, a - rise; Bless the dark world with heav'nly light; Thy gos - pel makes the sim - ple wise, Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
6. Thy no-blest wonders here we view, In souls renew'd, and sins for - given; Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul re - new, And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.


Key of G
1. Lord, I am thine, en - tire - ly thine, Purchased and saved by blood di - vine; With full consent thine I would be, And own thy sovereign right in me.
2. Here, Lord, my flesh, my soul, my all, I yield to thee be - yond' re - call; Ac - cept thy own, so long withheld; Ac - cept what I so free - ly yield
3 Grant one poor sin - ner more a place A - mong the child-ren of thy grace; A wretched sin - ner, lost to God, But ransom'd by Im - man-uel's blood.
4 Thee my new Mas ter, now I call, And con se - crate to thee my all; Thine would I live, thine would I die, Be thine through all e - ter - ni - ty.
5 Do thou as - sist a fee - ble worm The great en - gage-ment to per - form: Thy grace can full as - sist - ance lend, And on that grace I dare de - pend.

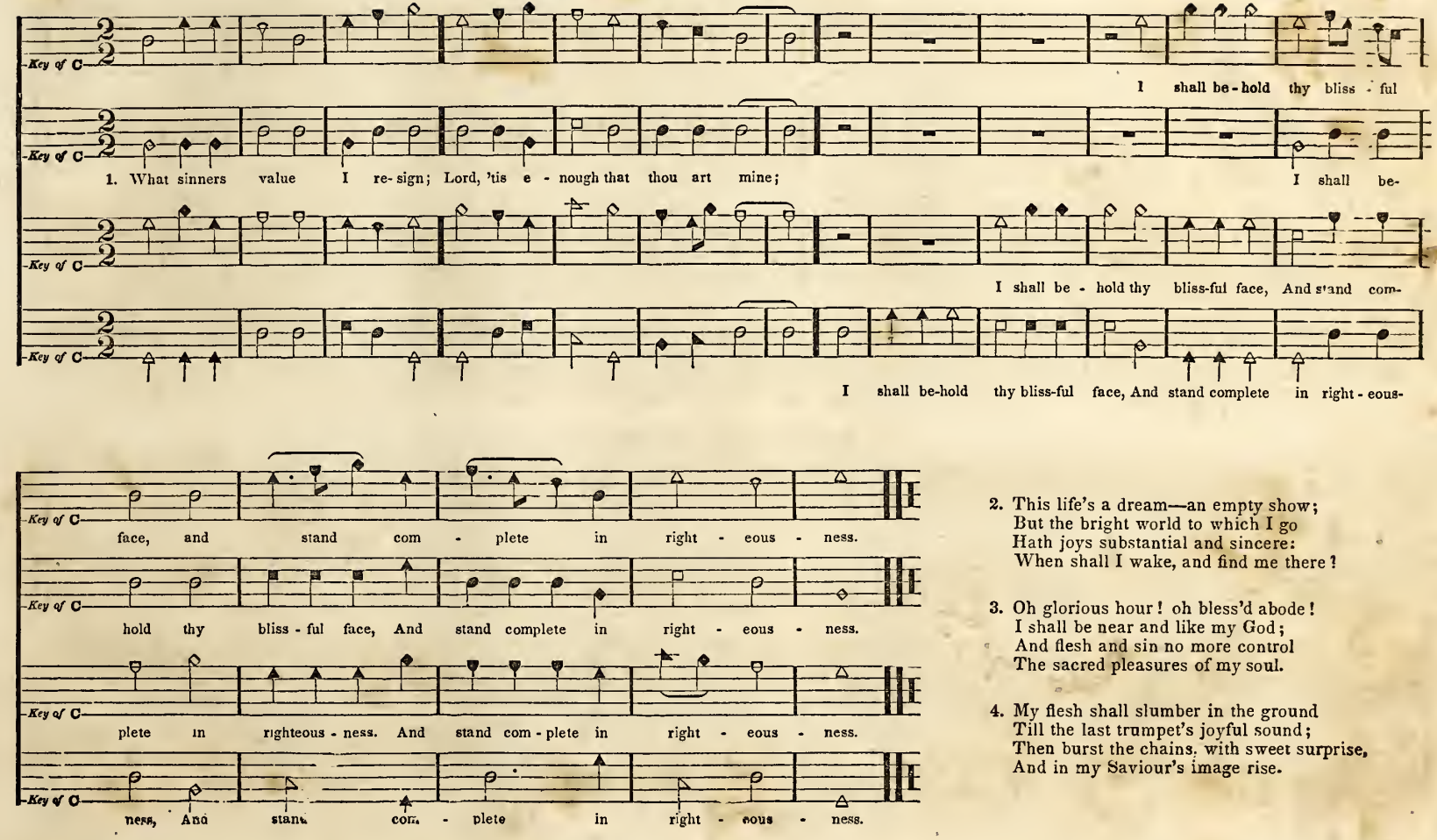
BRIMFIELD. L. M.


Key, B♭
1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run; His king - dom
spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2. From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3. To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4. People, and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his name with sweetest song:
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.


Key of C
I shall be-hold thy bliss - ful
1. What sinners value I re-sign; Lord, 'tis e - nough that thou art mine; I shall be-
I shall be - hold thy bliss-ful face, And stand com-
I shall be-hold thy bliss-ful face, And stand complete in right - eous-
face, and stand com - plete in right - eous - ness.
hold thy bliss - ful face, And stand complete in right - eous - ness.
plete in righteous - ness. And stand com - plete in right - eous - ness.
ness, And stand com - plete in right - eous - ness.

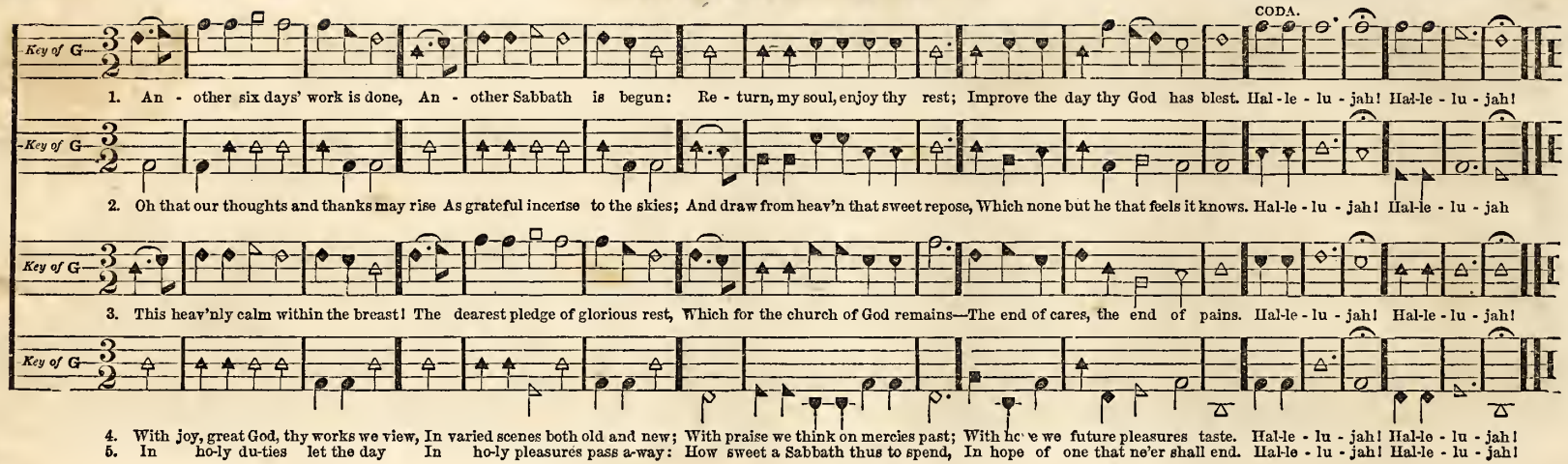
2. This life's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3. Oh glorious hour! oh bless'd abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.

4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

ELPARAN. L. M.

ARRANGED FROM P. A. SHULTZ


CODA.
Key of G
1. An - other six days' work is done, An - other Sabbath is begun: Re - turn, my soul, enjoy thy rest; Improve the day thy God has blest. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!
2. Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise As grateful incense to the skies; And draw from heav'n that sweet repose, Which none but he that feels it knows. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah
3. This heav'nly calm within the breast! The dearest pledge of glorious rest, Which for the church of God remains—The end of cares, the end of pains. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!
4. With joy, great God, thy works we view, In varied scenes both old and new; With praise we think on mercies past; With ho e we future pleasures taste. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!
5. In ho-ly du-ties let the day In ho-ly pleasures pass a-way: How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend, In hope of one that ne'er shall end. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!

MIGDOL. L. M.

Key of A
f
1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Through all the mil - lions of the skies, That song of triumph which re - cords That all the earth is now the Lord's.
2. Let thrones, and pow'rs, and kingdoms be O - be - dient, might - y God, to thee! And o - ver land, and stream, and main, Now wave the scep - tre of thy reign!
3. Oh let that glorious anthem swell; Let host to host the tri - umph tell, That not one re - bel heart re - mains, But o - ver all the Sa - viour reigns!

ILLINOIS. L. M.

Key, E♭
1. Come, gra - cious Spi-rit, heav'nly Dove, With light and comfort from a - bove; Be thou our guardian, thou our guide, O'er ev' - ry thought and step pre - side.
2. The light of truth to us dis - play, And make us know and choose thy way; Plant ho - ly fear in ev' - ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.
3. Lead us to ho - li - ness, the road That we must take to dwell with God: Lead us to Christ, the liv - ing way, Nor let us from his precepts stray.
4. Lead us to God, our fi - nal rest, In his en - joy-ment to be bless'd; Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss, Where plea - sure in per - fec - tion is.

ATTICA. L. M.

RATHER SLOW. GENTLE AND SMOOTH STYLE.

Key of G
1. From ev-'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat.
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads, A place, of all the earth, most sweet It is the blood - bought mer - cy seat.
mp cres. mp cres. cres.
3. There is a scene where spi - rits blend, Where friend holds fel-low - ship with friend; Though sun-der'd far by faith they meet Around one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
4. There, there, on ea-gle - wing we soar, And sin and sense mo - lest no more, And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

E

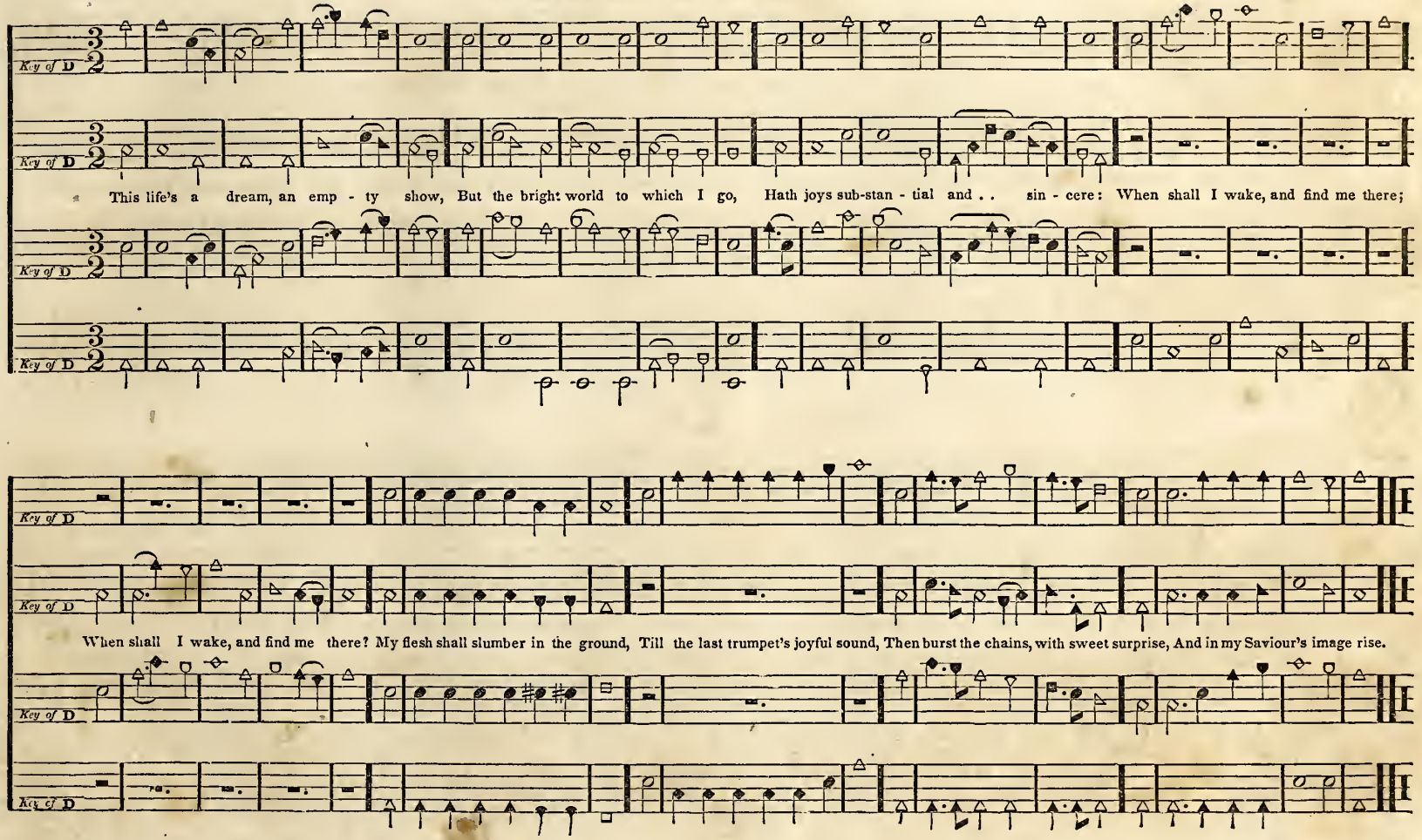
FROSTENDEN. L. M.

FORD, OF ENGLAND.

Slow and full.
Key of A
Key of A
Key of A
Key of A
Inst.
Be-fore Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions bow with sa-cred joy; Know that the Lord is God a-lone, He can cre-ate and he de-stroy, He can cre-ate and he de-stroy.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

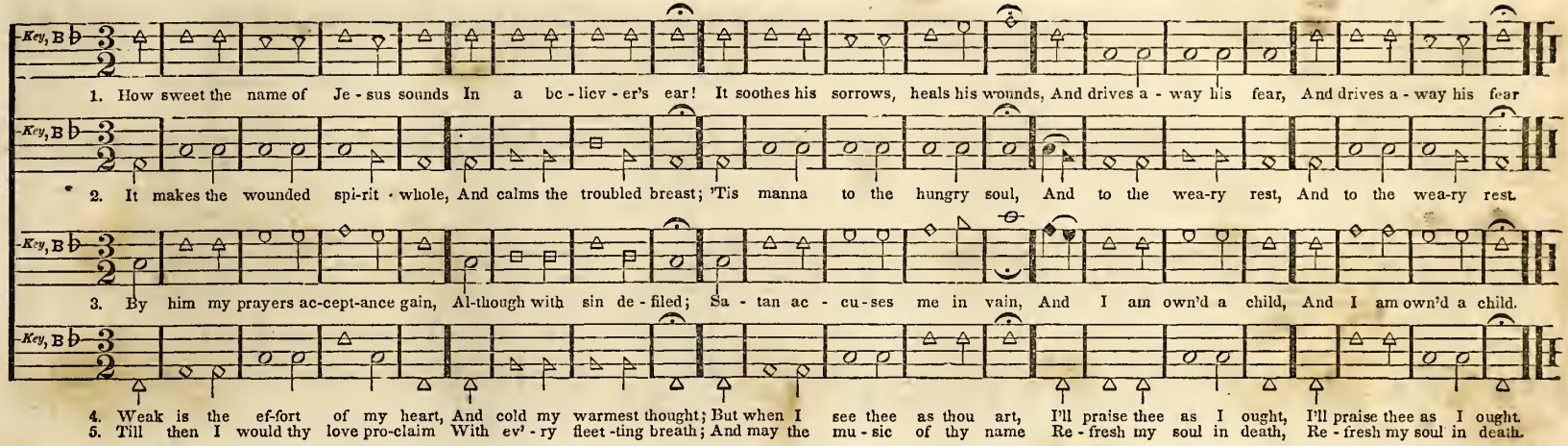
Slow and soft.
Key of G
Key of G
Key of G
Key of G
1. Soft be the gent - ly - breathing notes That sing the Saviour's dy - ing love; Soft as the ev'n - ing ze - phyr floats, And soft as tune - ful lyres a - bove.
2. Soft as the morn - ing dews descend, While warbling birds ex - ult - ing soar, So soft to our al - might - y Friend Be ev' - ry sigh our bo-soms pour.
3. Pure as the sun's en - liv'n - ing ray, That scat-ters life and joy a - broad; Pure as the lu - cid orb of day, That wide proclaims its Ma - ker, God.
4 Pure as the breath of ver - nal skies, So pure let our con - tri - tion be; And pure-ly let our sor-rows rise To Him who bled up - on the tree.


Key of D
This life's a dream, an emp - ty show, But the bright world to which I go, Hath joys sub-stan - tial and . . sin - cere: When shall I wake, and find me there;
When shall I wake, and find me there? My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till the last trumpet's joyful sound, Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise.

DUNFIELD. L. M. (DOUBLE.)

MODERATE.
Key, B♭
1. How pleasant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are! With long de-sire my spi - rit faints, To meet th' as-sem-bly of thy saints.
3. Blest are the saints who sit on high, Around thy throne a-bove the sky; Thy brightest glories shine a-bove, And all their work is praise and love.
5. Blest are the men whose hearts are set, To find the way to Zi - on's gate: God is their strength, and through the road, They lean up-on their helper, God.
Key, B♭
2. My flesh would rest in thine a - bode: My panting heart cries out for God: My God, my King, why should I be So far from all my joys and thee.
4. Blest are the souls, who find a place With-in the temple of thy grace; There they behold thy gentler rays, And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
6. Cheerful they walk with growing strength, Till all shall meet in heav'n at length: Till all be-fore thy face ap-pear, And join in no - bler wor - ship there.
Key, E♭

ORTONVILLE. C. M.


Key, B♭
1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a bc - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear, And drives a - way his fear
2. It makes the wounded spi-rit - whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the wea-ry rest, And to the wea-ry rest.
3. By him my prayers ac-cept-ance gain, Al-though with sin de - filed; Sa - tan ac - cu-ses me in vain, And I am own'd a child, And I am own'd a child.
4. Weak is the ef-fort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought, I'll praise thee as I ought.
5. Till then I would thy love pro-claim With ev' - ry fleet -ting breath; And may the mu - sic of thy name Re - fresh my soul in death, Re - fresh my soul in death.

LUTZEN. C. M.

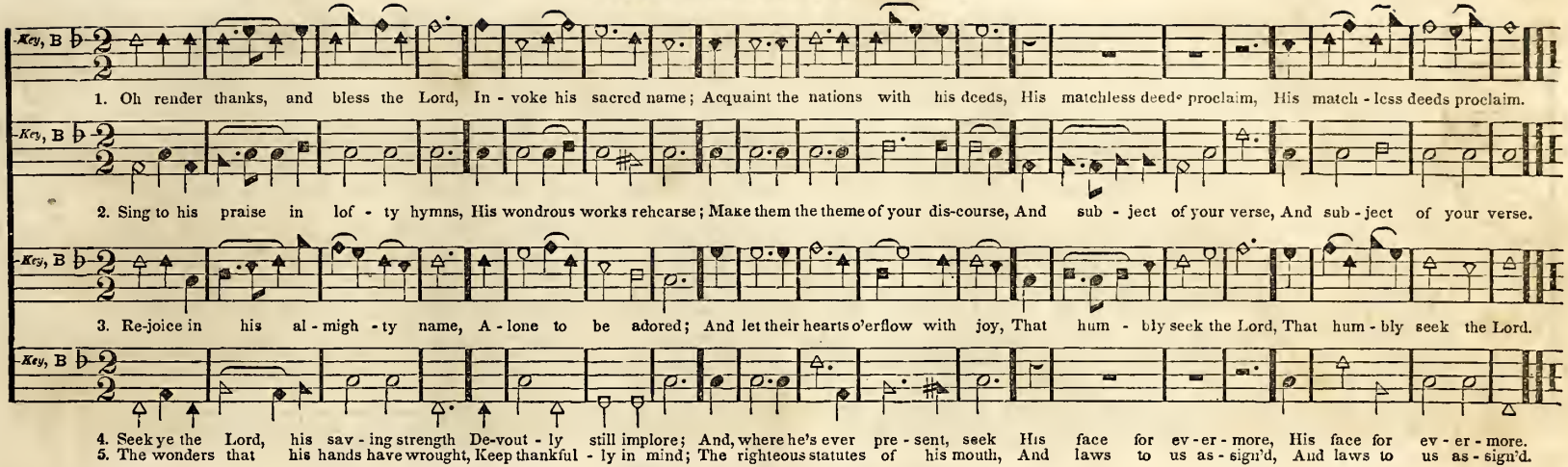
M. LUTHER.

Key of F
1. To our al - migh - ty Ma - ker, God, New hon-ours be ad - dress'd; His great sal - va - tion shines a - broad, And makes the na - tions blest.
2. He spake the word to Abraham first; His truth ful - fils the grace; The Gentiles make his name their trust, And learn his right - eous - ness.
3. Let all the earth his love pro - claim, With all his different tongues, And spread the hon - our of his name, In me - lo - dy and songs.

CLIFFORD. C. M.

Key, B♭
1. Sing to the Lord in joy - ful strains, Let earth his praise re - sound; Let all the cheer - ful na - tions
2. Thou ci - ty of the Lord! be - gin The u - ni - ver - sal song, And let the scat - ter'd vil - la -
3. Till, midst the strains of dis - tant lands, The isl - ands sound his praise; And all, com - bined with one ac-
join— Let all the cheer - ful na - tions join To spread his glo - ry round— To spread his glo - ry round.
ges, And let the scat - ter'd vil - la - ges The cheer-ful notes pro - long;— The cheer - ful notes pro - long;—
cord— And all com - bined, with one ac - cord, Je - ho - vah's glo - ries raise— Je - ho - vah's glo - ries raise.

BROOMSGROVE. C. M.


Key, B♭
1. Oh render thanks, and bless the Lord, In - voke his sacred name; Acquaint the nations with his deeds, His matchless deeds proclaim, His match - less deeds proclaim.
2. Sing to his praise in lof - ty hymns, His wondrous works rehearse; Make them the theme of your dis-course, And sub - ject of your verse, And sub - ject of your verse.
3. Re-joice in his al - migh - ty name, A - lone to be adored; And let their hearts o'erflow with joy, That hum - bly seek the Lord, That hum - bly seek the Lord.
4. Seek ye the Lord, his sav - ing strength De-vout - ly still implore; And, where he's ever pre - sent, seek His face for ev - er - more, His face for ev - er - more.
5. The wonders that his hands have wrought, Keep thankful - ly in mind; The righteous statutes of his mouth, And laws to us as - sign'd, And laws to us as - sign'd.

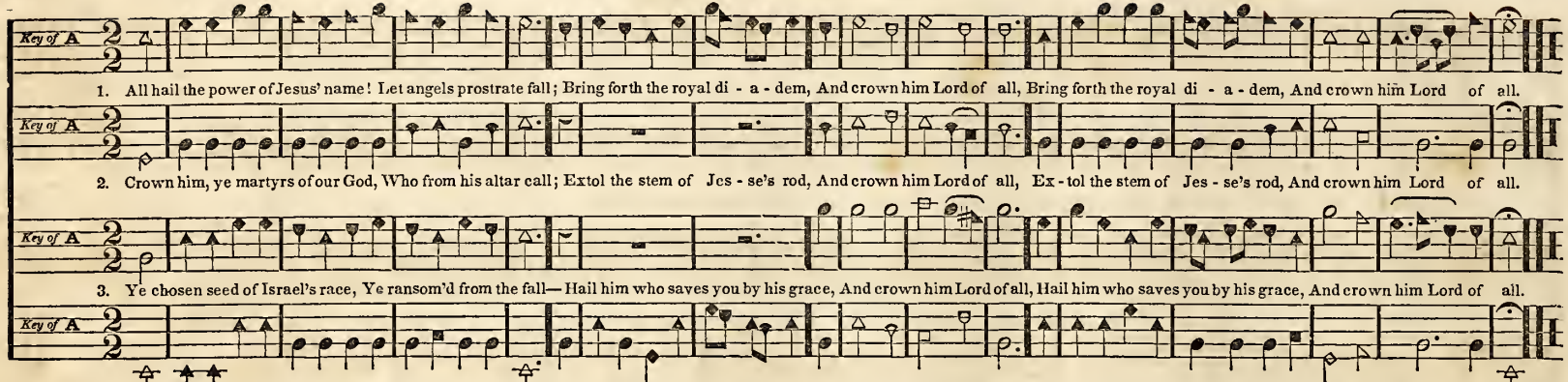
PATMOS. C. M.

Derived from a Gregorian Chant.

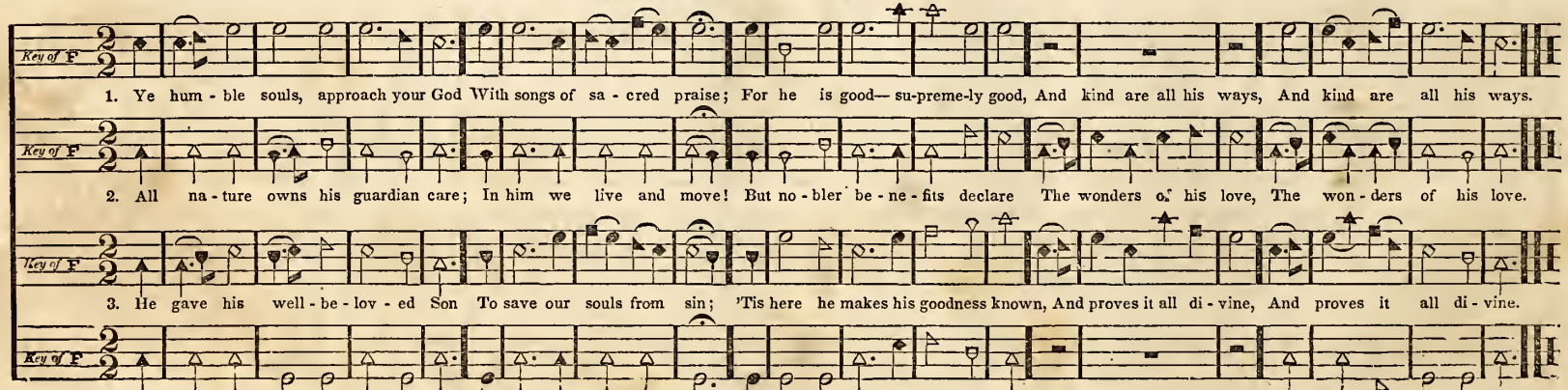
Key, B♭
1. Shine, migh - ty God, on Zi - on shine, With beams of heav'n - ly grace; Re-veal thy pow'r through ev' - ry land, And show thy smil - ing face.
2. When shall thy name, from shore to shore, Sound through the earth a - broad, And dis - tant na - tions know and love Their Sa - viour and their God!
3. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Sing loud with so - lemn voice; Let ev' - ry tongue ex - alt his praise, And ev' - ry heart re - joice.

CORONATION. C. M.

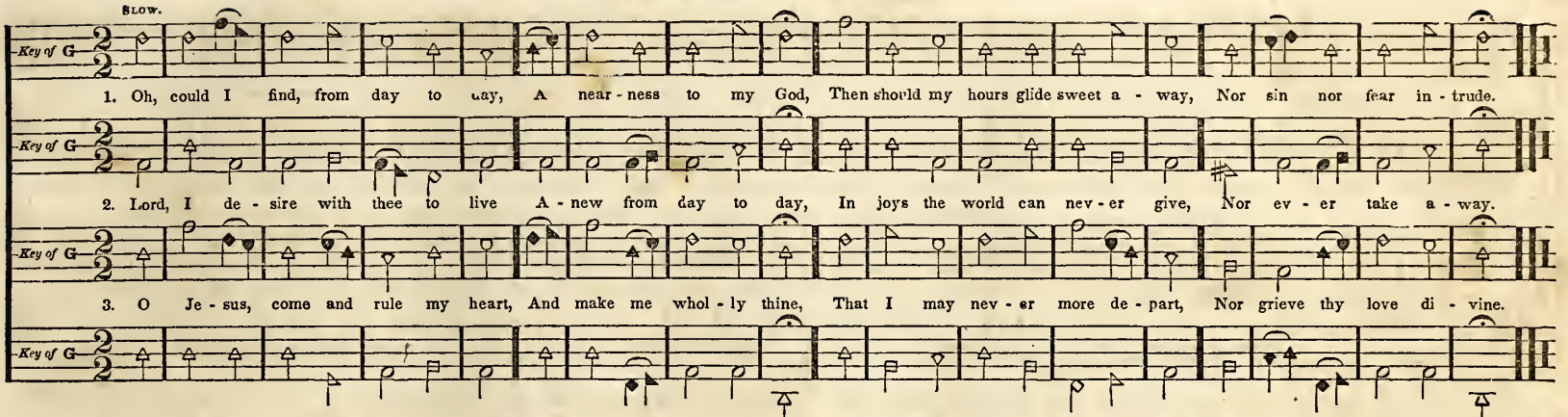
O. HOLDEN.


Key of A
1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
Key of A
2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his altar call; Extol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all, Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.
Key of A
3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall— Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
Key of A
4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall; Go spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all, Go spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
5. Let ev'-ry kindred, ev'-ry tribe On this terrestrial ball, To him all ma-jes - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all, To him all ma-jes - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
6. Oh that with yonder sacred throng We at his feet may fall, We'll join the ever - last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all, We'll join the ev-er - last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all

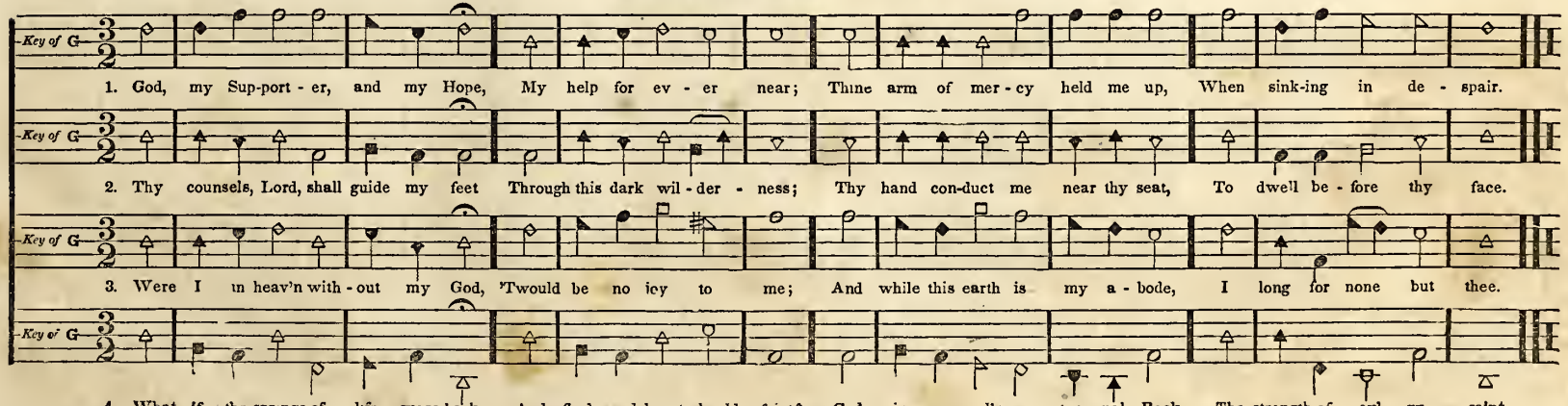
BOLTON. C. M.


Key of F
1. Ye hum - ble souls, approach your God With songs of sa - cred praise; For he is good— su-preme-ly good, And kind are all his ways, And kind are all his ways.
Key of F
2. All na - ture owns his guardian care; In him we live and move! But no - bler be - ne - fits declare The wonders of his love, The won - ders of his love.
Key of F
3. He gave his well - be - lov - ed Son To save our souls from sin; 'Tis here he makes his goodness known, And proves it all di - vine, And proves it all di - vine.
Key of F
4. To this sure re - fuge, Lord, we come, And here our hope re - lies; A safe de-fence, a peaceful home, When storms of trouble rise, When storms of trou-ble rise

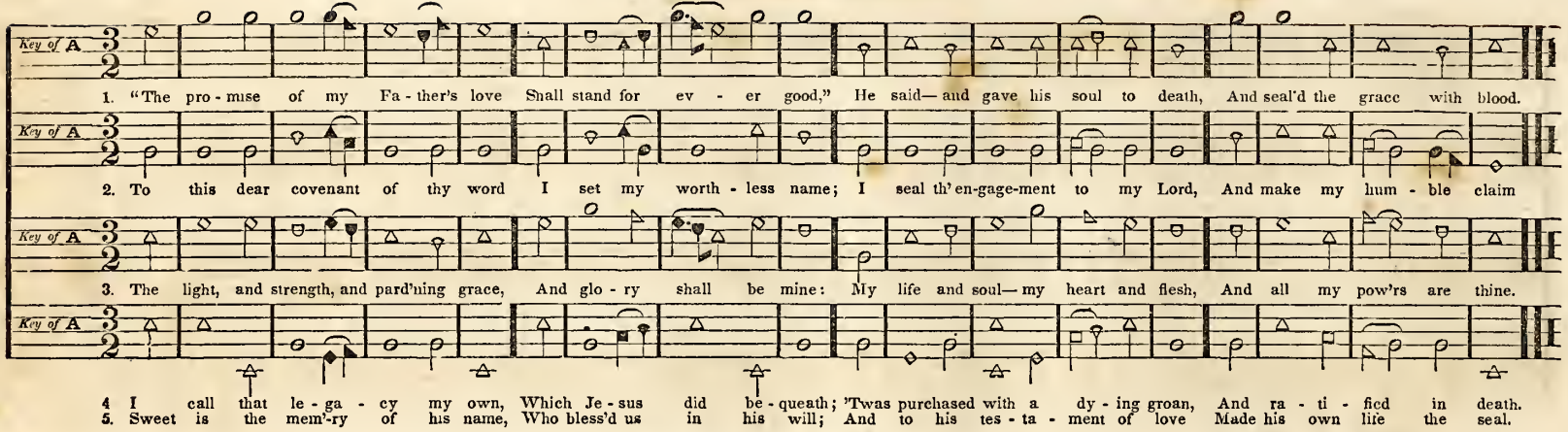
STEPHENS. C. M.


SLOW.
Key of G
1. Oh, could I find, from day to day, A near - ness to my God, Then should my hours glide sweet a - way, Nor sin nor fear in - trude.
2. Lord, I de - sire with thee to live A - new from day to day, In joys the world can nev - er give, Nor ev - er take a - way.
3. O Je - sus, come and rule my heart, And make me whol - ly thine, That I may nev - er more de - part, Nor grieve thy love di - vine.
4. Thus, till my last ex - pir - ing breath, Thy good - ness I'll a - dore; And when my flesh dis - solves in death, My soul shall love thee more.

ROCHESTER. C. M.


Key of G
1. God, my Sup-port - er, and my Hope, My help for ev - er near; Thine arm of mer - cy held me up, When sink-ing in de - spair.
2. Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet Through this dark wil - der - ness; Thy hand con-duct me near thy seat, To dwell be - fore thy face.
3. Were I in heav'n with - out my God, 'Twould be no joy to me; And while this earth is my a - bode, I long for none but thee.
4. What if the springs of life were broke, And flesh and heart should faint? God is my soul's e - ter - nal Rock, The strength of ev' - ry saint.

BARBY. C. M.


Key of A
1. "The pro - mise of my Fa - ther's love Shall stand for ev - er good," He said— and gave his soul to death, And seal'd the grace with blood.
2. To this dear covenant of thy word I set my worth - less name; I seal th' en-gage-ment to my Lord, And make my hum - ble claim
3. The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace, And glo - ry shall be mine: My life and soul— my heart and flesh, And all my pow'rs are thine.
4 I call that le - ga - cy my own, Which Je - sus did be - queath; 'Twas purchased with a dy - ing groan, And ra - ti - fied in death.
5. Sweet is the mem'-ry of his name, Who bless'd us in his will; And to his tes - ta - ment of love Made his own life the seal.

MEDFIELD. C. M.

WM. MATHER.

Key of G
1. To heav'n I lift my wait - ing eyes; There all my hopes are laid; The Lord, who built the earth and skies, Is my per - pet - ual aid.
2. Their feet shall nev - er slide or fall, Whom he de - signs to keep; His ear at - tends the soft - est call; His eyes can nev - er sleep.
3 He will sus - tain our weak-est pow'rs With his al - migh - ty arm; And watch our most un - guard - ed hours A - gainst sur - pris - ing harm.
4. Is - rael, re - joice, and rest se - cure; Thy keep - er is the Lord; His wake - ful eves em - ploy his power For thine e - ter - nal guard

Key of A
1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign; Where end-less day ex - cludes the night, And plea-sures ban - ish pain.
3. Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood Stand dress'd in liv - ing green; So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood While Jor-dan roll'd be - tween.
5. On, could we make our doubts re - move, Those gloom - y doubts that rise, And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be - cloud - ed eyes;
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with'-ring flow'rs: Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n - ly land from ours.
4. But tim' - rous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea; And lin - ger shiv'-ring on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
6. Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

EPPING. C. M.

Key of C
1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev' - ry nerve, And press with vi - gour on; A heav'n - ly race de - mands thy zeal, A bright im - mor - tal crown.
2. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice, That calls thee from on high; 'Tis his own hand pre - sents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye.
3. A cloud of wit - ness - es a-round, Hold thee in full sur - vey; For - get the steps al - rea - dy trod, And on-ward urge thy way.
4. Blest Sa-viour, in - tro - duced by thee, Have we our race be - gun; And crown'd with vic - to - ry, at thy feet, We'll lay our lau - rels down.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

LIVELY. Arranged from HANDEL.

Key of D
1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come!—Let earth re - ceive her King; Let ev' - ry heart pre - pare him room, And
And heav'n and nature sing, ... And heav'n and na - ture sing.
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na ture sing, And heave'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heave'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

2. Joy to the world—the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ:
While fields and floods—rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

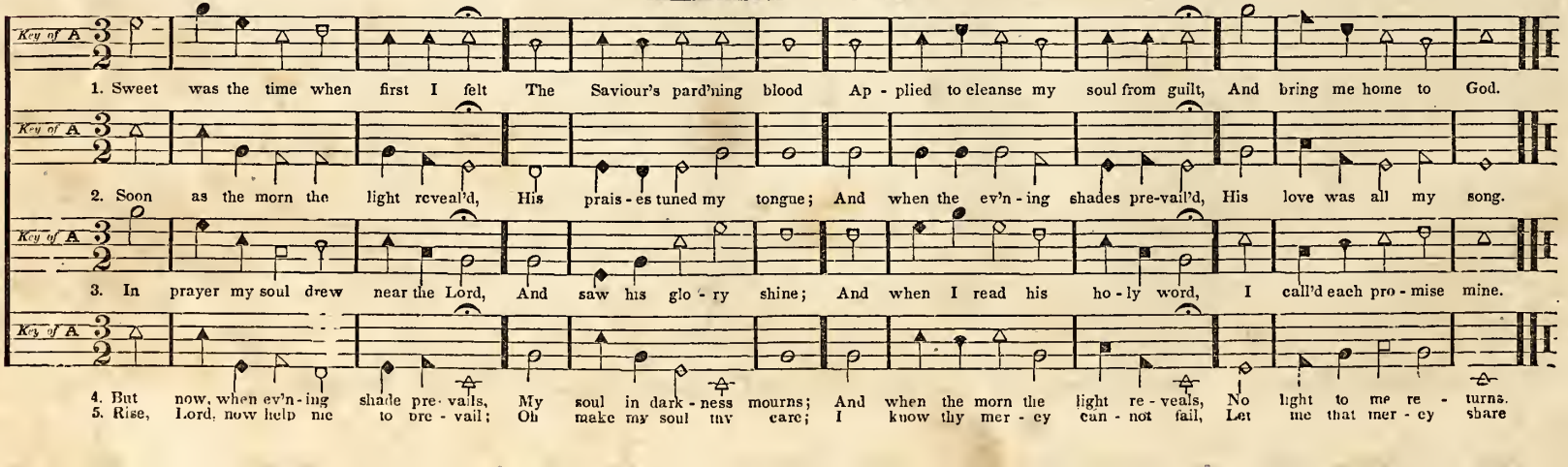
3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

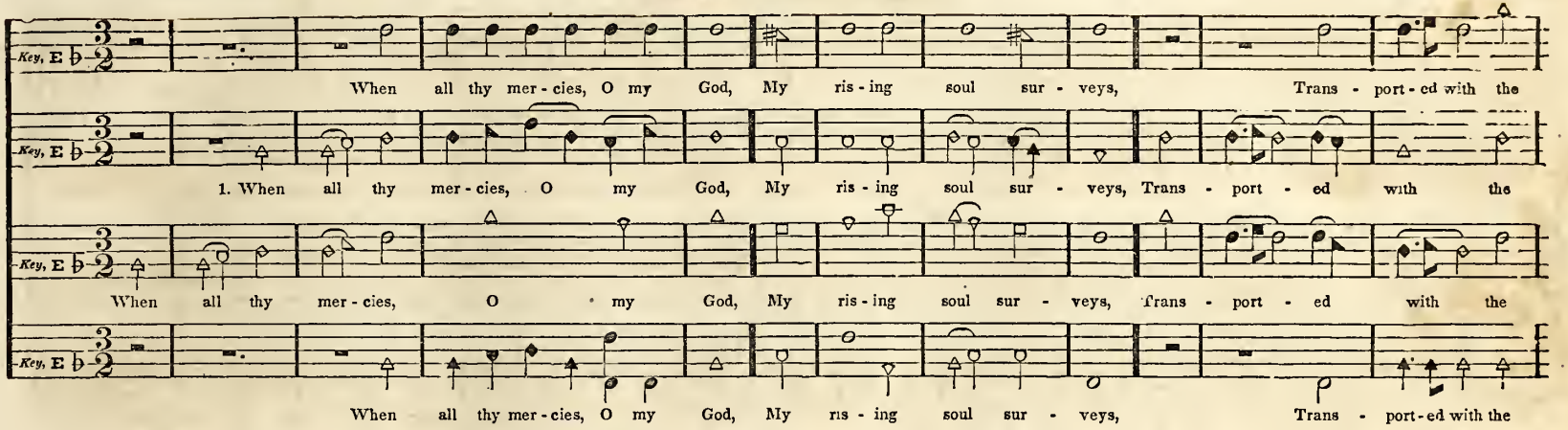
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

HOWARD. C. M.

Key of D
1. Lord, hear the voice of my com - plaint; Ac - cept my se - cret prayer; To thee a - lone, my King, my God, Will I for help re - pair
2. Thou, in the morn, my voice shalt hear, And with the dawn - ing day, To thee de - vout - ly I'll look up, To thee de - vout - ly pray
3. Let all thy saints who trust in thee, With shouts their joy pro - claim; By thee pre - served, let them re - joice, And mag - ni - fy thy name.
4. To right - eous men the righteous Lord His blessings will ex - tend; And with his fa - vour all his saints, As with a shield, de - fend.

ALBANY. C. M.


Key of A
1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pard'ning blood Ap - plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.
2. Soon as the morn the light reveal'd, His prais - es tuned my tongue; And when the ev'n - ing shades pre-vail'd, His love was all my song.
3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glo - ry shine; And when I read his ho - ly word, I call'd each pro - mise mine.
4. But now, when ev'n - ing shade pre - vails, My soul in dark - ness mourns; And when the morn the light re - veals, No light to me re - turns.
5. Rise, Lord, now help me to pre - vail; Oh make my soul thy care; I know thy mer - cy can - not fail, Let me that mer - cy share


When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys, Trans - port - ed with the
1. When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys, Trans - port - ed with the
When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys, Trans - port - ed with the
When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys, Trans - port - ed with the

view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
view, I'm lost In won der, love, and praise.
view I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise

2. Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3. When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thy arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

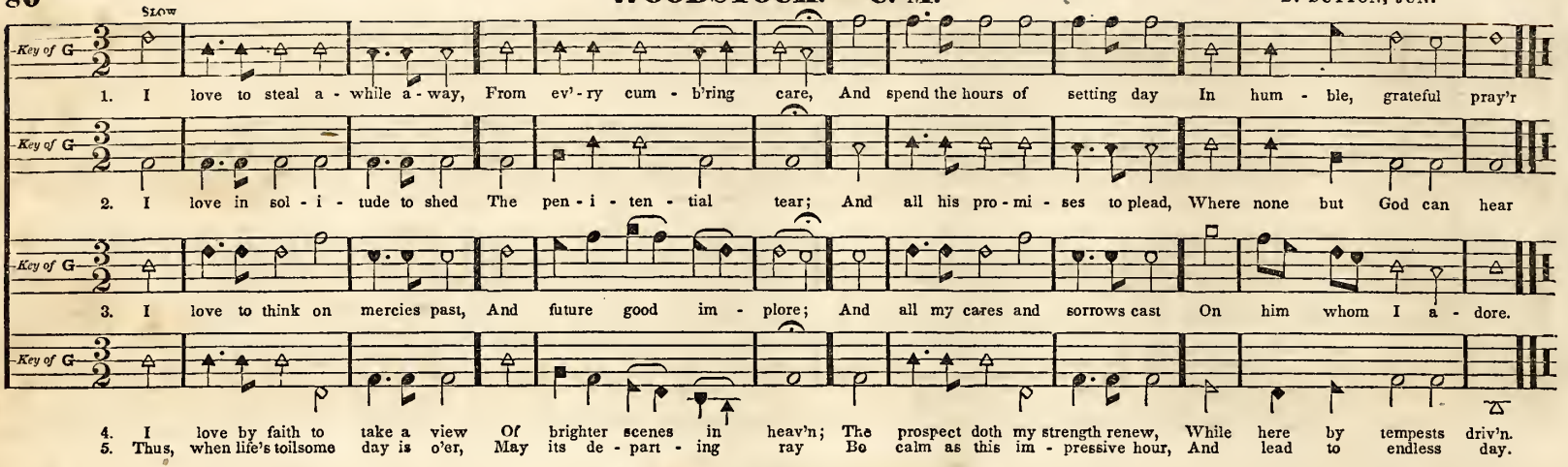
4. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5. Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6. Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON, JUN.


Slow
Key of G
1. I love to steal a - while a - way, From ev'-ry cum - b'ring care, And spend the hours of setting day In hum - ble, grateful pray'r
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear; And all his pro - mi - ses to plead, Where none but God can hear
3. I love to think on mercies past, And future good im - plore; And all my cares and sorrows cast On him whom I a - dore.
4. I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes in heav'n; The prospect doth my strength renew, While here by tempests driv'n.
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de - part - ing ray Be calm as this im - pressive hour, And lead to endless day.

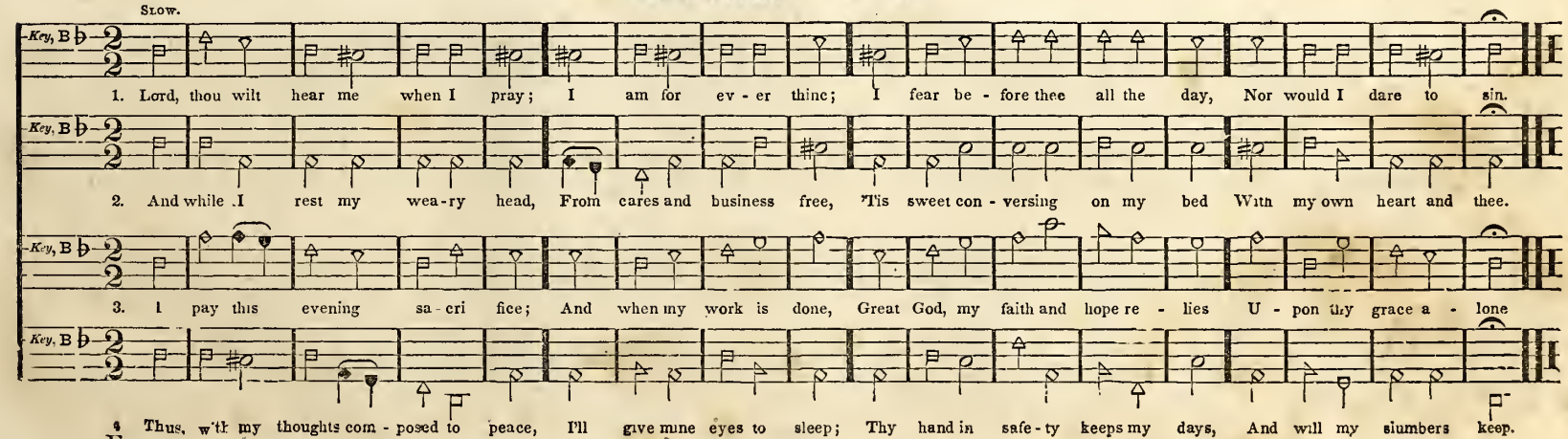
MEAR. C. M.

Key of G
1. Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes of ev'-ry tongue; His new dis - cover'd grace de - mands A new and no-bler song.
2. Say to the na-tions, Je - sus reigns, God's own al - migh-ty Son; His pow'r the sinking world sus - tains, And grace sur - rounds his throne.
3. Let heav'n pro - claim the joy - ful day, Joy through the earth be seen; Let ci-ties shine in bright ar - ray, And fields in cheerful green.
4. Let an un - u - sual joy sur - prise The islands of the sea; Ye mountains, sink, ye valleys, rise; Pre - pare the Lord his way
5. Be - hold he comes, he comes to bless The nations, as their God; To show the world his righteous - ness, And send his truth a - broad

CHESTER. C. M.

Key, B♭
1. O thou whose tender mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's humble sigh, Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears From sorrow's weeping eye, From sorrow's weeping eye—
2. See, low be-fore thy throne of grace, A wretched wand'-rer mourn; Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said—Re-turn? Hast thou not said—Re - turn?
3. And shall my guilty fears pre - vail To drive me from thy feet? Oh let not this dear re - fuge fail, This on - ly safe re-treat, This on - ly safe re - treat.
4. Oh shine on this be - nighted heart, With beams of mercy shine; And let thy healing voice im - part A taste of joys di - vine, A taste of joys di - vine.

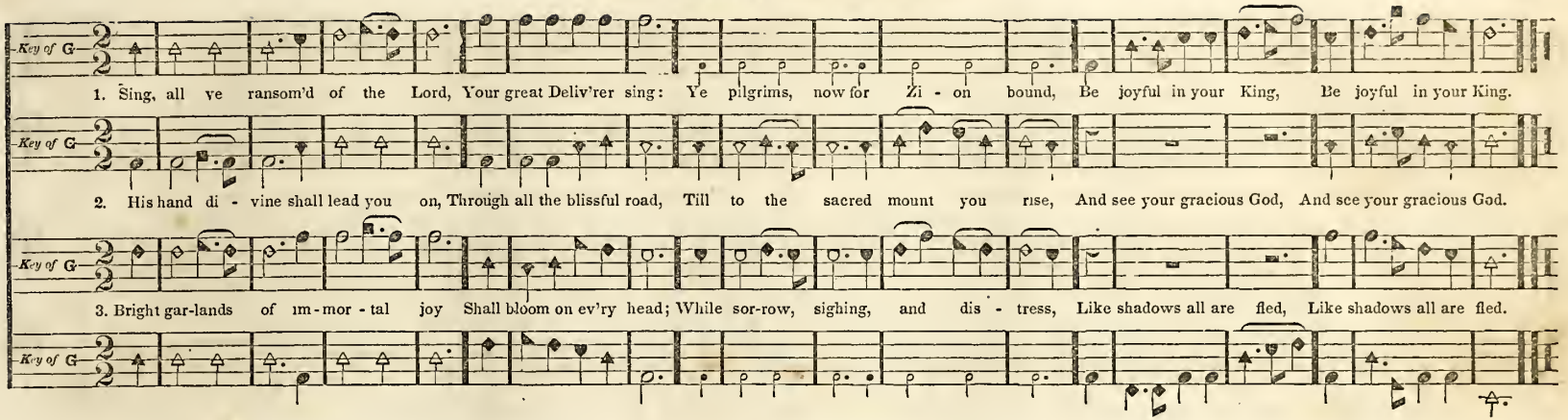
HOLYOKE. C. M.


Slow.
Key, B♭
1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray; I am for ev - er thine; I fear be - fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.
2. And while I rest my wea-ry head, From cares and business free, 'Tis sweet con - versing on my bed With my own heart and thee.
3. I pay this evening sa - cri fice; And when my work is done, Great God, my faith and hope re - lies U - pon thy grace a - lone
4. Thus, with my thoughts com - posed to peace, I'll give mine eyes to sleep; Thy hand in safe - ty keeps my days, And will my slumbers keep.
F

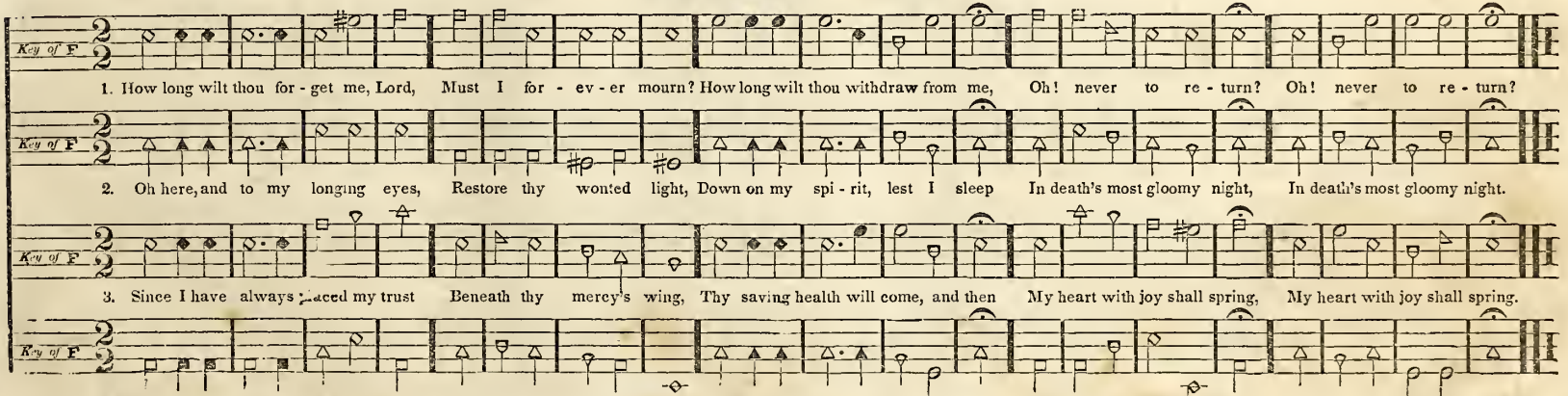
ARCHDALE. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

ANDREW LAW.

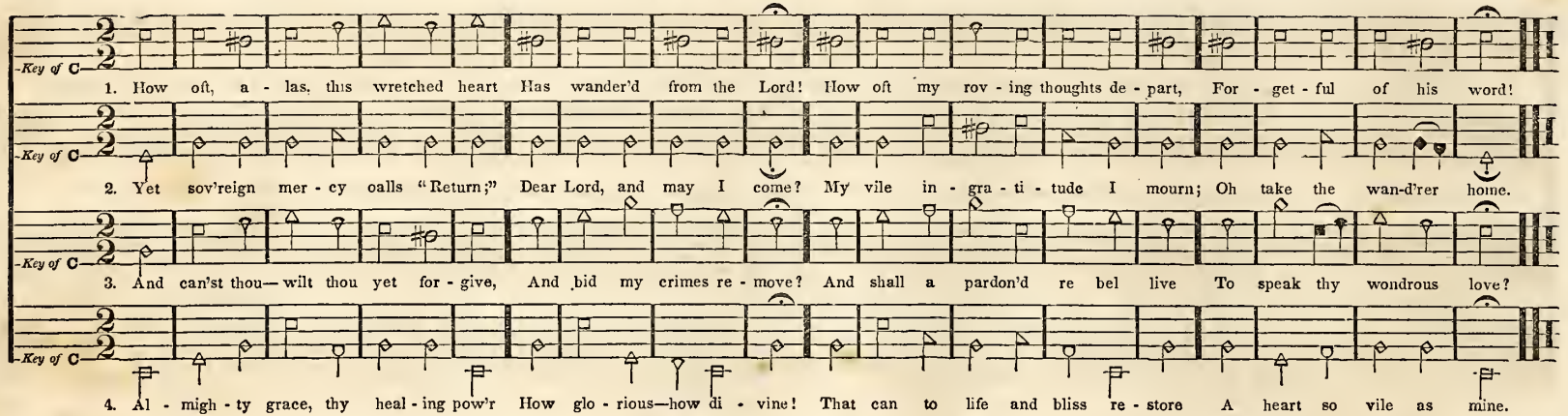
Key of F
1. When God re - veal'd his gra - cious name, And changed my mourn - ful state, My rap-ture seem'd a pleasing dream, The grace ap - pear'd so great.
3. "Great is the work!" my neighbours cried, And own'd the pow'r di - vine; "Great is the work!" my heart re - plied, "And be the glo - ry thine."
5. Let those that sow in sad - ness wait Till the fair har - vest come; They shall con - fess their sheaves are great, And shout the blessings home.
1st time.
2d time.
2. The world be - held the glo - rious change, And did thy hand con-fess; My tongue broke out in unknown strains, And sung sur - pris - ing grace.
4. The Lord can clear the dark - est skies, Can give us day for night; Make drops of sa - cred sor - row rise To rivers of de - light
6. Though seed lie buried long in dust, It sha'n't deceive their hope; The precious grain can ne'er be lost, For grace in - sures the crop.


Key of G
1. Sing, all ye ransom'd of the Lord, Your great Deliv'rer sing: Ye pilgrims, now for Zi - on bound, Be joyful in your King, Be joyful in your King.
Key of G
2. His hand di - vine shall lead you on, Through all the blissful road, Till to the sacred mount you rise, And see your gracious God, And see your gracious God.
Key of G
3. Bright gar-lands of im-mor - tal joy Shall bloom on ev'ry head; While sor-row, sighing, and dis - tress, Like shadows all are fled, Like shadows all are fled.
Key of G
4. March on, in your Re-deem-er's strength, Pursue his footsteps still; With joyful hopes still fix your eyes On Zion's heav'nly hill, On Zion's heav'nly hill.

EASTPORT. C. M.

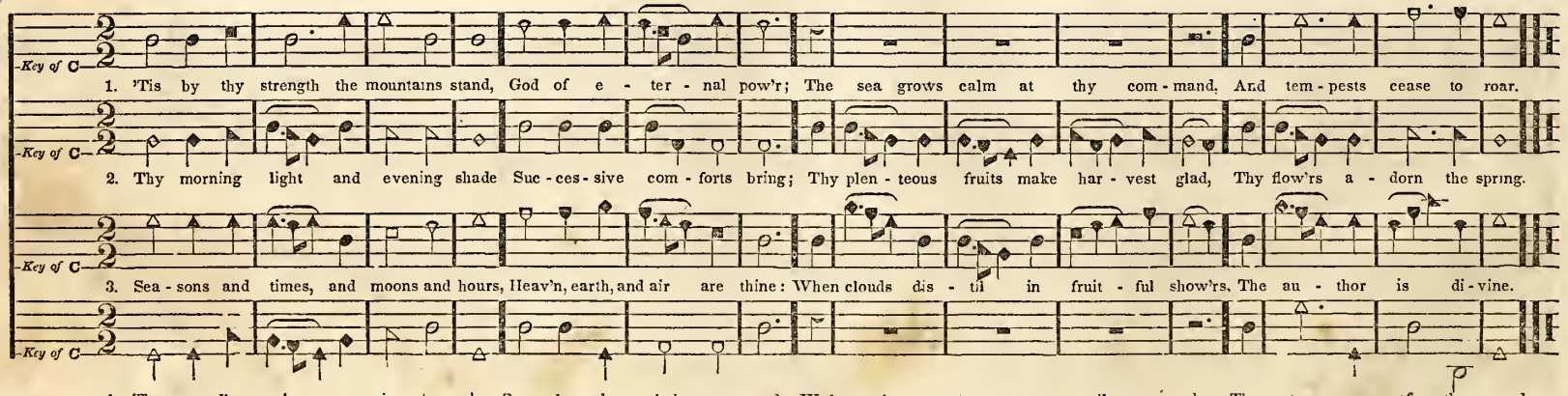

Key of F
1. How long wilt thou for - get me, Lord, Must I for - ev - er mourn? How long wilt thou withdraw from me, Oh! never to re - turn? Oh! never to re - turn?
Key of F
2. Oh here, and to my longing eyes, Restore thy wonted light, Down on my spi - rit, lest I sleep In death's most gloomy night, In death's most gloomy night.
Key of F
3. Since I have always placed my trust Beneath thy mercy's wing, Thy saving health will come, and then My heart with joy shall spring, My heart with joy shall spring.
Key of F
4. Then shall my song, with praise inspired, To thee, my God, as - cend. Who to thy servant in dis - tress Such bounty did ex - tend. Such bounty did ex - tend.

GRAFTON. C. M.

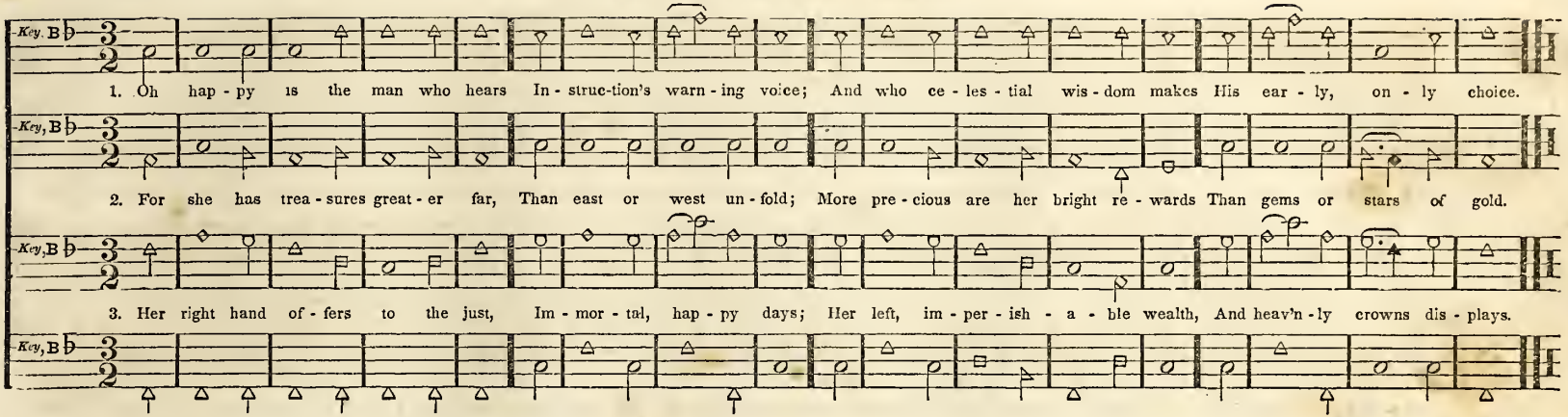

Key of C
1. How oft, a - las, this wretched heart Has wander'd from the Lord! How oft my rov - ing thoughts de - part, For - get - ful of his word!
2. Yet sov'reign mer - cy oalls "Return;" Dear Lord, and may I come? My vile in - gra - ti - tude I mourn; Oh take the wan-d'rer home.
3. And can'st thou—wilt thou yet for - give, And bid my crimes re - move? And shall a pardon'd re bel live To speak thy wondrous love?
4. Al - migh - ty grace, thy heal - ing pow'r How glo - rious—how di - vine! That can to life and bliss re - store A heart so vile as mine.

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND.


Key of C
1. 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of e - ter - nal pow'r; The sea grows calm at thy com - mand, And tem - pests cease to roar.
2. Thy morning light and evening shade Suc - ces - sive com - forts bring; Thy plen - teous fruits make har - vest glad, Thy flow'rs a - dorn the spring.
3. Sea - sons and times, and moons and hours, Heav'n, earth, and air are thine: When clouds dis - til in fruit - ful show'rs, The au - thor is di - vine.
4. Those wand'ring cis - terns in the sky, Borne by the winds a - round, With wat' - ry trea - sures well sup - ply The fur - rows of the ground.
5 The thirst - y ridg - es drink their fill, And ranks of corn ap - pear; Thy ways a - bound with bless - ings still: Thy good - ness crowns the year

BALLERMA. C. M


Key, B♭
1. Oh hap - py is the man who hears In - struc-tion's warn - ing voice; And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.
2. For she has trea - sures great - er far, Than east or west un - fold; More pre - cious are her bright re - wards Than gems or stars of gold.
3. Her right hand of - fers to the just, Im - mor - tal, hap - py days; Her left, im - per - ish - a - ble wealth, And heav'n - ly crowns dis - plays.
4. And, as her ho - ly la - bours rise, So her re - wards in - crease; Her ways are ways of pleas - ant - ness, And all her paths are peace.

NEW YORK. C. M.

Key, B♭
1. Oh praise the Lord with one con - sent, And mag - ni - fy his name; Let all the ser - vants of the Lord His wor - thy praise pro - claim.
2. For this our tru - est in - terest is, Glad hymns of praise to sing; And with loud songs to bless his name, A most de - light - ful thing.
3. That God is great, we of - ten have By glad ex - pe - rience found; And seen how he, with wondrous power, A - bove all gods is crown'd.

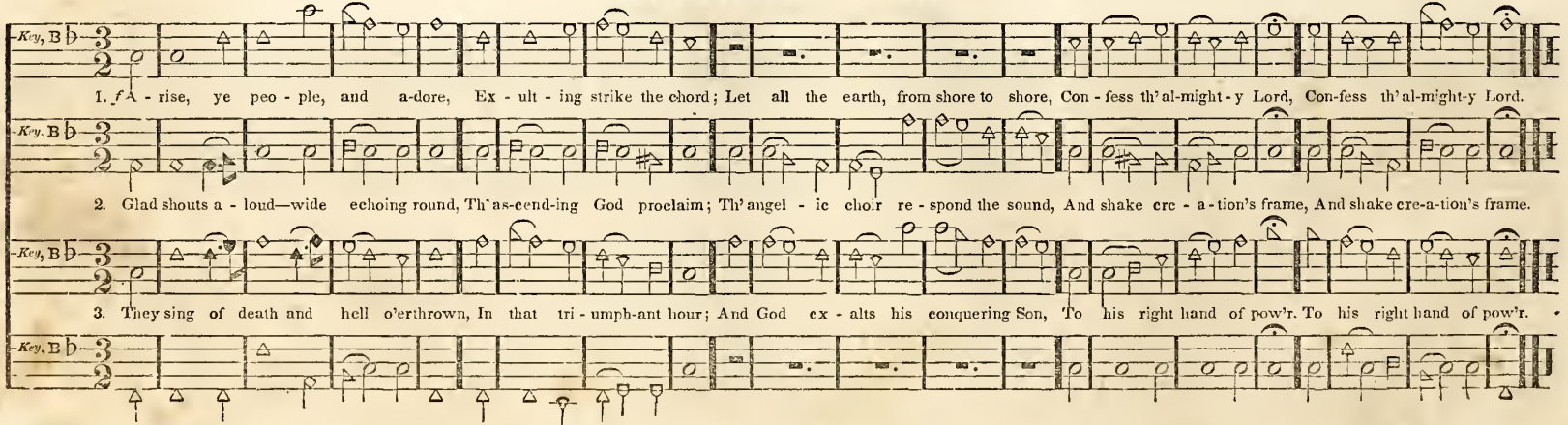
CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

DR. RANDALL

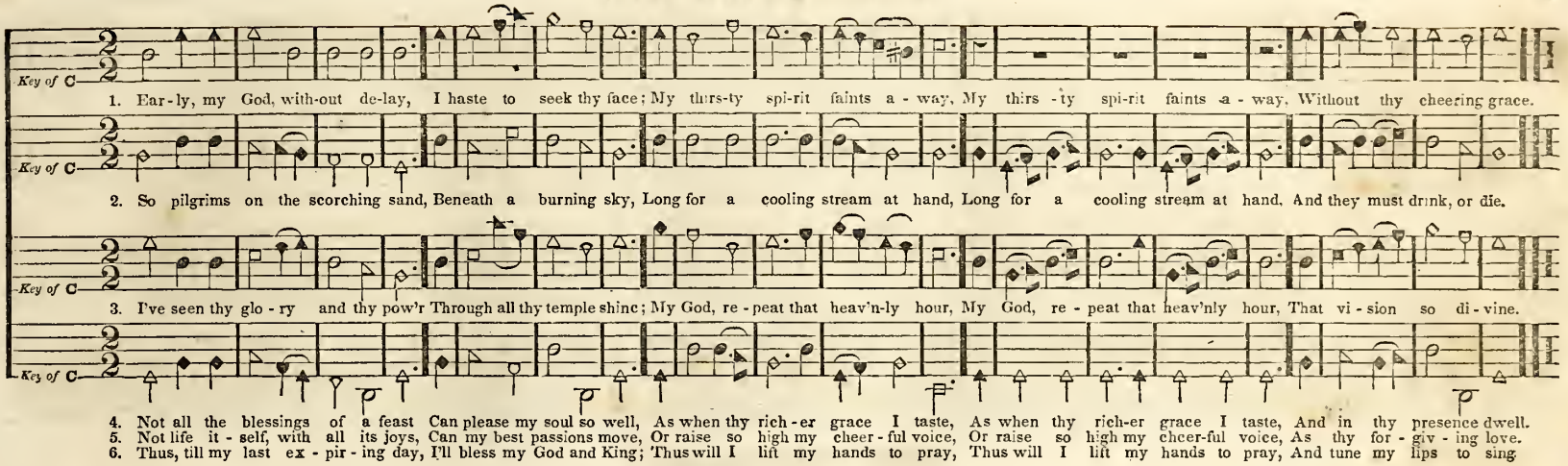
Key, B♭
1. What shall I render to my God, For all his kindness shown? My feet shall vis - it thine a-bode. My songs address thy throne, My songs address thy throne, My songs address thy throne.
2. Among the saints who fill thy house, My off'ring shall be paid: There shall my zeal perform the vows My soul in anguish made, My soul in anguish made, My soul in anguish made.
3. How much is mercy thy delight, Thou ev - er bless-ed God! How dear thy servants in thy sight! How precious is their blood, How precious is their blood, How precious is their blood!
4. How happy all thy servants are! How great thy grace to me! My life, which thou hast made thy care, Lord, I devote to thee, Lord, I devote to thee, Lord, I de - vote to thee!

SWANWICK. C. M.

LUCAS.

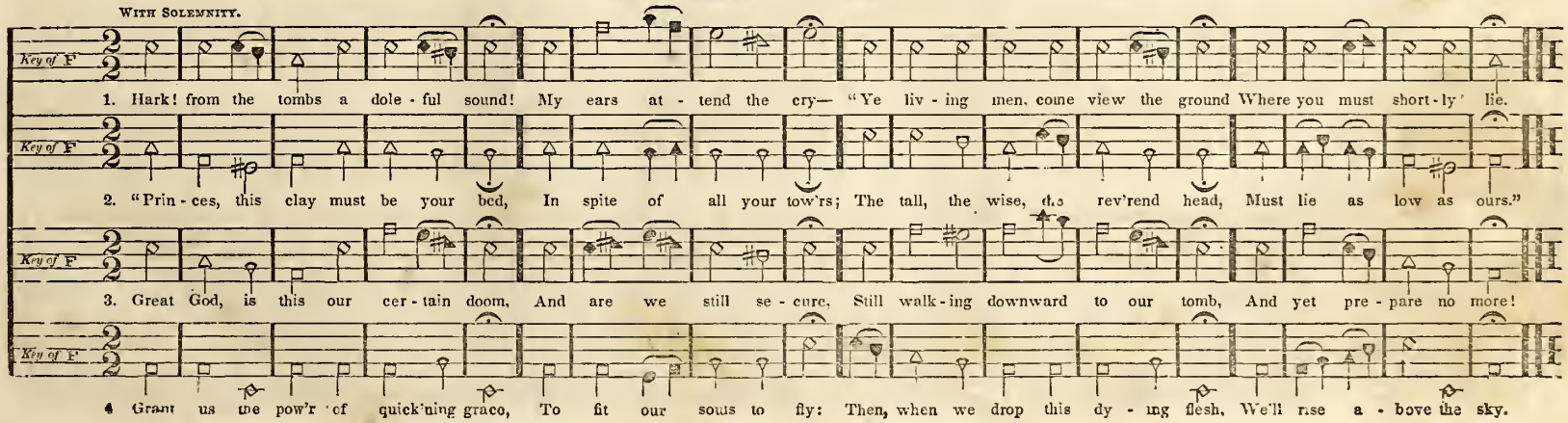

Key, B♭
1. f A - rise, ye peo - ple, and a-dore, Ex - ult - ing strike the chord; Let all the earth, from shore to shore, Con - fess th'al-might - y Lord, Con-fess th'al-might-y Lord.
2. Glad shouts a - loud—wide echoing round, Th'as-cend-ing God proclaim; Th'angel - ic choir re - spond the sound, And shake cre - a - tion's frame, And shake cre-a-tion's frame.
3. They sing of death and hell o'erthrown, In that tri - umph-ant hour; And God ex - alts his conquering Son, To his right hand of pow'r. To his right hand of pow'r.
4. Oh shout, ye peo - ple, and a-dore, Ex - ult - ing strike the chord; Let all the earth, from shore to shore, Con - fess th'al-might-y Lord, Con-fess th'al-might-y Lord.

LANESBORO'. C. M.


Key of C
1. Ear-ly, my God, with-out de-lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirs-ty spi-rit faints a-way, My thirs-ty spi-rit faints a-way, Without thy cheering grace.
2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink, or die.
3. I've seen thy glo-ry and thy pow'r Through all thy temple shine; My God, re-peat that heav'n-ly hour, My God, re-peat that heav'nly hour, That vi-sion so di-vine.
4. Not all the blessings of a feast Can please my soul so well, As when thy rich-er grace I taste, As when thy rich-er grace I taste, And in thy presence dwell.
5. Not life it-self, with all its joys, Can my best passions move, Or raise so high my cheer-ful voice, Or raise so high my cheer-ful voice, As thy for-giv-ing love.
6. Thus, till my last ex-pir-ing day, I'll bless my God and King; Thus will I lift my hands to pray, Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my lips to sing

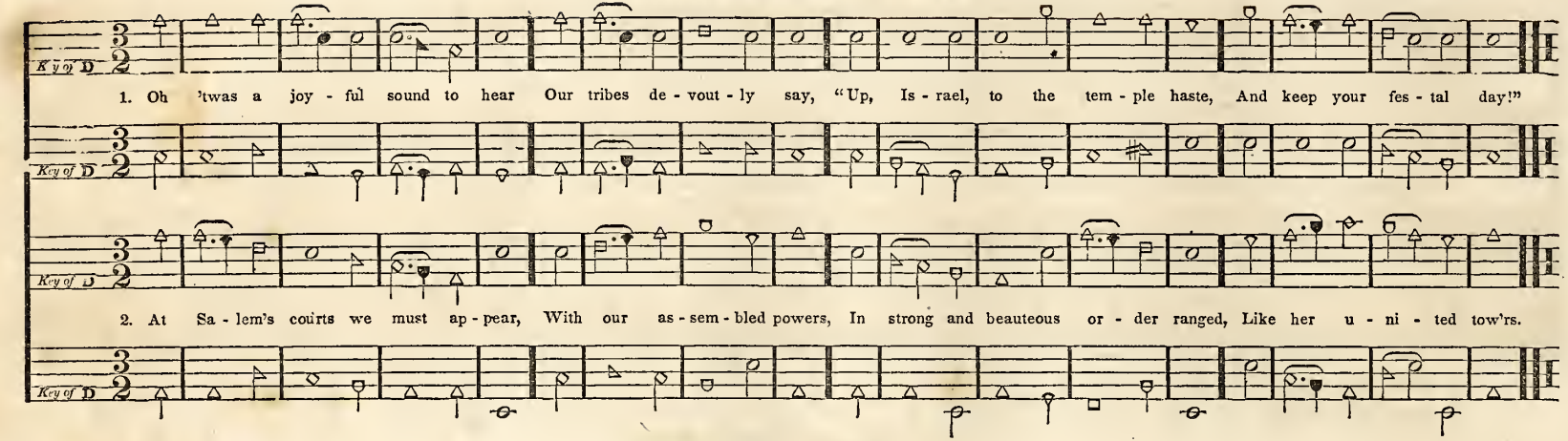
BANGOR. C. M.

RAVENSCROFT.

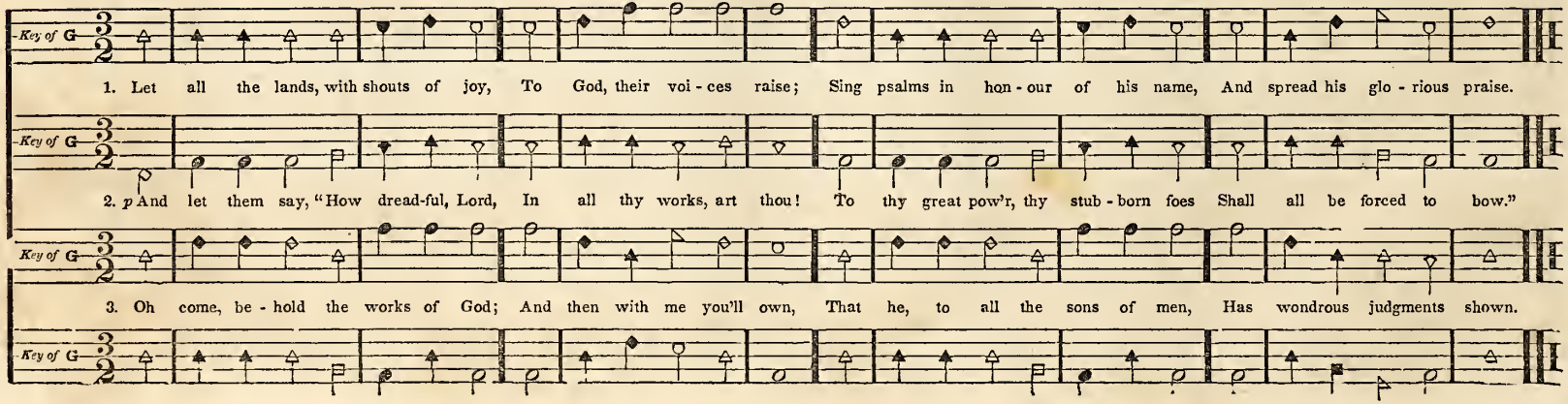

With Solemnity.
Key of F
1. Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound! My ears at-tend the cry— "Ye liv-ing men, come view the ground Where you must short-ly lie.
2. "Prin-ces, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs; The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head, Must lie as low as ours."
3. Great God, is this our cer-tain doom, And are we still se-cure, Still walk-ing downward to our tomb, And yet pre-pare no more!
4. Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace, To fit our souls to fly: Then, when we drop this dy-ing flesh, We'll rise a-bove the sky.

COLCHESTER. C. M.

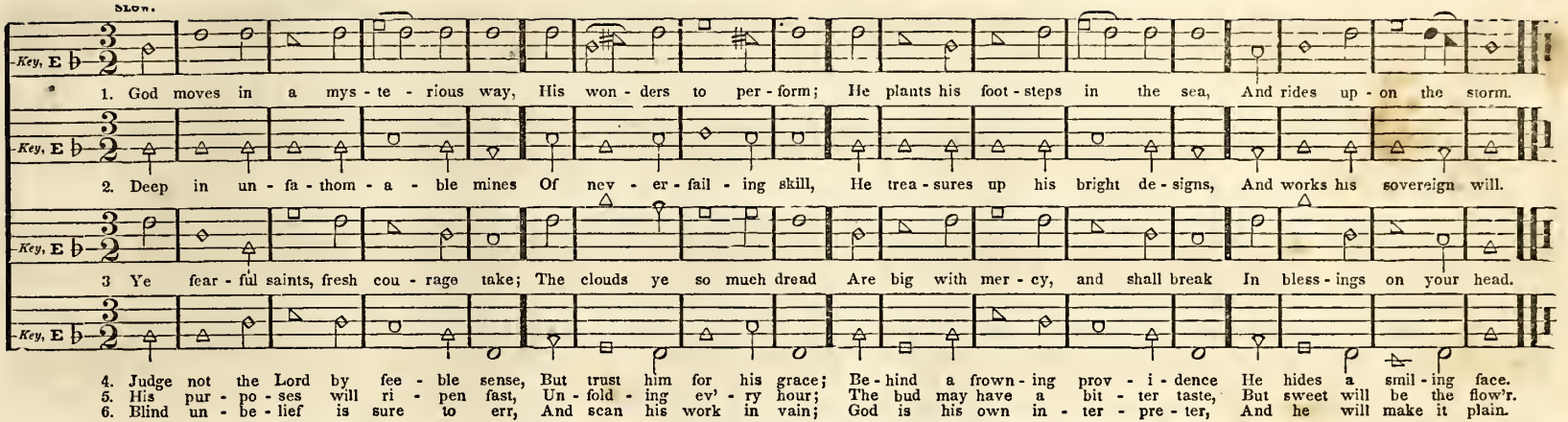
WILLIAMS.


Key of D
1. Oh 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say, "Up, Is - rael, to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day!"
Key of D
Key of D
2. At Sa - lem's courts we must ap - pear, With our as - sem - bled powers, In strong and beauteous or - der ranged, Like her u - ni - ted tow'rs.
Key of D

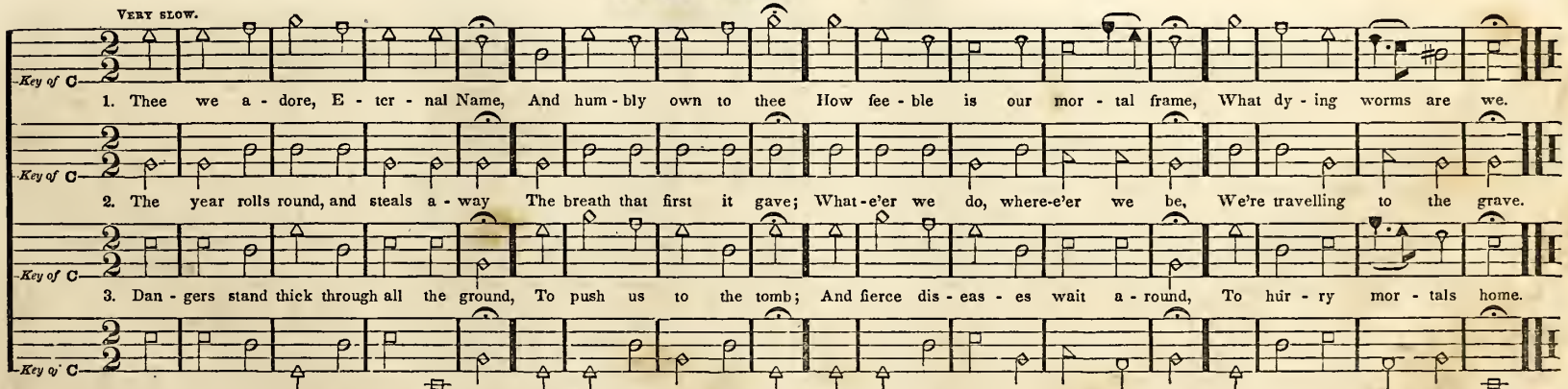
MARLOW. C. M.


Key of G
1. Let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To God, their voi - ces raise; Sing psalms in hon - our of his name, And spread his glo - rious praise.
Key of G
2. p And let them say, "How dread-ful, Lord, In all thy works, art thou! To thy great pow'r, thy stub - born foes Shall all be forced to bow."
Key of G
3. Oh come, be - hold the works of God; And then with me you'll own, That he, to all the sons of men, Has wondrous judgments shown.
Key of G

BEDFORD. C. M.


SLOW.
Key, E ♭
1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way, His won - ders to per - form; He plants his foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
2. Deep in un - fa - thom - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill, He trea - sures up his bright de - signs, And works his sovereign will.
3 Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cou - rage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust him for his grace; Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.
5. His pur - po - ses will ri - pen fast, Un - fold - ing ev' - ry hour; The bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r.
6. Blind un - be - lief is sure to err, And scan his work in vain; God is his own in - ter - pre - ter, And he will make it plain.

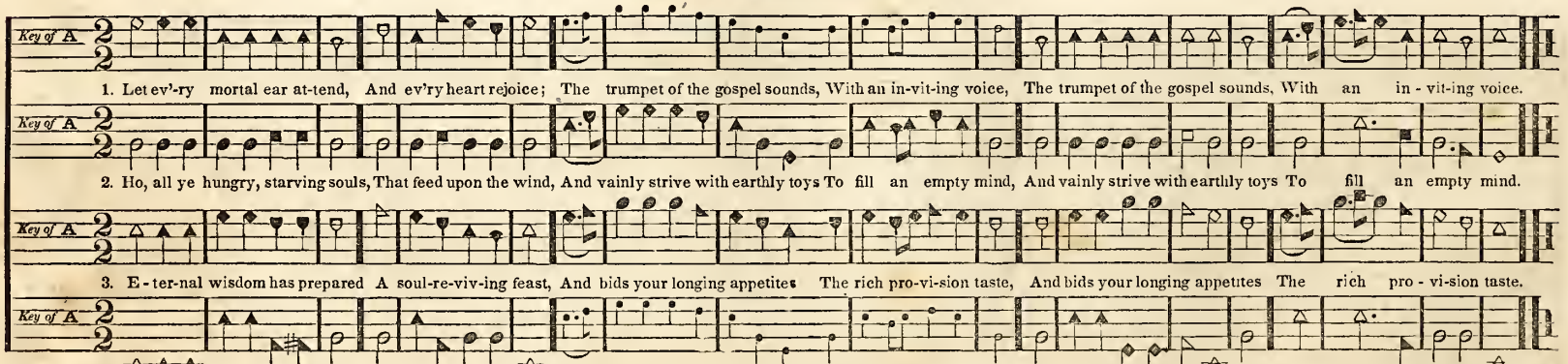
COLESHILL. C. M.


VERY SLOW.
Key of C
1. Thee we a - dore, E - ter - nal Name, And hum - bly own to thee How fee - ble is our mor - tal frame, What dy - ing worms are we.
2. The year rolls round, and steals a - way The breath that first it gave; What - e'er we do, where-e'er we be, We're travelling to the grave.
3. Dan - gers stand thick through all the ground, To push us to the tomb; And fierce dis - eas - es wait a - round, To hur - ry mor - tals home.
4. Great God, on what a slen - der thread Hang ev - er - last - ing things! Th'e - ter - nal state of all the dead Up - on life's fee - ble strings
5. In - fi - nite joy or end - less wo At - tends on ev' - ry breath; And yet now un - con - cern'd we go, Up - on the brink of death!
6. Wa - ken, O Lord, our drow - sy sense, To walk this dangerous road; And if our souls are hur - ried hence, May they be found with God.

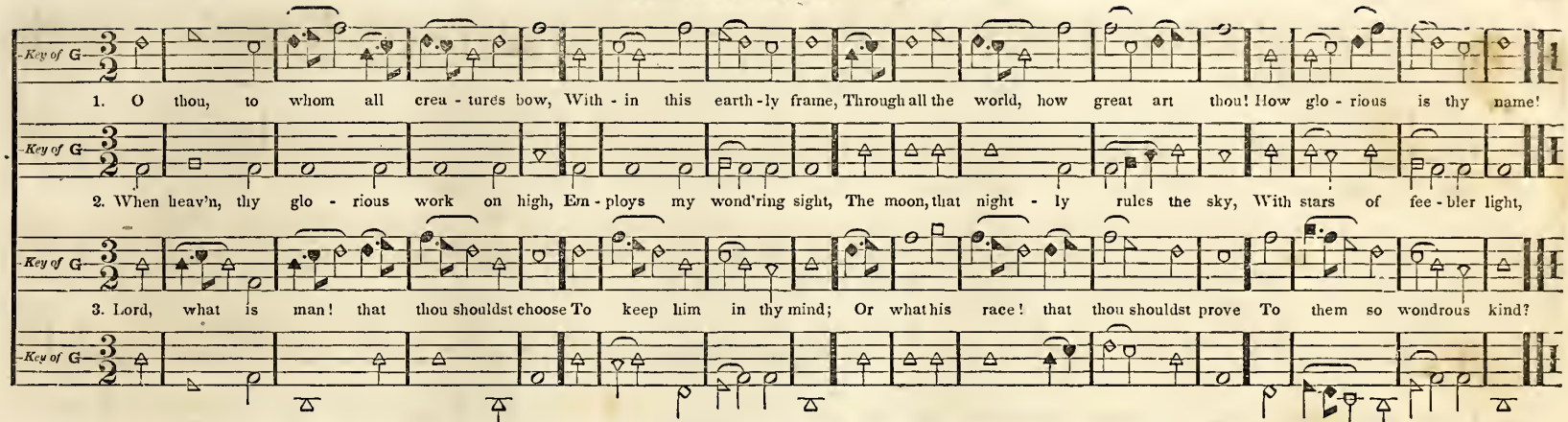
CONWAY. C. M.

Key of D
1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove, And smile to see our Fa - ther there, And smile to see our Father there, Up - on a throne of love.
2. Come, let us bow be - fore his feet, And ven-ture near the Lord; No fie - ry che - rub guards his seat, No fiery cherub guards his seat, Nor dou-ble flaming sword.
3. The peaceful gates of heav'n-ly bliss Are open'd by the Son; High let us raise our notes of praise, High let us raise our notes of praise, And reach th' almighty throne.
4. To thee ten thousand thanks we bring, Great ad - vo - cate on high, And glo - ry to th'e - ter - nal King, And glo-ry to th'e-ter-nal King, Who lays his an-ger by

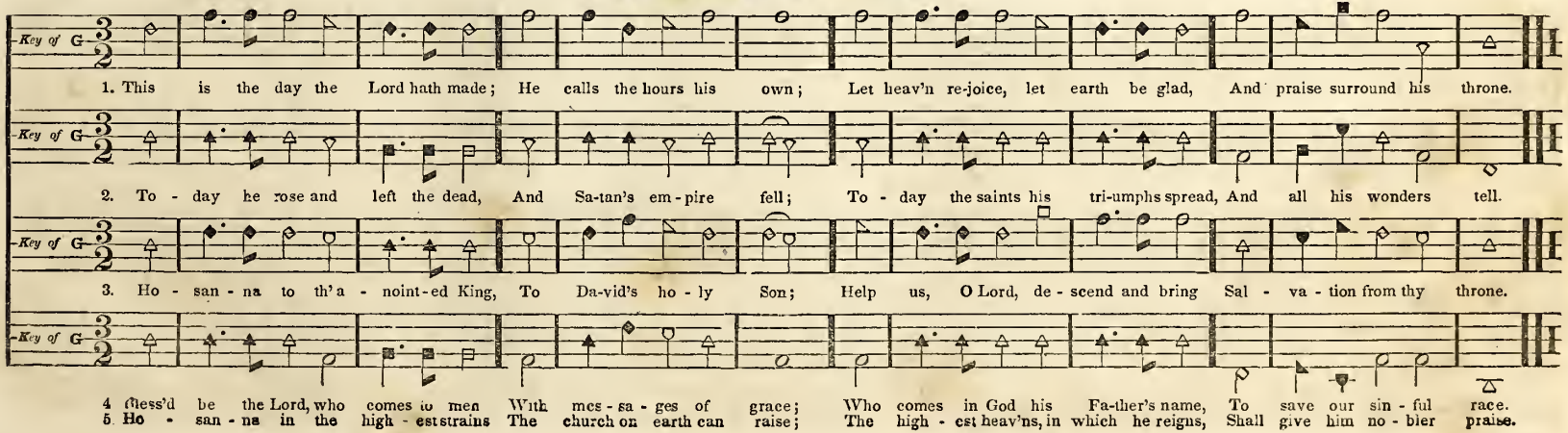
RINDGE. C. M.


Key of A
1. Let ev'-ry mortal ear at-tend, And ev'ry heart rejoice; The trumpet of the gospel sounds, With an in-vit-ing voice, The trumpet of the gospel sounds, With an in - vit-ing voice.
2. Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls, That feed upon the wind, And vainly strive with earthly toys To fill an empty mind, And vainly strive with earthly toys To fill an empty mind.
3. E - ter-nal wisdom has prepared A soul-re-viv-ing feast, And bids your longing appetites The rich pro-vi-sion taste, And bids your longing appetites The rich pro - vi-sion taste.
4. Ho, ye that pant for living streams, And pine away and die: Here you may quench your raging thirst, With springs that never dry, Here you may quench your raging thirst, With springs that nevr dry
5. Rivers of love and mercy here In a rich ocean join; Sal - va-tion in abundance flows, Like floods of milk and wine, Salvation in abundance flows, Like floods of milk and wine
6. The happy gates of gospel grace Stand open night and day: Lord, we are come to seek supplies, And drive our wants away, Lord, we are come to seek supplies, And drive our wants away

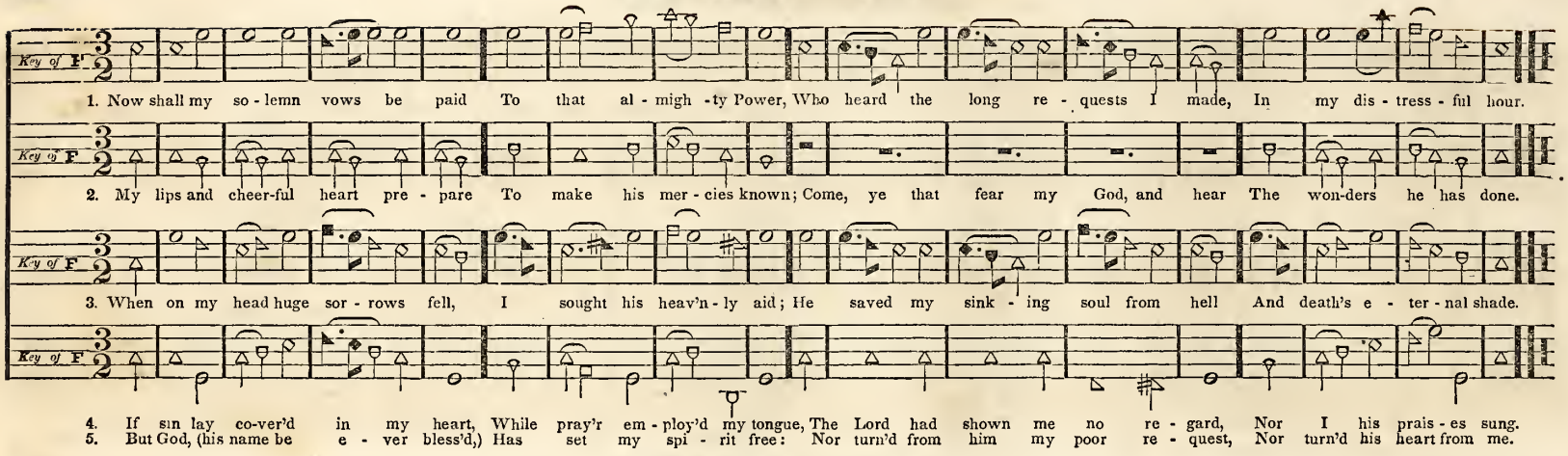
ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.


Key of G
1. O thou, to whom all crea - tures bow, With - in this earth - ly frame, Through all the world, how great art thou! How glo - rious is thy name!
2. When heav'n, thy glo - rious work on high, Em - ploys my wond'ring sight, The moon, that night - ly rules the sky, With stars of fee - bler light,
3. Lord, what is man! that thou shouldst choose To keep him in thy mind; Or what his race! that thou shouldst prove To them so wondrous kind?
4. O thou, to whom all crea - tures bow, With - in this earth - ly frame, Through all the world, how great art thou, How glo - rious is thy name!

ARLINGTON. C. M.

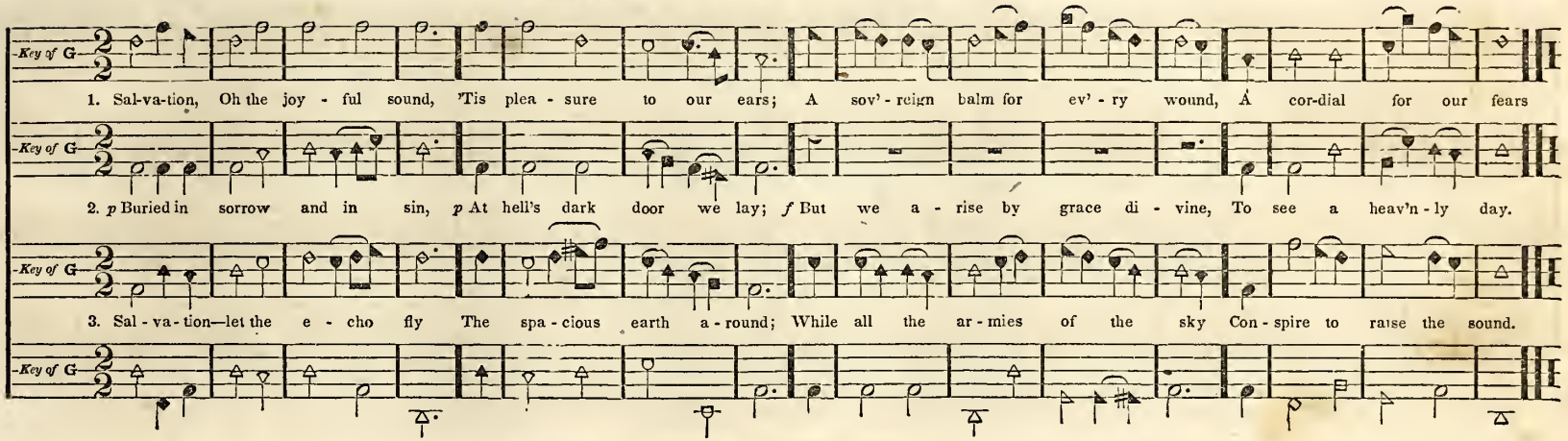

Key of G
1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours his own; Let heav'n re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise surround his throne.
2. To - day he rose and left the dead, And Sa-tan's em - pire fell; To - day the saints his tri-umphs spread, And all his wonders tell.
3. Ho - san - na to th'a - noint-ed King, To Da-vid's ho - ly Son; Help us, O Lord, de - scend and bring Sal - va - tion from thy throne.
4 Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men With mes - sa - ges of grace; Who comes in God his Fa-ther's name, To save our sin - ful race.
5 Ho - san - na in the high - est strains The church on earth can raise; The high - est heav'ns, in which he reigns, Shall give him no - bler praise.

ST. JOHN'S. C. M.


Key of F
1. Now shall my so - lemn vows be paid To that al - migh - ty Power, Who heard the long re - quests I made, In my dis - tress - ful hour.
2. My lips and cheer-ful heart pre - pare To make his mer - cies known; Come, ye that fear my God, and hear The won-ders he has done.
3. When on my head huge sor - rows fell, I sought his heav'n - ly aid; He saved my sink - ing soul from hell And death's e - ter - nal shade.
4. If sin lay co-ver'd in my heart, While pray'r em - ploy'd my tongue, The Lord had shown me no re - gard, Nor I his prais - es sung.
5. But God, (his name be e - ver bless'd,) Has set my spi - rit free: Nor turn'd from him my poor re - quest, Nor turn'd his heart from me.

MILBURN. C. M.

Key of F
1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb—And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Or blush to speak his name?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow' - ry beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas? And sailed through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? To help me on to God?
4. Sure, I must fight, if - ould reign; Increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word, Sup - port-ed by thy wore
5. Thy saints, in all this glo - rious war, Shall conquer though they die; They see the triumph from a - far, And faith accounts it nigh, And faith accounts it nigh.
6 When that il - lus-trious day shall rise, And all thine ar-mies shine In robes of vic'ry through the skies, The glo - ry shall be thine, The glo - ry shall be thine


Key of G
1. Sal-va-tion, Oh the joy - ful sound, 'Tis plea - sure to our ears; A sov'-reign balm for ev'-ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears
2. p Buried in sorrow and in sin, p At hell's dark door we lay; f But we a - rise by grace di - vine, To see a heav'n-ly day.
3. Sal - va - tion—let the e - cho fly The spa - cious earth a-round; While all the ar - mies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound.

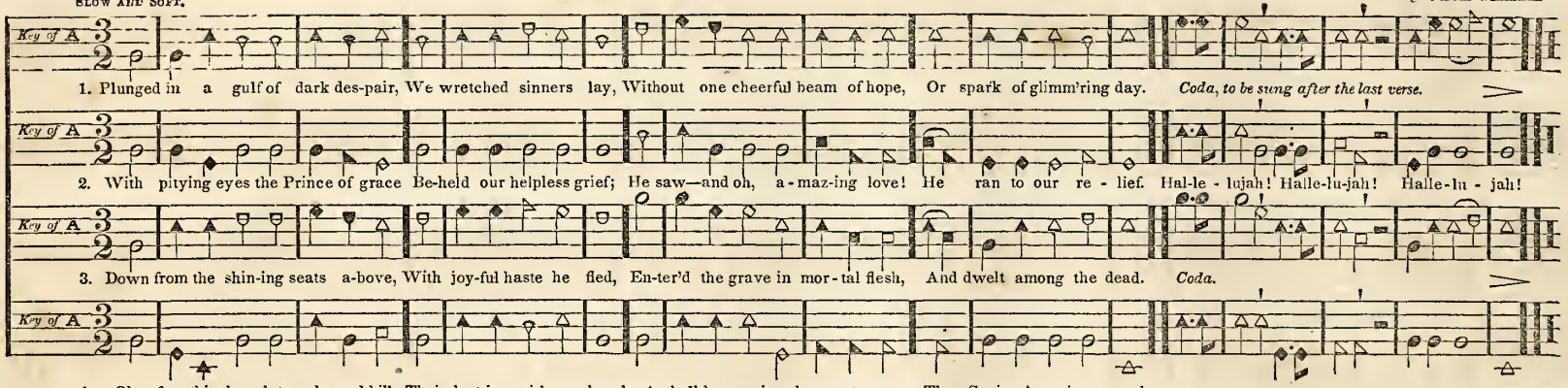
CODA. (To be sung or omitted at pleasure.)

Lively.
Key of G
Be un - to
Halle - lujah!
Praise
Slow.
Glo-ry honour, praise, and power, Be un - to the Lamb for - e - ver, Je-sus Christ is our Re - deemer! Hal-le - lujah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!
Slow.
Praise
Halle - lujah!

AZMON. C. M

Slow and Soft.

Arranged from GLASER.


Key of A
1. Plunged in a gulf of dark des-pair, We wretched sinners lay, Without one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.
Coda, to be sung after the last verse.
2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace Be-held our helpless grief; He saw—and oh, a-maz-ing love! He ran to our re-lief. Hal-le-lujah! Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah!
3. Down from the shin-ing seats a-bove, With joy-ful haste he fled, En-ter'd the grave in mor-tal flesh, And dwelt among the dead.
Coda.
4. Oh, for this love let rocks and hills Their last-ing si-lence break; And all harmonious human tongues The Saviour's praises speak.
5. An-gels, as-sist our might-y joys; Strike all your harps of gold; But when you raise your highest notes, His love can ne'er be told.

CHARD. C. M.

H. B. O.

Rather Slow.

Key of A
1. Oh for a clo-ser walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame; A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and his word?
3. What peace-ful hours I once en-joy'd; How sweet their mem'-ry still! But they have left an ach-ing void The world can ne-ver fill.
4. Re-turn, oh ho-ly Dove, re-turn, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest; I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.
5 The dear-est i-dol I have known, What-e'er that i-dol be, Help me to tear it from thy throne, And wor-ship on-ly thee.
6 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se-rene my frame; So pu-rer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

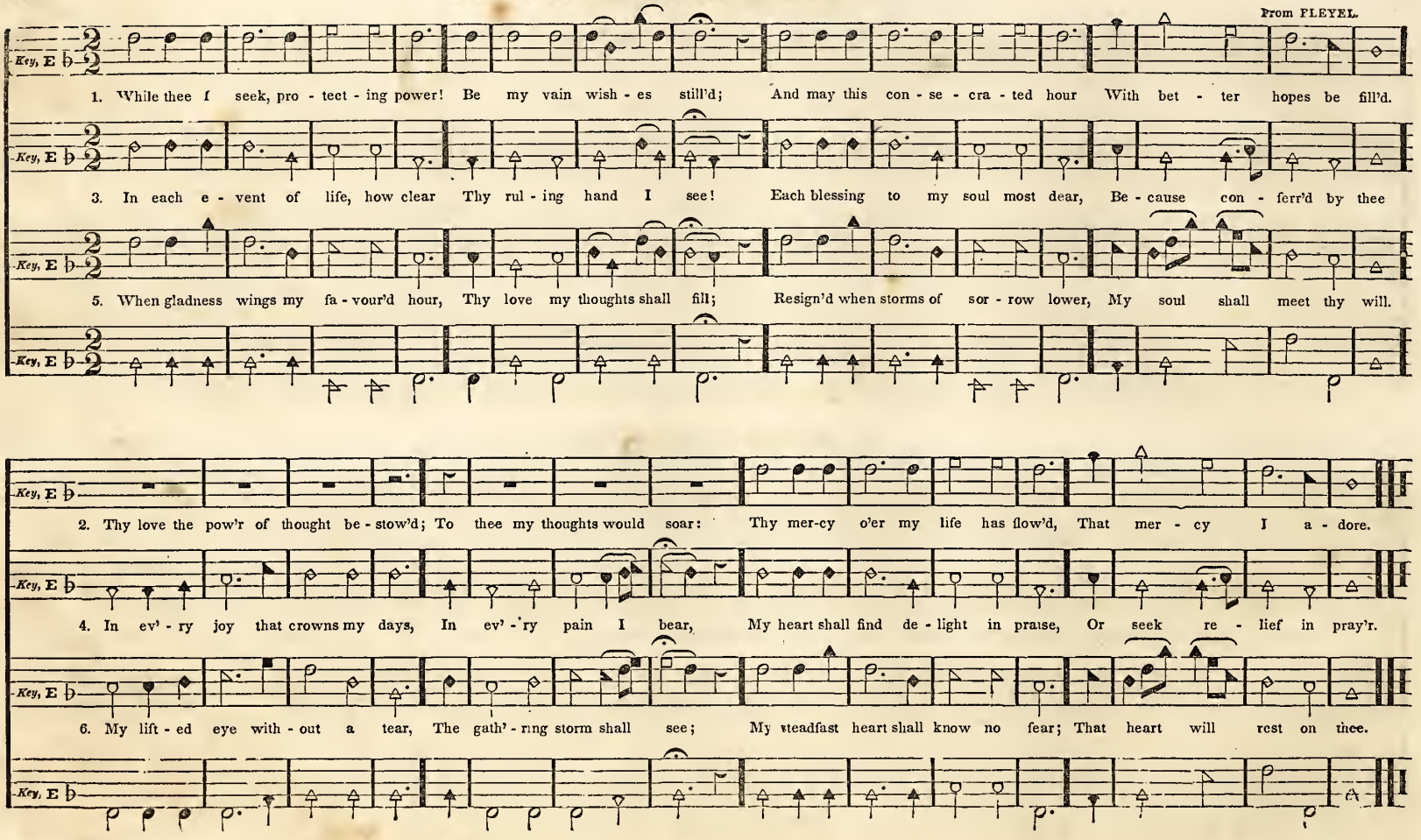
GAULOS. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

From BEETHOVEN

Key of F
1. The Lord himself, the migh-ty Lord, Vouchsafes to be my guide; The shepherd by whose constant care My wants are all sup-plied. 2. In ten-der grass he makes me feed, And
3. He does my wand'ring soul reclaim, And, to his end-less praise, In-struct with humble zeal to walk In his most righteous ways. 4. p I pass the gloomy vale of death, From
5. Since God doth thus his wondrous love, Thro'
gent - ly there re - pose; Then leads me to cool shades, and where Refreshing water flows, Then leads me to cool shades, and where Refreshing water flows.
fear and dan - ger free; For there his aid-ing rod and staff De-fend and comfort me, For there his aid-ing rod and staff De-fend and comfort me.
all my life ex - tend, That life to him I will devote, And in his tem-ple spend, That life to him I will devote, And in his tem-ple spend.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. (Double.)

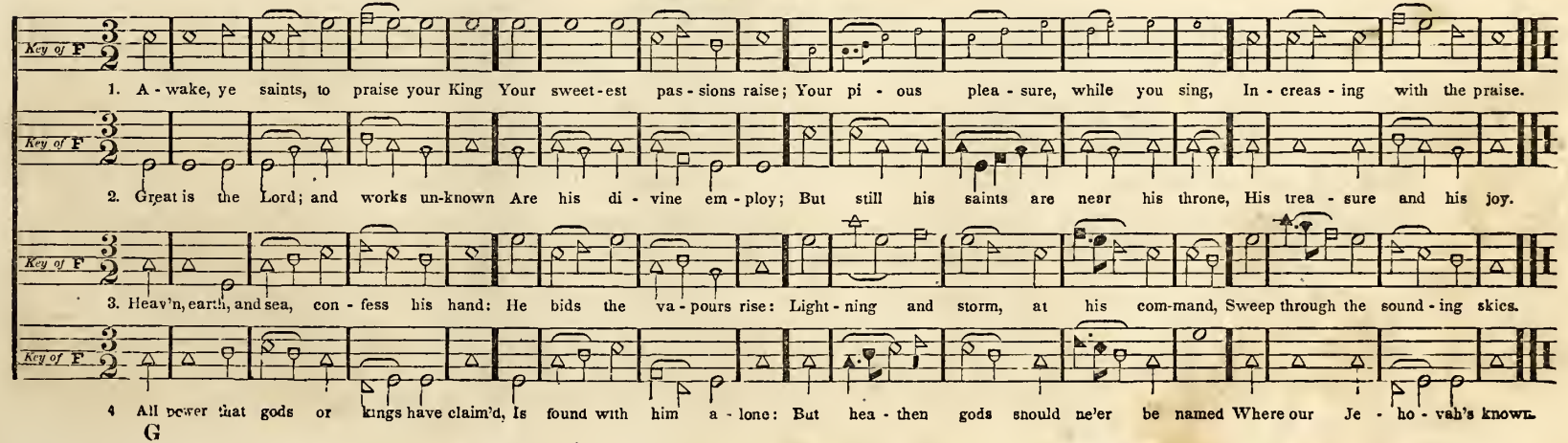
From FLEYEL.


Key, E ♭
1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing power! Be my vain wish - es still'd; And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be fill'd.
3. In each e - vent of life, how clear Thy rul - ing hand I see! Each blessing to my soul most dear, Be - cause con - ferr'd by thee
5. When gladness wings my fa - vour'd hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resign'd when storms of sor - row lower, My soul shall meet thy will.
2. Thy love the pow'r of thought be - stow'd; To thee my thoughts would soar: Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer - cy I a - dore.
4. In ev' - ry joy that crowns my days, In ev' - ry pain I bear, My heart shall find de - light in praise, Or seek re - lief in pray'r.
6. My lift - ed eye with - out a tear, The gath' - ring storm shall see; My steadfast heart shall know no fear; That heart will rest on thee.

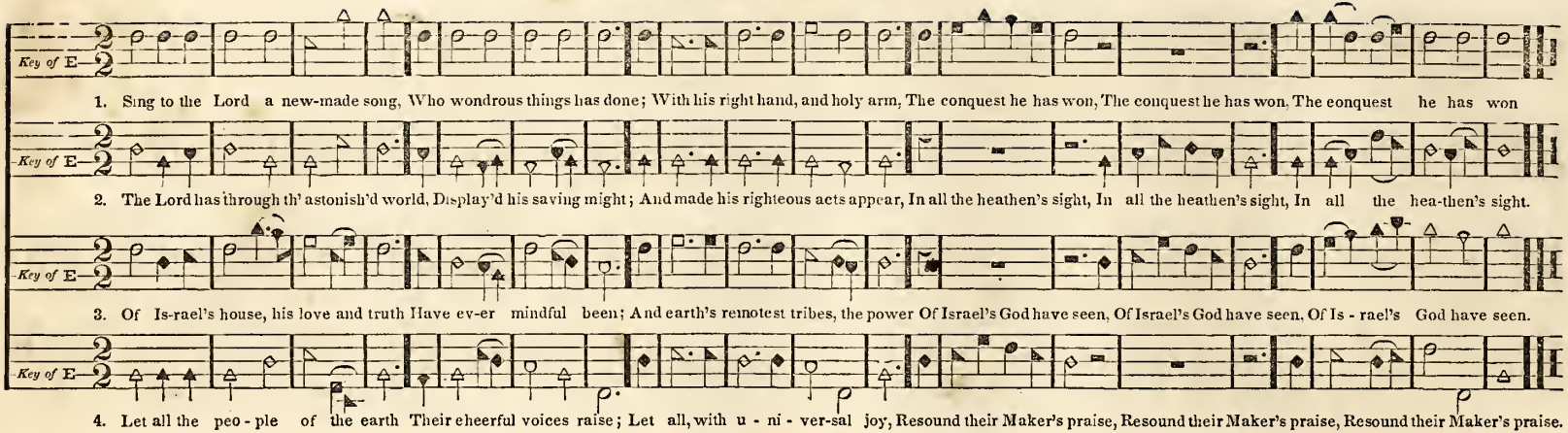
Key of A
1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.
2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus:" "Worthy the Lamb," our lips re - ply, "For he was slain for us," "For he was slain for us."
3. Je - sus is worthy to re - ceive Honour and pow'r di - vine; And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er thine, Be, Lord, for - ev - er thine.
4. Let all that dwell a - bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas, Conspire to lift thy glo - ries high, And speak thy end - less praise, And speak thy end - less praise.
5. The whole cre-a-tion join in one, To bless the sa - cred name Of Him who sits up - on the throne, And to a - dore the Lamb, And to a - dore the Lamb.

IRISH. C. M.

A. WILLIAMS.


Key of F
1. A - wake, ye saints, to praise your King Your sweet-est pas - sions raise; Your pi - ous plea - sure, while you sing, In - creas - ing with the praise.
2. Great is the Lord; and works un-known Are his di - vine em - ploy; But still his saints are near his throne, His trea - sure and his joy.
3. Heav'n, earth, and sea, con - fess his hand: He bids the va - pours rise: Light - ning and storm, at his com-mand, Sweep through the sound - ing skies.
4. All power that gods or kings have claim'd, Is found with him a - lone: But hea - then gods should ne'er be named Where our Je - ho - vah's known.

WARSAW. C. M.


Key of E
1. Sing to the Lord a new-made song, Who wondrous things has done; With his right hand, and holy arm, The conquest he has won, The conquest he has won, The conquest he has won
2. The Lord has through th' astonish'd world, Display'd his saving might; And made his righteous acts appear, In all the heathen's sight, In all the heathen's sight, In all the hea-then's sight.
3. Of Is-rael's house, his love and truth Have ev-er mindful been; And earth's remotest tribes, the power Of Israel's God have seen, Of Israel's God have seen, Of Is - rael's God have seen.
4. Let all the peo - ple of the earth Their cheerful voices raise; Let all, with u - ni - ver-sal joy, Resound their Maker's praise, Resound their Maker's praise, Resound their Maker's praise.

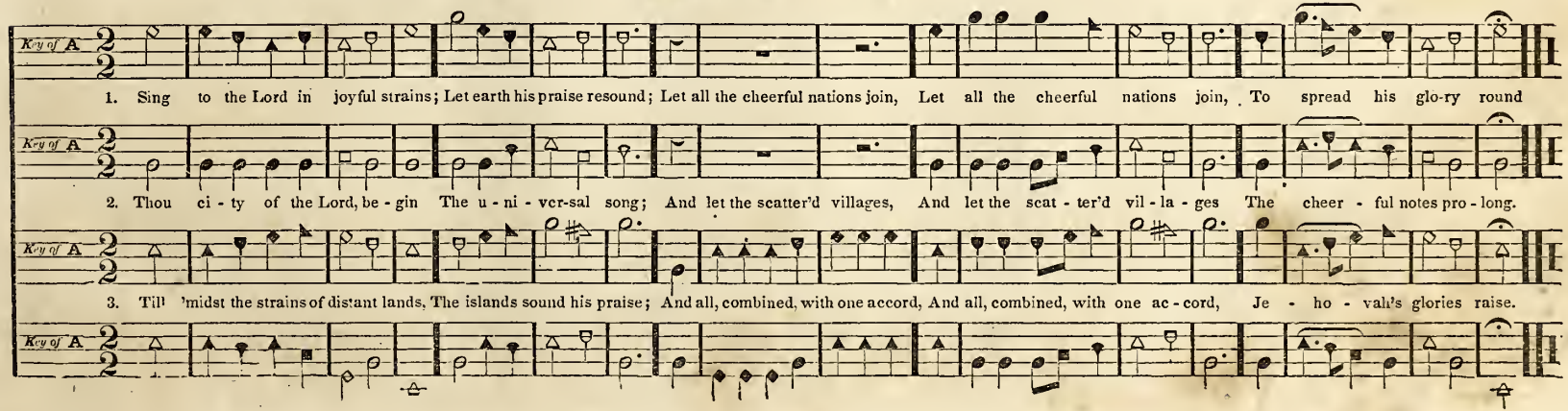
CHELMSFORD. C. M.

Key of A
1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, heaven-ly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Look how we gro - vel here be - low, Fond of these tri - fling toys; Our souls can nei - ther fly nor go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho - san - nas languish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies
4. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate, Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?
5 Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, heaven-ly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs; Come, shed a - broad a Sa viour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours!

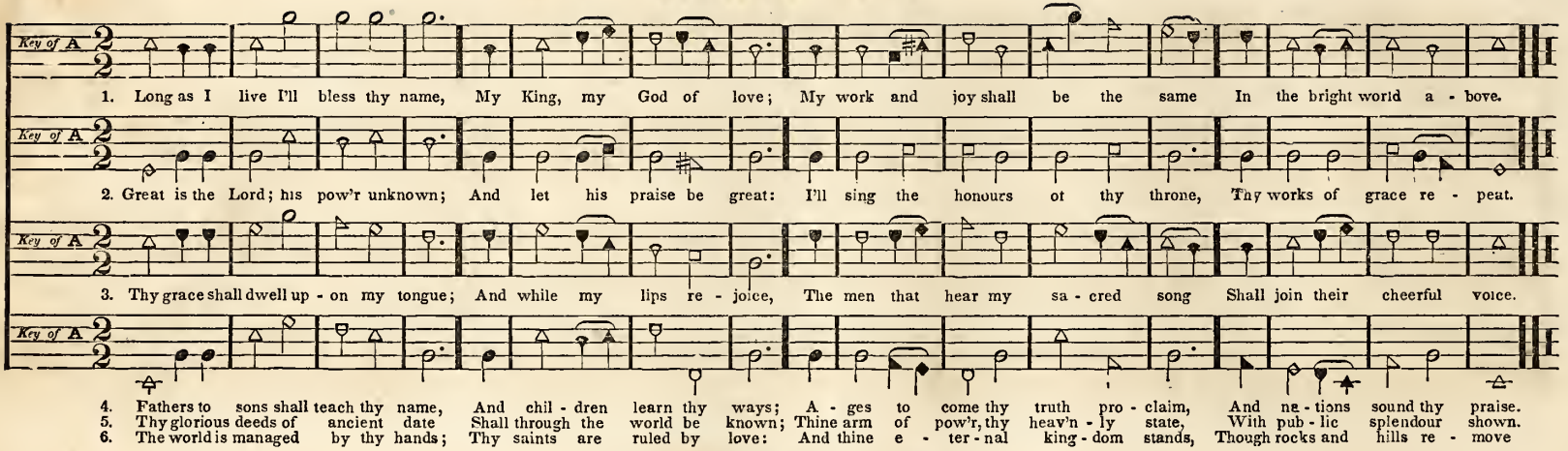
MERIDEN. C. M.

Key of F
1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to ev'-ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes
2. Should earth against my soul en - gage, And hell-ish darts be hurl'd, Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world, And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall; May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all.
4 There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heav'nly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.

REFUGE. C. M.

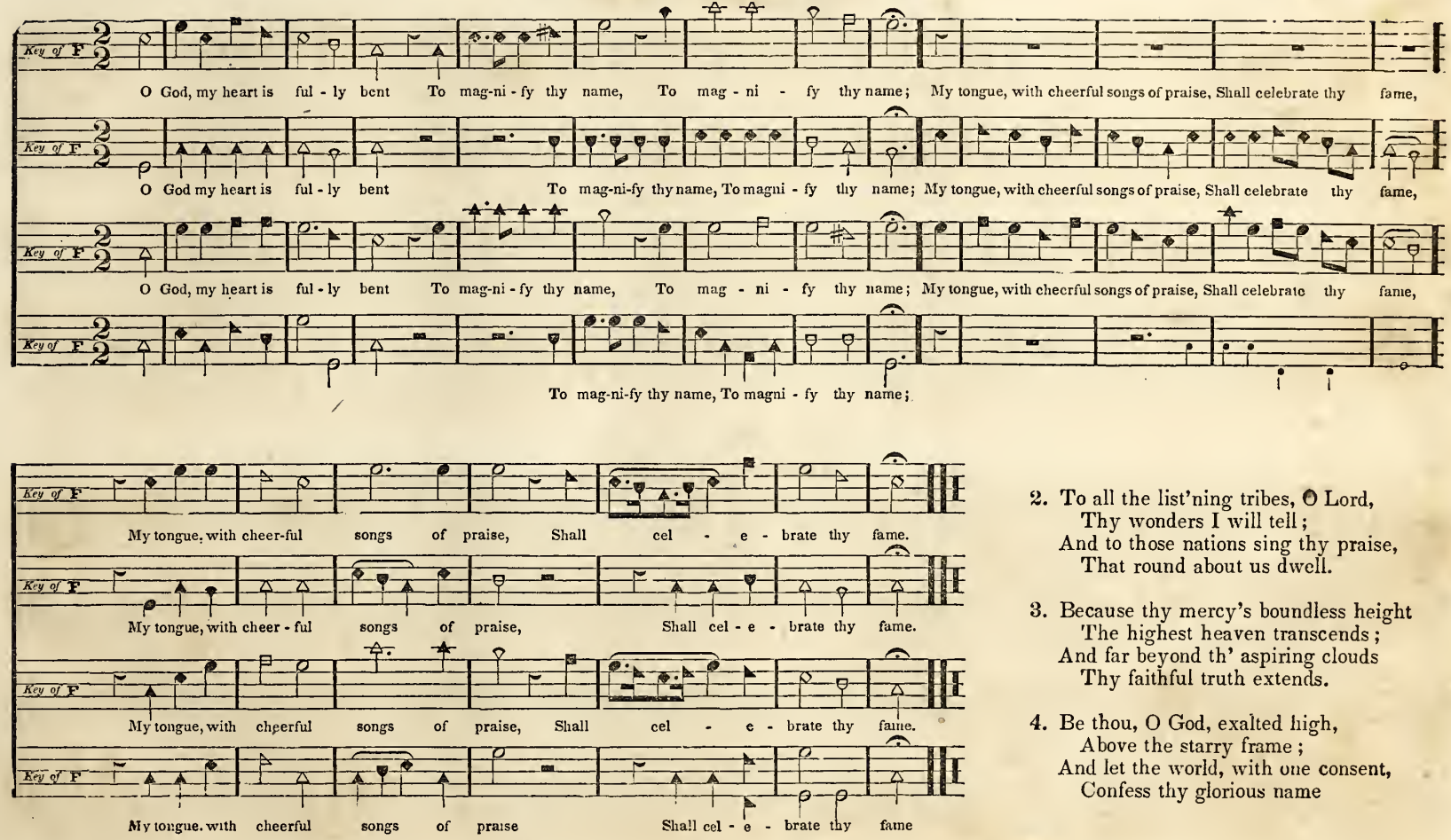

Key of A
1. Sing to the Lord in joyful strains; Let earth his praise resound; Let all the cheerful nations join, Let all the cheerful nations join, To spread his glo-ry round
2. Thou ci - ty of the Lord, be - gin The u - ni - ver-sal song; And let the scatter'd villages, And let the scat - ter'd vil - la - ges The cheer - ful notes pro - long.
3. Till 'midst the strains of distant lands, The islands sound his praise; And all, combined, with one accord, And all, combined, with one ac - cord, Je - ho - vah's glories raise.

DEDHAM. C. M.


Key of A
1. Long as I live I'll bless thy name, My King, my God of love; My work and joy shall be the same In the bright world a - bove.
2. Great is the Lord; his pow'r unknown; And let his praise be great: I'll sing the honours ot thy throne, Thy works of grace re - peat.
3. Thy grace shall dwell up - on my tongue; And while my lips re - joice, The men that hear my sa - cred song Shall join their cheerful voice.
4. Fathers to sons shall teach thy name, And chil - dren learn thy ways; A - ges to come thy truth pro - claim, And na - tions sound thy praise.
5. Thy glorious deeds of ancient date Shall through the world be known; Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'n - ly state, With pub - lic splendour shown.
6. The world is managed by thy hands; Thy saints are ruled by love: And thine e - ter - nal king - dom stands, Though rocks and hills re - move

ARUNDEL. C. M.

Key of A
1. O all ye lands, re - joice in God, Sing praise, and bless his name; Let all the earth, with one ac - cord, His wondrous works pro - claim.
2. And let his faithful ser - vants tell How, by re - deem - ing love, Their souls are saved from death and hell, To share the joys a - bove.
3. Tell how the Ho - ly Spi - rit's grace For - bids their feet to slide; And, as they run the Christian race, Vouch-safes to be their guide.
4. Oh, then, re - joice, and shout for joy Ye ran - som'd of the Lord; Be grateful praise your sweet em - ploy, His presence your re - ward


Key of F
O God, my heart is ful - ly bent To mag-ni - fy thy name, To mag - ni - fy thy name; My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise, Shall celebrate thy fame,
O God my heart is ful - ly bent To mag-ni-fy thy name, To magni - fy thy name; My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise, Shall celebrate thy fame,
O God, my heart is ful - ly bent To mag-ni - fy thy name, To mag - ni - fy thy name; My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise, Shall celebrate thy fame,
To mag-ni-fy thy name, To magni - fy thy name;
My tongue, with cheer-ful songs of praise, Shall cel - e - brate thy fame.
My tongue, with cheer - ful songs of praise, Shall cel - e - brate thy fame.
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise, Shall cel - e - brate thy fame.
My tongue. with cheerful songs of praise Shall cel - e - brate thy fame

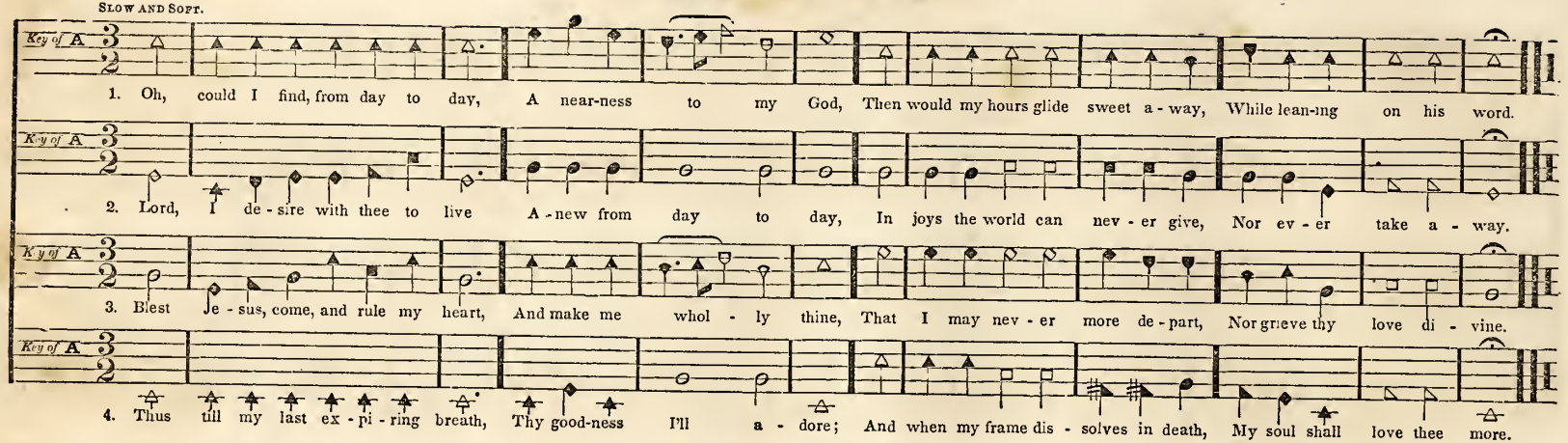
2. To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise,
That round about us dwell.

3. Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

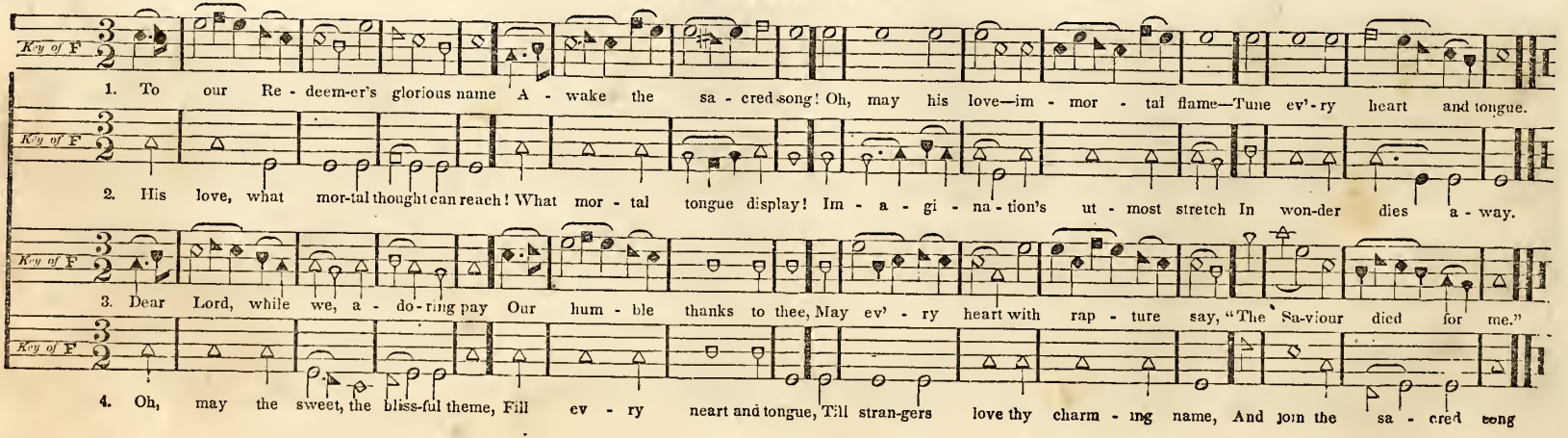
4. Be thou, O God, exalted high,
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name

HERMON. C. M.

SLOW AND SOFT.


Key of A
1. Oh, could I find, from day to day, A near-ness to my God, Then would my hours glide sweet a-way, While lean-ing on his word.
2. Lord, I de-sire with thee to live A-new from day to day, In joys the world can nev-er give, Nor ev-er take a-way.
3. Blest Je-sus, come, and rule my heart, And make me whol-ly thine, That I may nev-er more de-part, Nor grieve thy love di-vine.
4. Thus till my last ex-pi-ring breath, Thy good-ness I'll a-dore; And when my frame dis-solves in death, My soul shall love thee more.

HEATH. C. M.


Key of F
1. To our Re-deem-er's glorious name A-wake the sa-cred song! Oh, may his love—im-mor-tal flame—Tune ev'-ry heart and tongue.
2. His love, what mor-tal thought can reach! What mor-tal tongue display! Im-a-gi-na-tion's ut-most stretch In won-der dies a-way.
3. Dear Lord, while we, a-do-ring pay Our hum-ble thanks to thee, May ev'-ry heart with rap-ture say, "The Sa-viour died for me."
4. Oh, may the sweet, the bliss-ful theme, Fill ev-ry heart and tongue, Till stran-gers love thy charm-ing name, And join the sa-cred song

Key of F
1. Oh for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Re - deem - er's praise: The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - - - - - umphs of his grace!
Key of F
3. Je - sus! the name that calms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears; 'Tis life, - - - and health, and peace.
Key of F
2. My gracious Master and my God, As-sist me to pro - claim, To spread through all the earth abroad, The honours of thy name, To spread through all the earth abroad. The honours of thy name.
Key of F
4. He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin; He sets the pris'ner free; His blood can make the foulest clean; His blood avail'd for me, His blood can make the foulest clean: His blood avail'd for me.
Key of F

JERUSALEM. C. M. (Double.)

E. L. WHITE.

Key, B♭
1. O joy - ful sound of gos - pel grace, Christ shall in me ap - pear! I, ev - en I, shall see his face; I shall be ho - ly here.
3. The promised land, from Pis - gah's top, I now ex - ult to see: My hope is full (oh glo-rious hope!) Of im - mor - tal - i - ty.
2. The glo - rious crown of right-eous - ness, To me reach'd out, I view; Con-queror through him, I soon shall seize, And wear it as my due.
4. He vis - its now the house of clay; He shakes his fu - ture home: Oh wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day, In - to thy tem - ple come!

AVON. C. M.

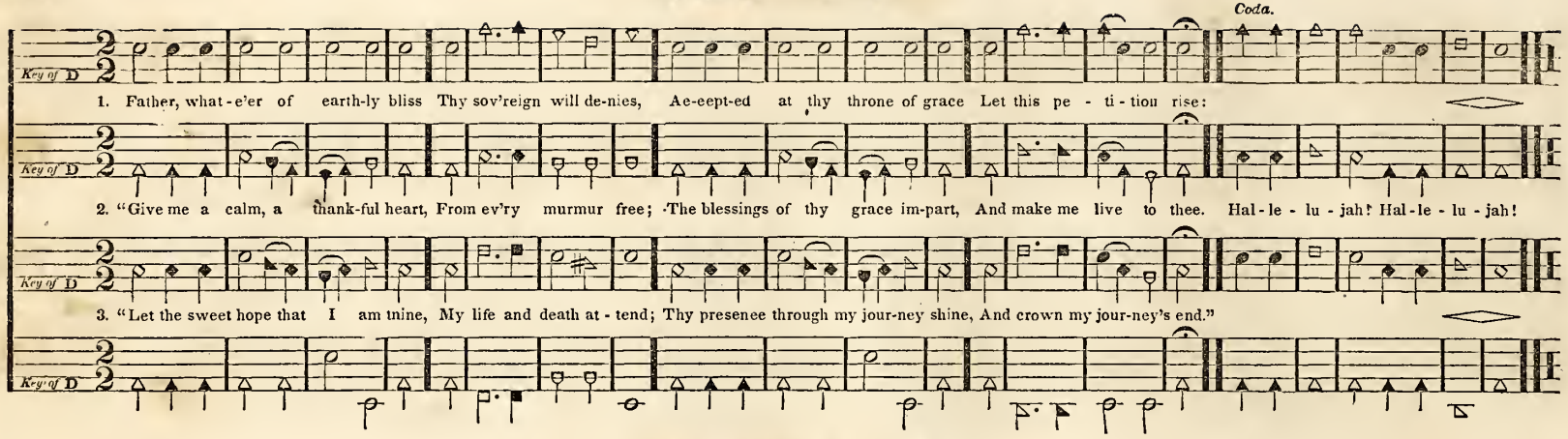
Key, B♭
1. A - las! and did my Sa - viour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would he de - vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd up - on the tree? A - maz ing pi - ty! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When Christ, the might - y Ma - ker, died For man the creature's sin.
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While his dear cross ap - pears; Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt my eyes to tears.
5. But floods of tears can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way— 'Tis all that I can do.

LYDIA. C. M.

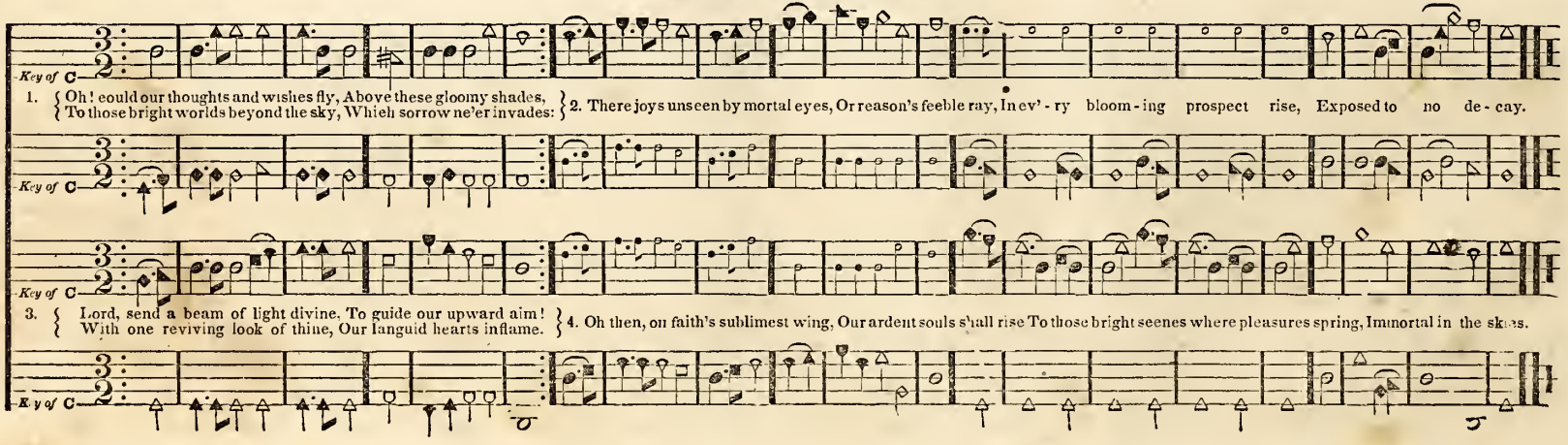
C. L.

Key of F
1. Come, let us join our souls to God In ev er - last - ing bands, And seize the blessings he be - stows, With ea-ger hearts and hands, With ea - ger hearts and hands.
2. Come, let us to his tem-ple haste, And seek his fa - vour there, Be-fore his foot-stool humbly bow, And of - fer fervent prayer, And of - fer fer - vent prayer.
3. Come, let us share, without de - lay, The blessings of his grace; Nor shall the years of dis-tant life Their mem'ry e'er ef - face, Their mem' - ry e'er ef - face.
4 Oh! may our chil - dren ev - er haste To seek their fa - thers' God, Nor e'er for-sake the hap-py path Their fathers' feet have trod, Their fa - thers' feet have trod.

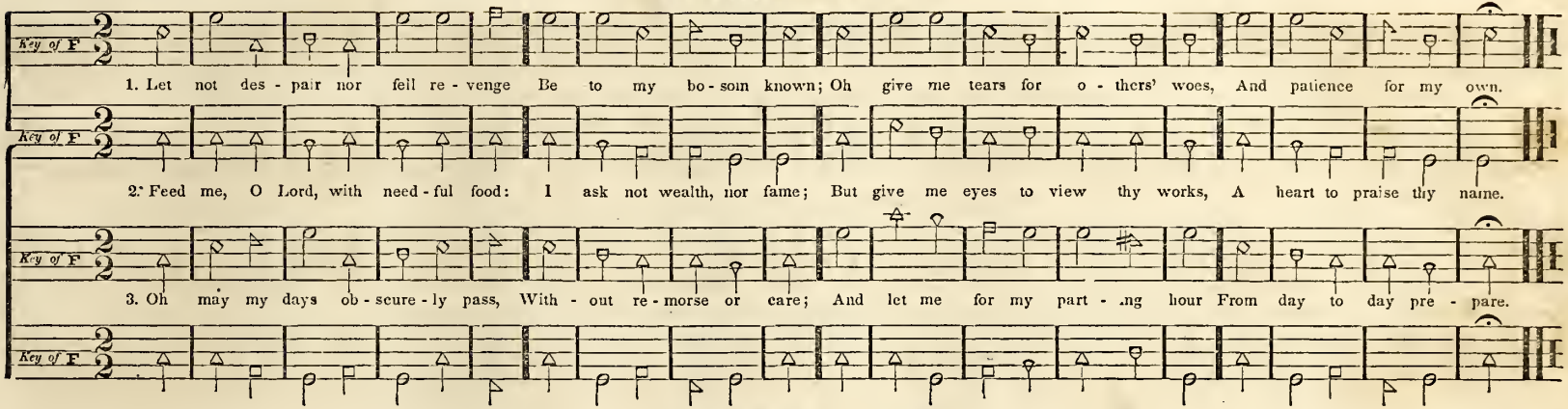
NAOMI. C. M.


Coda.
Key of D
1. Father, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov'reign will de-nies, Ae-eept-ed at thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise:
2. "Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev'ry murmur free; The blessings of thy grace im-part, And make me live to thee. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!
3. "Let the sweet hope that I am mine, My life and death at-tend; Thy presence through my jour-ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end."

HONITON. C. M. (Double.)

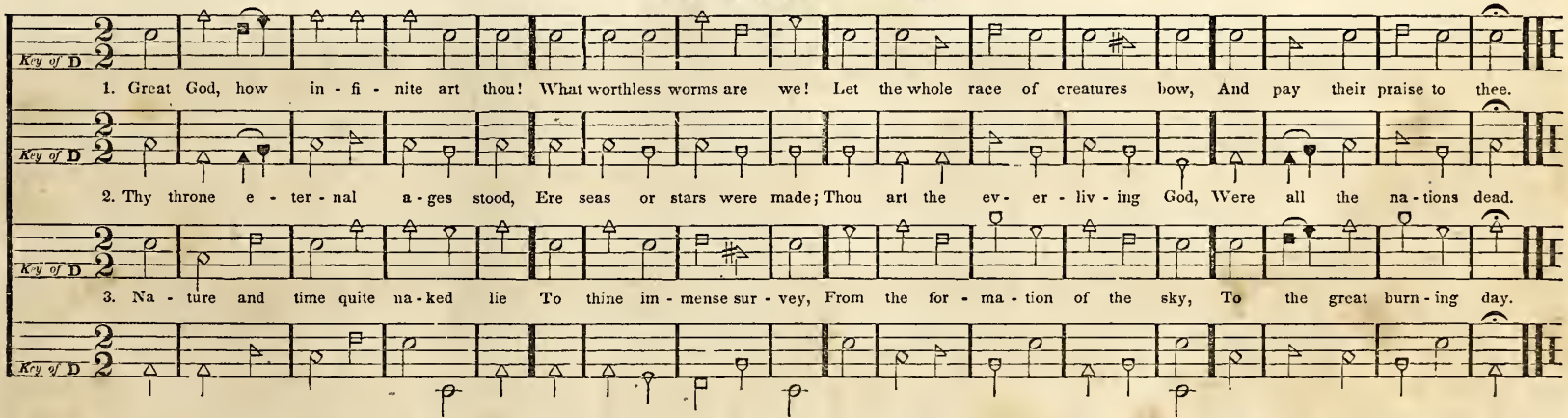

Key of C
1. Oh! could our thoughts and wishes fly, Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Which sorrow ne'er invades:
2. There joys unseen by mortal eyes, Or reason's feeble ray, In ev'-ry bloom-ing prospect rise, Exposed to no de-cay.
3. Lord, send a beam of light divine, To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving look of thine, Our languid hearts inflame.
4. Oh then, on faith's sublimest wing, Our ardent souls shall rise To those bright scenes where pleasures spring, Immortal in the skies.

DUNDEE. C. M.

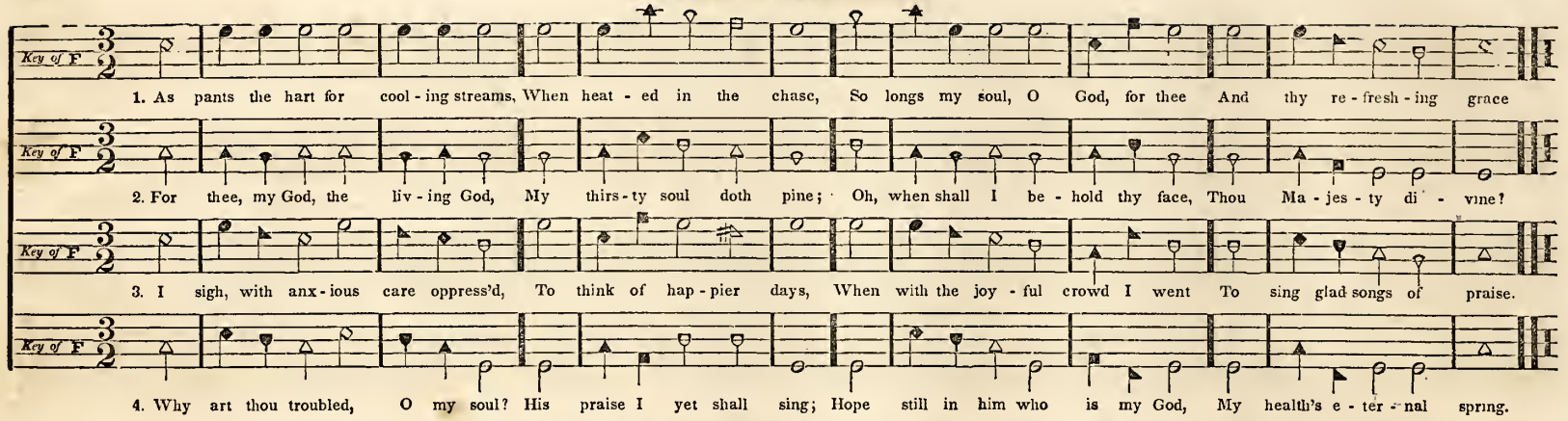

Key of F
1. Let not des - pair nor fell re - venge Be to my bo - som known; Oh give me tears for o - thers' woes, And patience for my own.
Key of F
2. Feed me, O Lord, with need - ful food: I ask not wealth, nor fame; But give me eyes to view thy works, A heart to praise thy name.
Key of F
3. Oh may my days ob - scure - ly pass, With - out re - morse or care; And let me for my part - ing hour From day to day pre - pare.
Key of F

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

DR. CROFT.


Key of D
1. Great God, how in - fi - nite art thou! What worthless worms are we! Let the whole race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to thee.
Key of D
2. Thy throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Ere seas or stars were made; Thou art the ev - er - liv - ing God, Were all the na - tions dead.
Key of D
3. Na - ture and time quite na - ked lie To thine im - mense sur - vey, From the for - ma - tion of the sky, To the great burn - ing day.
Key of D
4. E - ter - ni - ty, with all its years, Stands pre-sent in thy view; To thee there's no-thing old ap - pears—Great God, there's no-thing new.
5. Our lives through va - rious scenes are drawn, And vex'd with tri - fling cares; While thine e - ter - nal thoughts move on Thine un - dis - turb'd af - fairs
6. Great God, how in - fi - nite art thou! What worth-less worms are we! Let the whole race of crea-tures bow, And pay their praise to thee.

HARTFORD. C. M.

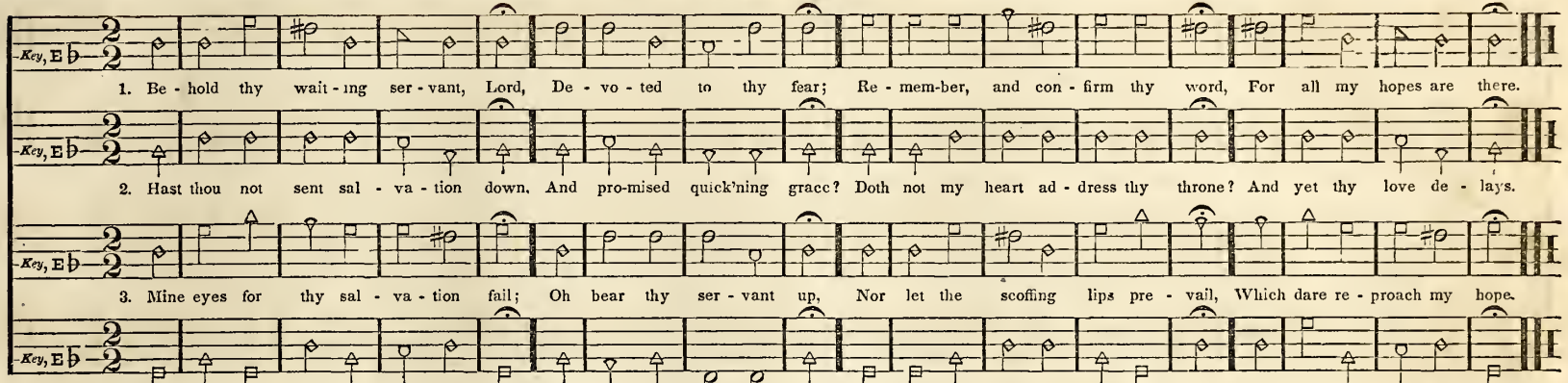

Key of F
1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the chase, So longs my soul, O God, for thee And thy re - fresh - ing grace
2. For thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirs - ty soul doth pine; Oh, when shall I be - hold thy face, Thou Ma - jes - ty di - vine?
3. I sigh, with anx - ious care oppress'd, To think of hap - pier days, When with the joy - ful crowd I went To sing glad songs of praise.
4. Why art thou troubled, O my soul? His praise I yet shall sing; Hope still in him who is my God, My health's e - ter - nal spring.

WINTER. C. M.

READ.

Key of F
1. Oh that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his stat - utes still; Oh that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will.
2. Oh send thy Spi - rit down, to write Thy law up - on my heart, Nor let my tongue in - dulge de - ceit, Nor act the li - ar's part.
3. From vani - ty turn off mine eyes; Let no cor - rupt de - sign Nor co - ve - tous de - sires a - rise With - in this soul of mine.
4 Or - der my foot - steps by thy word, And make my heart sin - cere: Let sin have no do - mi nion, Lord, But keep my conscience clear
5. My soul hath gone too far a - stray, My feet too of - ten slip; Yet, since I've not for - got thy way, Re - store thy wand'ring sheep
6. Make me to walk in thy commands; 'Tis a de - light - ful road, Nor let my head, or heart, or hands, Of - fend a - gainst my God

CANTON. C. M.


Key, E♭
1. Be - hold thy wait - ing ser - vant, Lord, De - vo - ted to thy fear; Re - mem-ber, and con - firm thy word, For all my hopes are there.
2. Hast thou not sent sal - va - tion down, And pro-mised quick'ning grace? Doth not my heart ad - dress thy throne? And yet thy love de - lays.
3. Mine eyes for thy sal - va - tion fail; Oh bear thy ser - vant up, Nor let the scoffing lips pre - vail, Which dare re - proach my hope.
4. Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord? Then let thy truth ap - pear: Saints shall re - joice in my re - ward, And trust as well as fear.

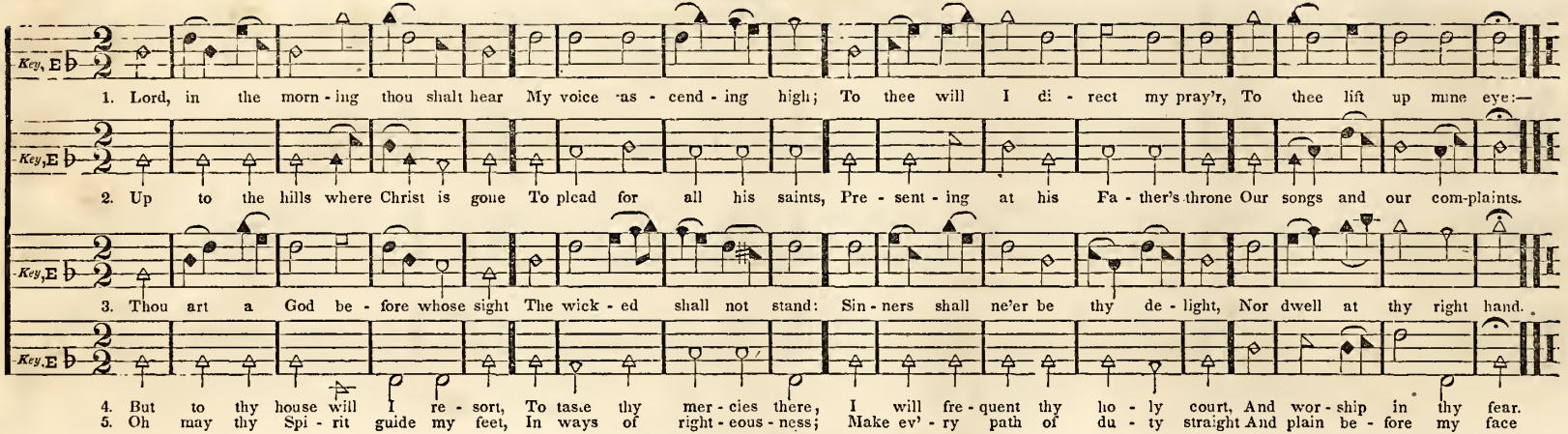
LITCHFIELD. C. M.

L. MASON.

Key of F
1. Ye hearts with youthful vi - gour warm, In smil - ing crowds draw near, And turn from ev' - ry mor - tal charm, A Sa - viour's voice to hear.
2. He, Lord of all the worlds on high, Stoops to con - verse with you; And lays his ra - diant glo - ries by, Your friend-ship to pur - sue.
3. "The soul that longs to see my face, Is sure my love to gain; And those that ear - ly seek my grace, Shall nev - er seek in vain."
4. What ob - ject, Lord, my soul should move, once com - pared with thee! What beau - ty should com - mand my love, Like what in Christ I see.
5. A way— ye false, de - lu - sive toys, Vain tempt - er of the mind; 'Tis here I fix my last - ing choice, And here true bliss I find.

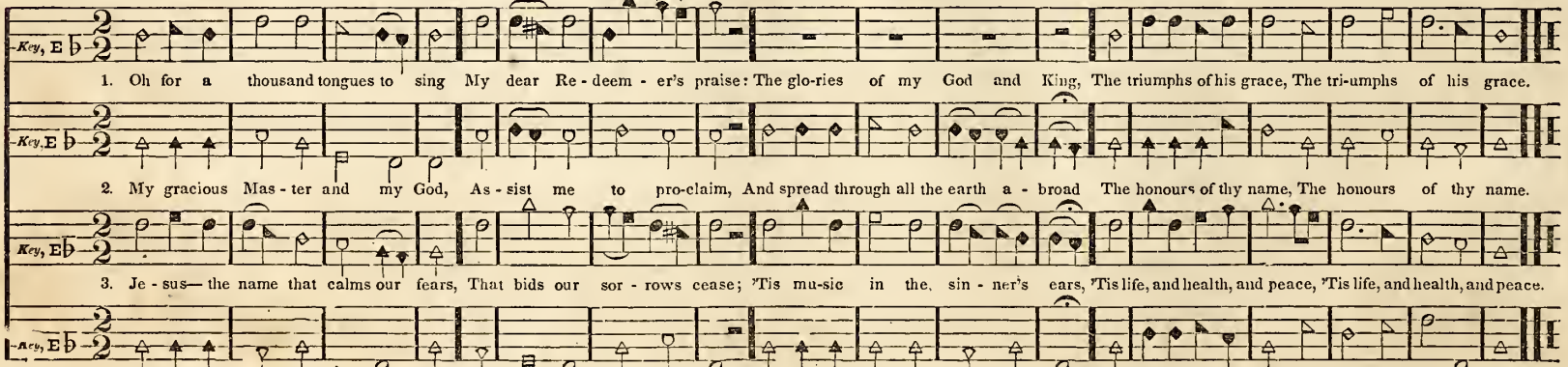
WARWICK. C. M.

STANLEY.

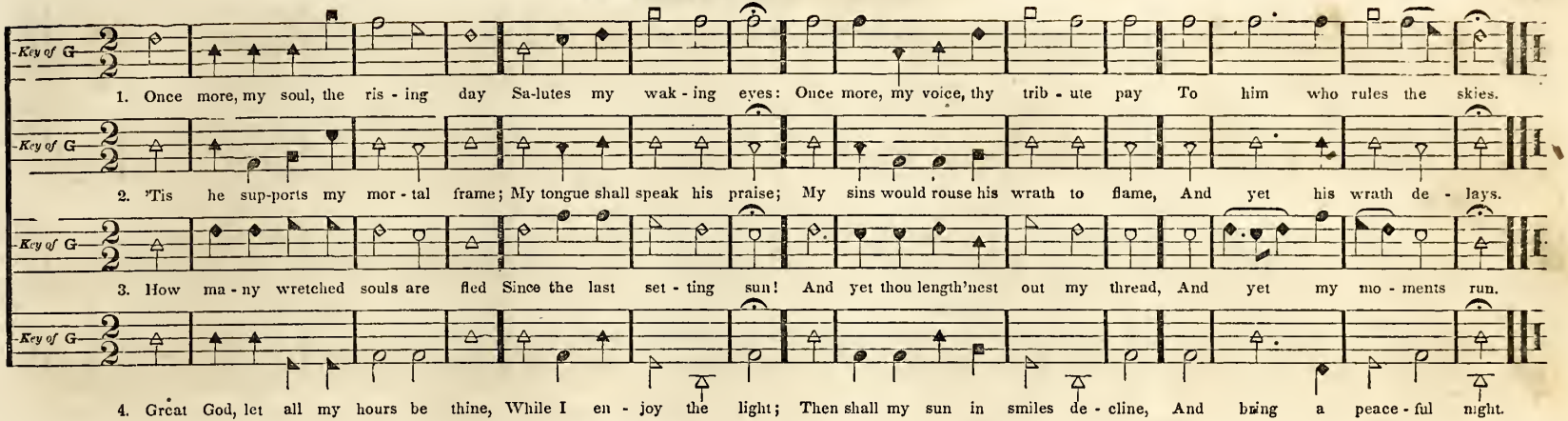

Key, E♭
1. Lord, in the morn - ing thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high; To thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye:—
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints, Pre - sent - ing at his Fa - ther's throne Our songs and our com-plaints.
3. Thou art a God be - fore whose sight The wick - ed shall not stand: Sin - ners shall ne'er be thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.
4. But to thy house will I re - sort, To taste thy mer - cies there, I will fre - quent thy ho - ly court, And wor - ship in thy fear.
5. Oh may thy Spi - rit guide my feet, In ways of right - eous - ness; Make ev' - ry path of du - ty straight And plain be - fore my face

WESTFORD. C. M.

L. MASON.


Key, E♭
1. Oh for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Re - deem - er's praise: The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace, The tri-umphs of his grace.
2. My gracious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim, And spread through all the earth a - broad The honours of thy name, The honours of thy name.
3. Je - sus— the name that calms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease; 'Tis mu-sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
4. He breaks the sin - ner's hea - vy chain; He sets the pris'ner free; His blood removes the guil - ty stain— His blood avail'd for me. His blood avail'd for me
5 Believe, and ye his grace shall know, Shall feel your sins for - given, An - ti - ci - pate your heav'n be - low, And own that love is heav'n, And own that love is heav'n.

PETERBORO. C. M.

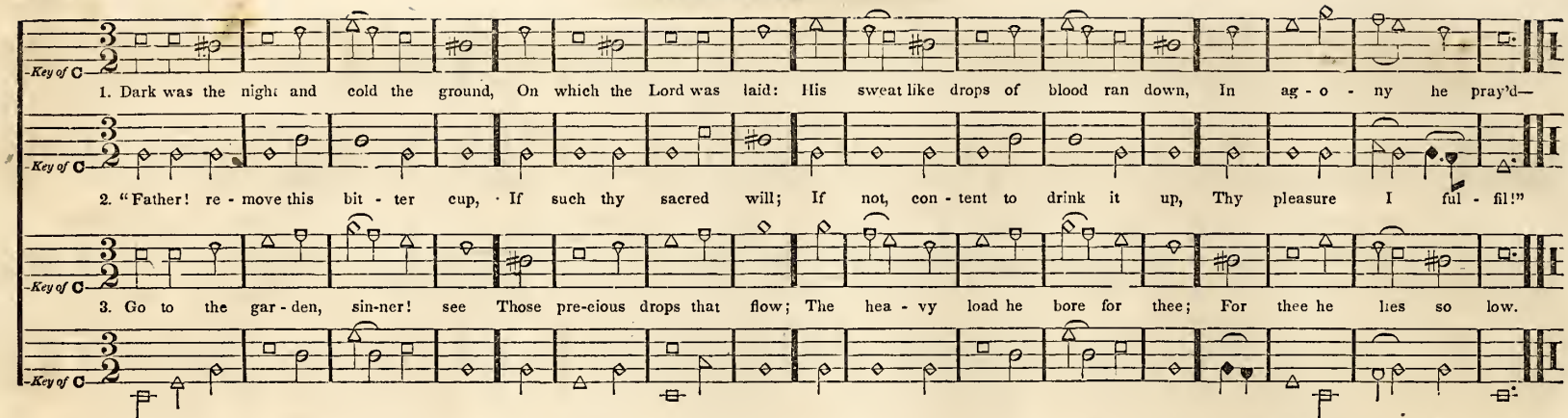

Key of G
1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa-lutes my wak - ing eyes: Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To him who rules the skies.
2. 'Tis he sup-ports my mor - tal frame; My tongue shall speak his praise; My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath de - lays.
3. How ma - ny wretched souls are fled Since the last set - ting sun! And yet thou length'nest out my thread, And yet my mo - ments run.
4. Great God, let all my hours be thine, While I en - joy the light; Then shall my sun in smiles de - cline, And bring a peace - ful night.

CHINA. C. M.

Slow.
Key, B♭
1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.
2. Are we not tend - ing up - ward too, As fast as time can move? Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.
3. Why should we tremble to con - vey Their bo - dies to the tomb? There the dear flesh of Je - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.
4 The graves of all the saints he bless'd, And soften'd ev' - ry bed; Where should the dy - ing mem - bers rest, But with the dy - ing Head.
5 Thence he a - rose, as - cend - ed high, And show'd our feet the way: Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly, At the great ris - ing day.

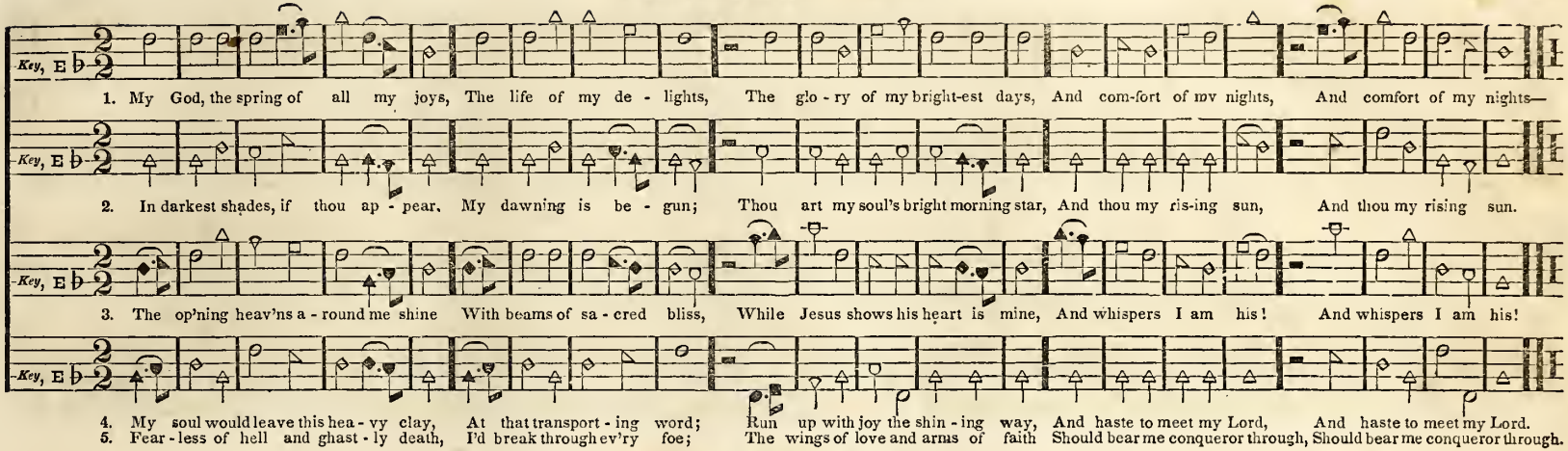
BURFORD. C. M.

PURCELL.

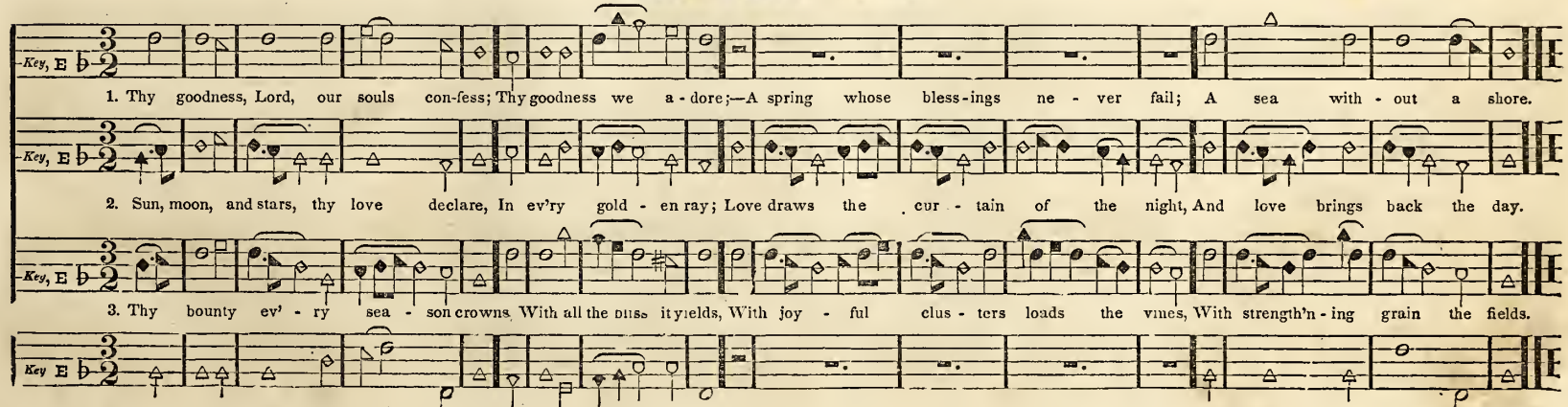

Key of C
1. Dark was the night and cold the ground, On which the Lord was laid: His sweat like drops of blood ran down, In ag - o - ny he pray'd—
2. "Father! re - move this bit - ter cup, If such thy sacred will; If not, con - tent to drink it up, Thy pleasure I ful - fil!"
3. Go to the gar - den, sin-ner! see Those pre-cious drops that flow; The hea - vy load he bore for thee; For thee he lies so low.
4. Then learn of him the cross to bear, Thy Father's will o - bey; And when temp - ta - tions press thee near, A - wake, to watch and pray.

LEBANON. C. M.

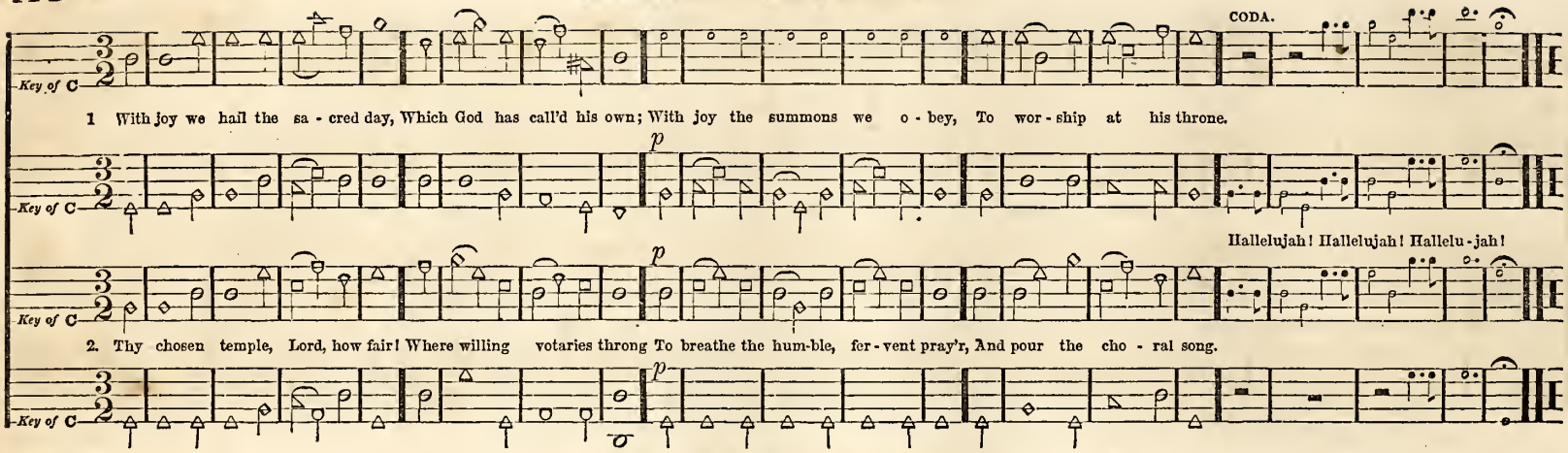
Key of C
1. Lord, what is man, poor, fee - ble man, Born of the earth at first, His life a sha - dow, light and vain, Still hast - ing to the dust?
2. Oh! what is fee - ble, dy - ing man, Or a - ny of his race, That God should make it his con - cern To vi - sit him with grace?
3. That God who darts his light - nings down, Who shakes the world a - bove, And mountains trem - ble at his frown— How won - drous is his love!


Key, E♭
1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights, The glo - ry of my bright-est days, And com-fort of my nights, And comfort of my nights—
2. In darkest shades, if thou ap - pear, My dawning is be - gun; Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my ris-ing sun, And thou my rising sun.
3. The op'ning heav'ns a - round me shine With beams of sa - cred bliss, While Jesus shows his heart is mine, And whispers I am his! And whispers I am his!
4. My soul would leave this hea - vy clay, At that transport - ing word; Run up with joy the shin - ing way, And haste to meet my Lord, And haste to meet my Lord.
5. Fear - less of hell and ghast - ly death, I'd break through ev'ry foe; The wings of love and arms of faith Should bear me conqueror through, Should bear me conqueror through.

DOUGLASS. C. M.


Key, E♭
1. Thy goodness, Lord, our souls con-fess; Thy goodness we a - dore;—A spring whose bless-ings ne - ver fail; A sea with - out a shore.
2. Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare, In ev'ry gold - en ray; Love draws the cur - tain of the night, And love brings back the day.
3. Thy bounty ev' - ry sea - son crowns With all the rich it yields, With joy - ful clus - ters loads the vines, With strength'n - ing grain the fields.
4. But chiefly thy com - pas - sion, Lord, Is in the gos - pel seen; There like a sun, thy mer cy shines, With - out a cloud be - tween.
5. There pardon, peace, and ho - ly joy, Through Jesus' name are giv'n; He on the cross was lift - ed high, That we might reign in heav'n.

CHIMES. C. M.

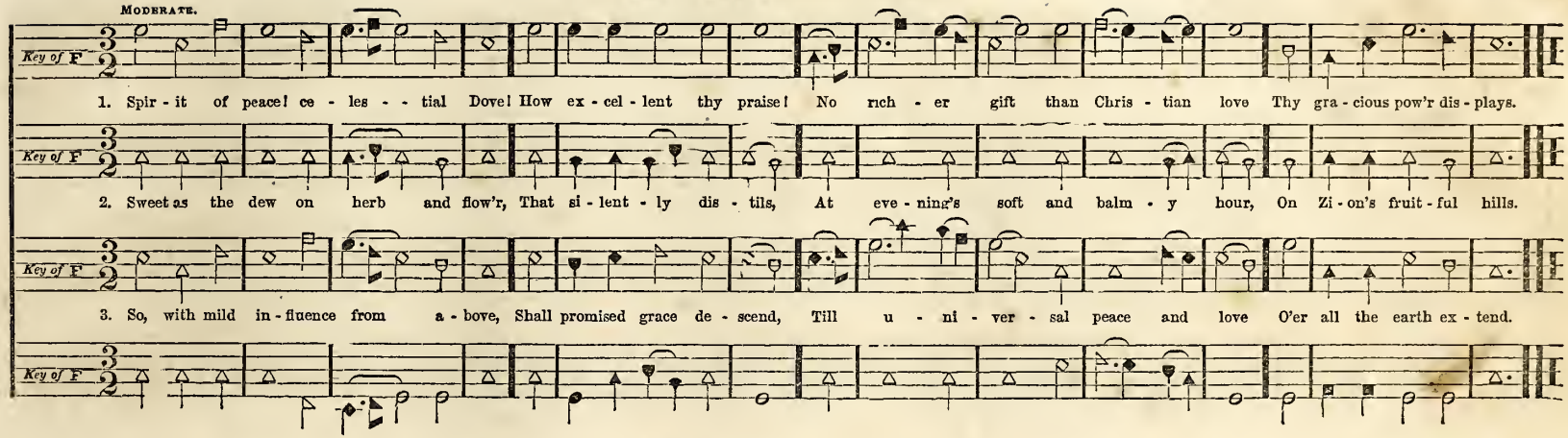

CODA.
Key of C
1 With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God has call'd his own; With joy the summons we o - bey, To wor - ship at his throne.
p
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelu - jah!
2. Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair! Where willing votaries throng To breathe the hum-ble, fer - vent pray'r, And pour the cho - ral song.

MILES' LANE. C. M.

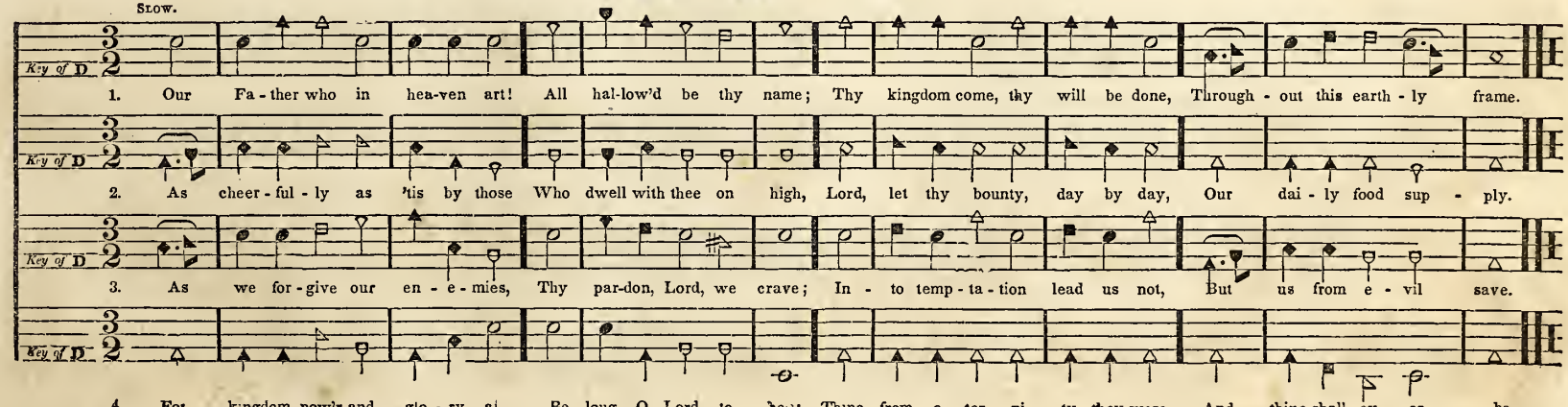
SHRUBSOLE.

Key of C
And crown him Lord of all.
All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, Crown - - him Lord of all.
And crown him Lord of all.

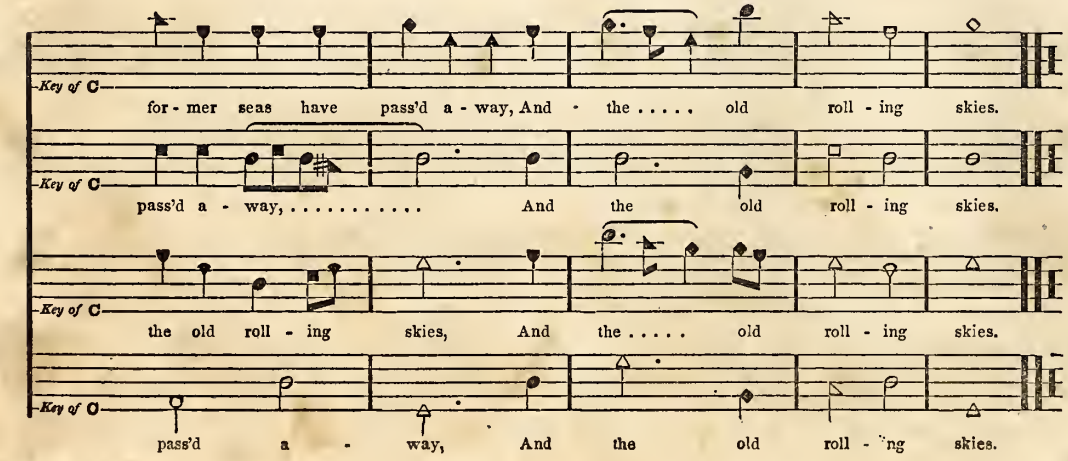
WELFORD. C. M.


MODERATE.
Key of F
1. Spir - it of peace! ce - les - - tial Dove! How ex - cel - lent thy praise! No rich - er gift than Chris - tian love Thy gra - cious pow'r dis - plays.
2. Sweet as the dew on herb and flow'r, That si - lent - ly dis - tils, At eve - ning's soft and balm - y hour, On Zi - on's fruit - ful hills.
3. So, with mild in - fluence from a - bove, Shall promised grace de - scend, Till u - ni - ver - sal peace and love O'er all the earth ex - tend.

HANLEY. C. M.


SLOW.
Key of D
1. Our Fa - ther who in hea - ven art! All hal-low'd be thy name; Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, Through - out this earth - ly frame.
2. As cheer - ful - ly as 'tis by those Who dwell with thee on high, Lord, let thy bounty, day by day, Our dai - ly food sup - ply.
3. As we for - give our en - e - mies, Thy par-don, Lord, we crave; In - to temp - ta - tion lead us not, But us from e - vil save.
4. For kingdom, pow'r and glo - ry al Be - long, O Lord, to thee; Thine from e - ter - ni - ty they were, And thine shall ev - er be.

Key of C
The
1. Lo, what a glo-rious sight ap - pears To our be - liev - ing eyes! The for - mer seas have
The for - mer seas have pass'd a - way, And
The for - mer seas have pass'd a - way, The for - mer seas have


Key of C
for - mer seas have pass'd a - way, And the ..... old roll - ing skies.
pass'd a - way, ... And the old roll - ing skies.
the old roll - ing skies, And the ..... old roll - ing skies.
pass'd a - way, And the old roll - ing skies.

2. From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3. Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing—
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4. "The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode;
Men the dear objects of his love,
And he their gracious God.

5. "His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans and griefs and fears
And death itself shall die."

6. How long, dear Saviour, oh how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

In a gentle and smooth style.

Key of F
6/4
1. Thy gra-cious pre-sence, O my God, My ev'-ry wish con-tains: With this, be-neath af-flic-tion's load, My heart no more com-plains;
2. Oh hap-py scenes of pure de-light, Where thy full beams im-part Un-cloud-ed beau-ty to the sight, And rap-ture to the heart;
3. Lord, shall these breathings of my heart As-pire in vain to thee! Con-firm my hope that where thou art I shall for ev-er be;
This can my ev'-ry care con-trol, Gild each dark scene with light; This is the sun-shine of the soul; With-out it all is night.
Her part in those fair realms of bliss My spi-rit longs to know: My wish-es ter-mi-nate in this, Nor can they rest be-low.
Then shall my cheer-ful spi-rit sing The dark-some hours a-way, And rise, on faith's ex-pand-ed wing, To ev-er-last-ing day.

ATWATER. C. M.

IN A GENTLE AND SMOOTH STYLE.

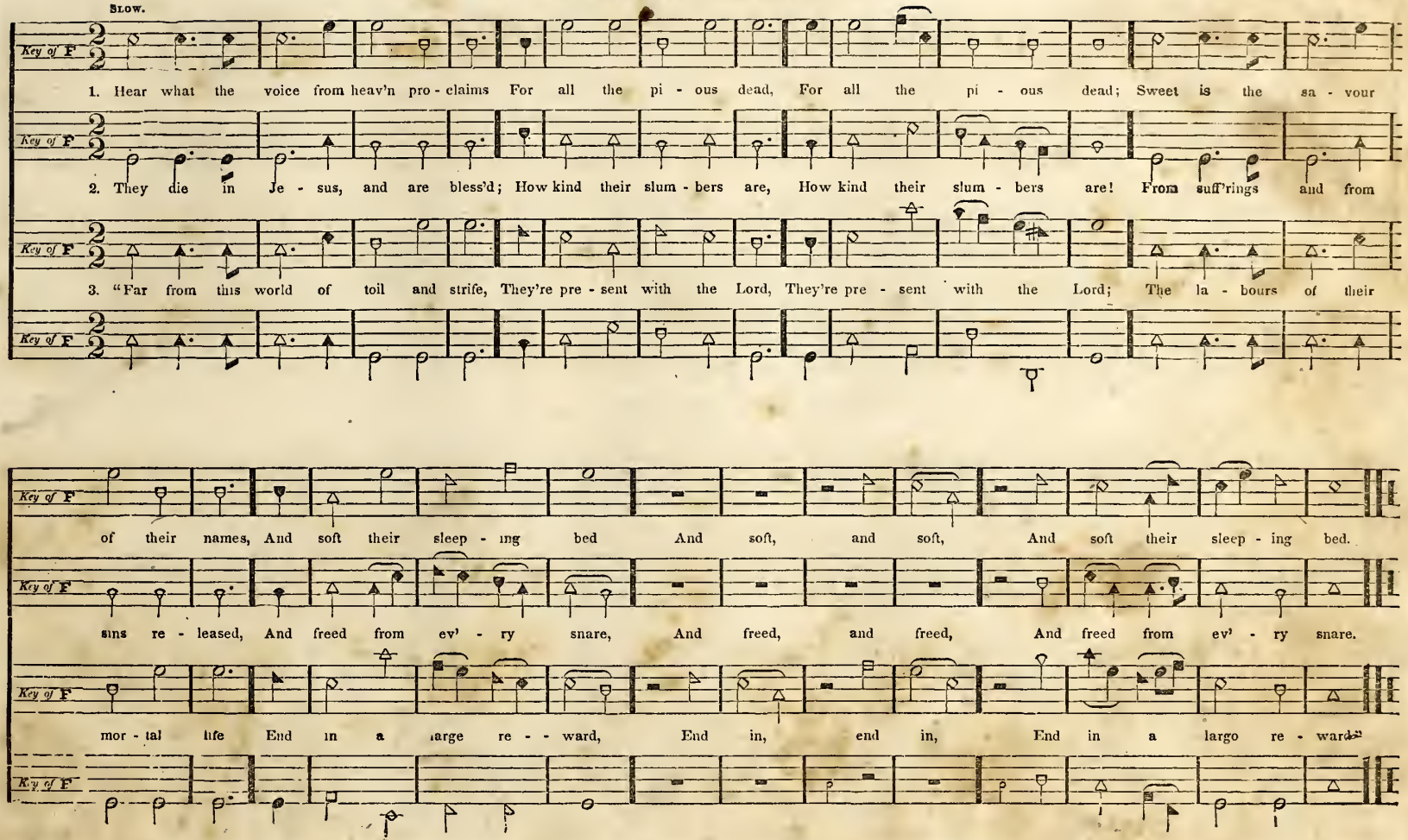
Key, B♭ 6/4
1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re-volve; Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re-solve, And make this last re-
2. "Ill go to Je-sus, though my sin Hath like a moun-tain rose; I know his courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose, What-ev-er may op-
solve, And make this last re-solve, Come, with your guilt and fear op-press'd, And make this last re-solve:—
pose, What-ev-er may op-pose, I know his courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose.

3. "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4. "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch—
And then the suppliant lives.

5. "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

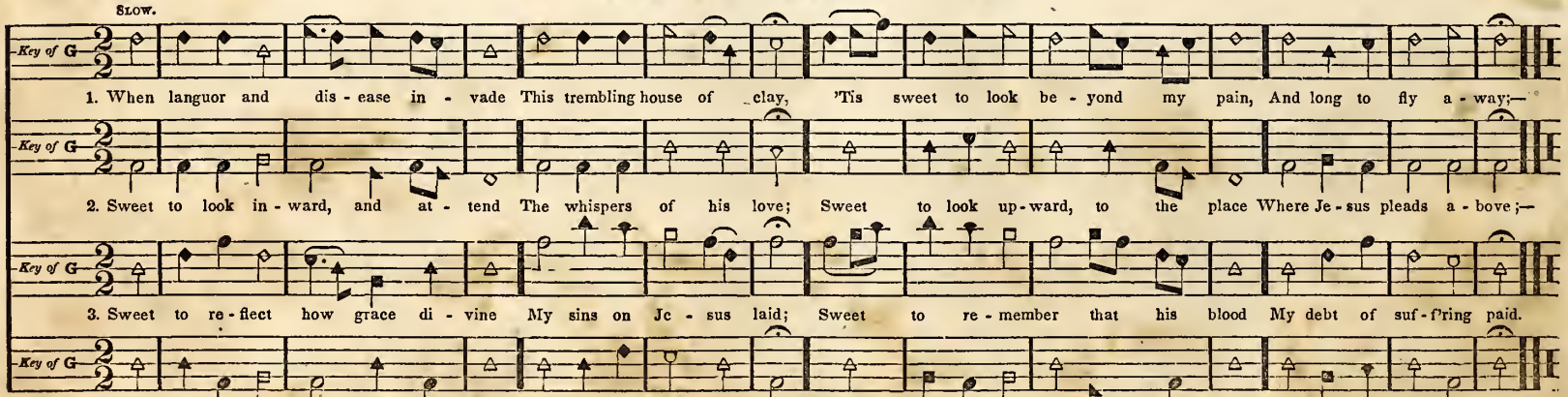
6. "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."


Blow.
Key of F
1. Hear what the voice from heav'n pro - claims For all the pi - ous dead, For all the pi - ous dead; Sweet is the sa - vour
2. They die in Je - sus, and are bless'd; How kind their slum - bers are, How kind their slum - bers are! From suff'rings and from
3. "Far from this world of toil and strife, They're pre - sent with the Lord, They're pre - sent with the Lord; The la - bours of their
of their names, And soft their sleep - ing bed And soft, and soft, And soft their sleep - ing bed.
sins re - leased, And freed from ev' - ry snare, And freed, and freed, And freed from ev' - ry snare.
mor - tal life End in a large re - - ward, End in, end in, End in a largo re - ward.

NAZARETH. C. M.

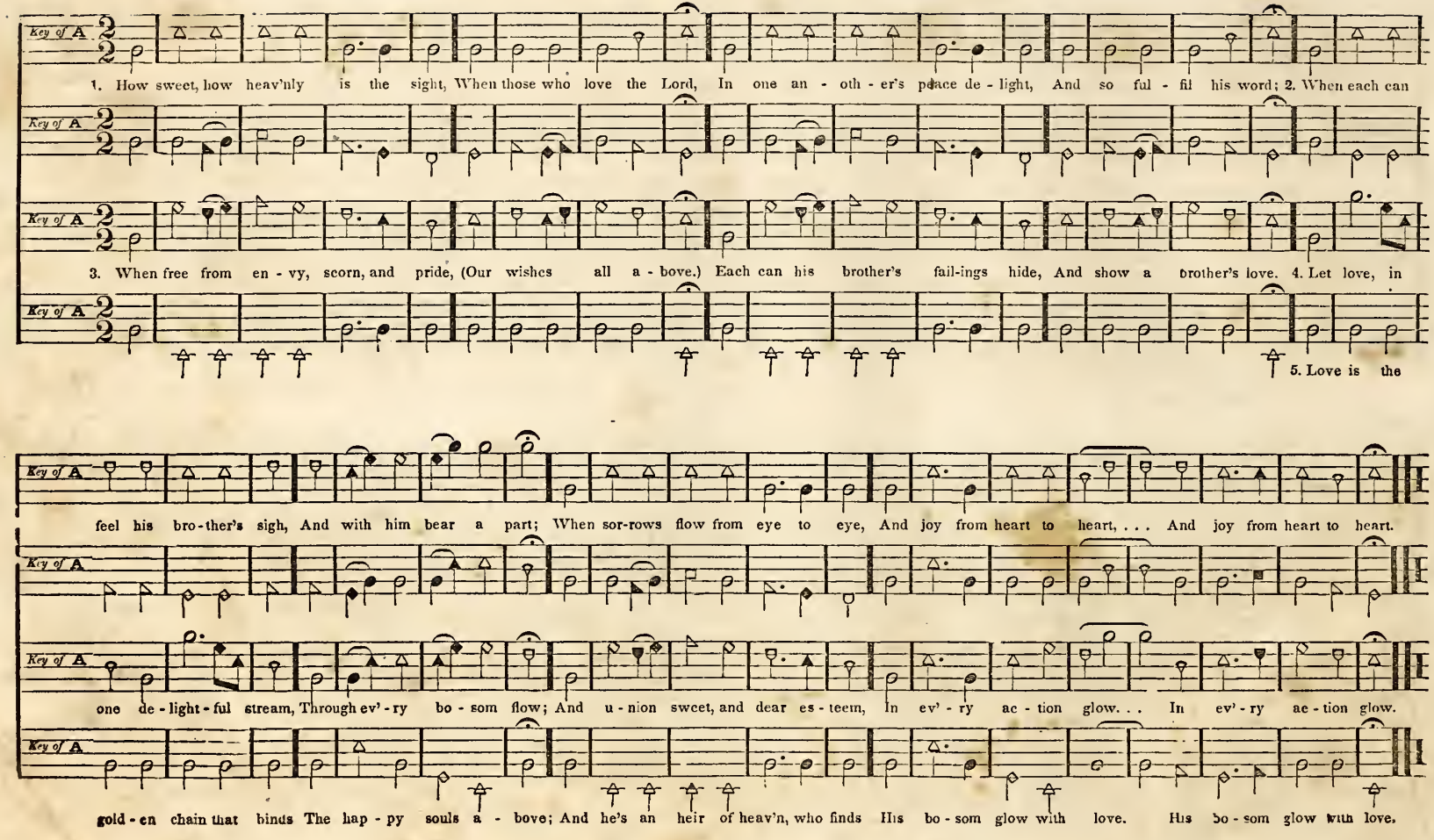
Key of G
1. See Is - rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stand, With all en - gag - ing charms; Hark, how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms.
2. "Per - mit them to ap - proach," he cries, "Nor scorn their hum - ble name; For 'twas to bless such souls as these The Lord of an - gels came."
3. We bring them, Lord, in thank - ful hands, And yield them up to thee; Joy - ful that we our - selves are thine, Thine let our offspring be.
4. If or - phans they are left be - hind, Thy guar - dian care we trust That care shall heal our bleed - ing hearts, If weep - ing o'er their dust.

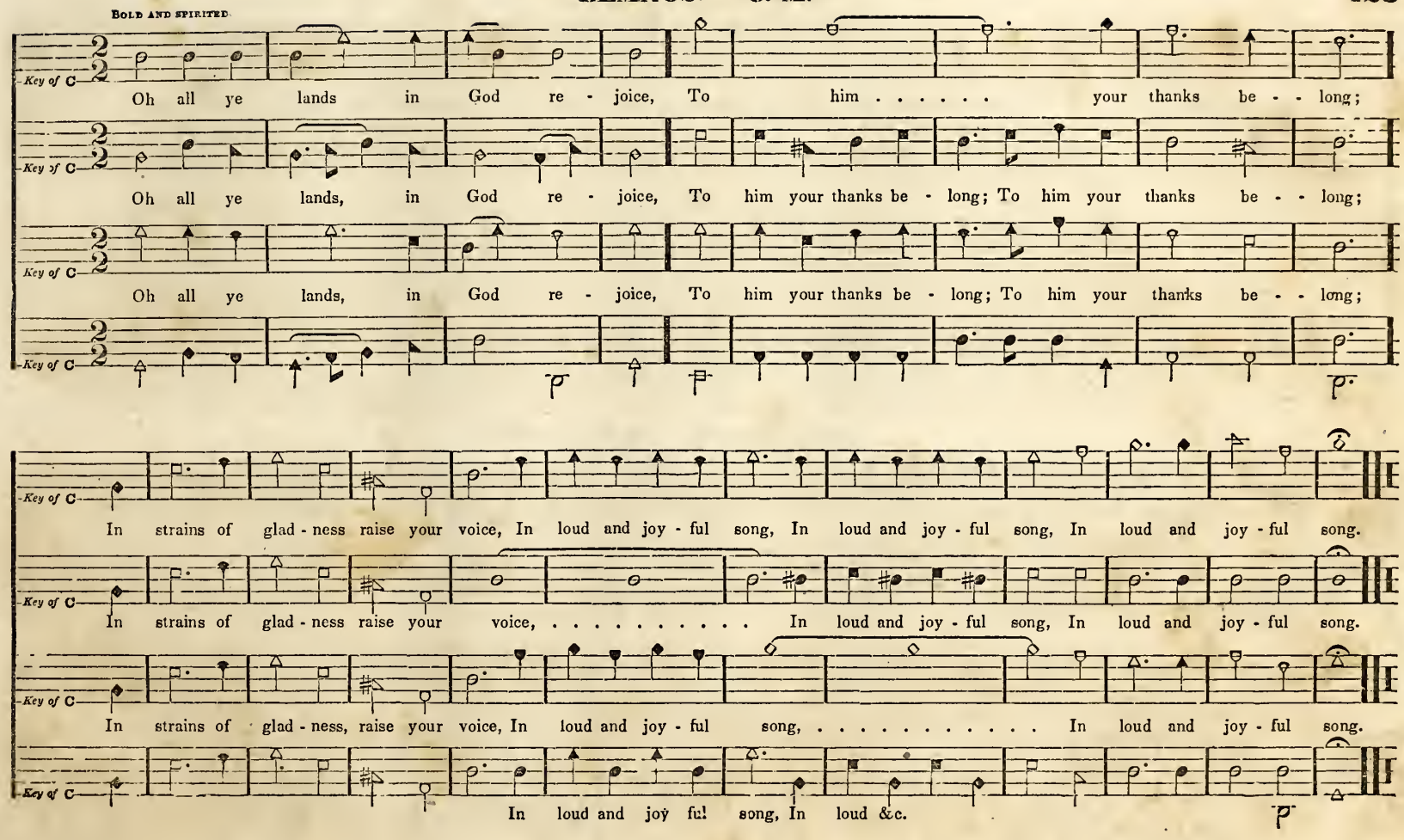
DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.


Slow.
Key of G
1. When languor and dis - ease in - vade This trembling house of clay, 'Tis sweet to look be - yond my pain, And long to fly a - way;—
2. Sweet to look in - ward, and at - tend The whispers of his love; Sweet to look up - ward, to the place Where Je - sus pleads a - bove;—
3. Sweet to re - flect how grace di - vine My sins on Je - sus laid; Sweet to re - member that his blood My debt of suf - fring paid.
4. Sweet on his faith - ful - ness to rest, Whose love can nev - er end; Sweet on his co - ve - nant of grace For all things to de - pend,—
5. Sweet, in the con - fi - dence of faith, To trust his firm de - crees; Sweet to lie pas - sive in his hands, And know no will but his
6. Sweet to re - joice in live - ly hope That, when my change shall come, An - gels will ho - ver round my bed, And waft my spi - rit home.

Slow.
Key of G
1. Hail! sweetest, dearest tie that binds Our glowing hearts in one; Hail sa-cred hope, that tunes our minds To har-mo-ny di-vine;
2. What though the northern win-try blast Shall howl a-round thy cot, What though be-neath an eastern sun, Be cast our dis-tant lot;
3. From Burmah's shores, from Af-ric's strand, From In-dia's burn-ing plain, From Eu-rope, from Co-lum-bia's land, We hope to meet a-gain;
4. No ling'-ring hope, no parting sigh, Our fu-ture meeting knows; The friendship beams from ev'-ry eye, And hope im-mor-tal grows.
It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope Which Je-sus' grace has giv'n; The hope when days and years are pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.
Yet still we share the blissful hope Which Je-sus' grace has giv'n; The hope when days and years are pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.
It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope Which Je-sus' grace has giv'n; The hope when days and years are pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.
O sa-cred hope! O bliss-ful hope, Which Je-sus' grace has giv'n; The hope when days and years are pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.

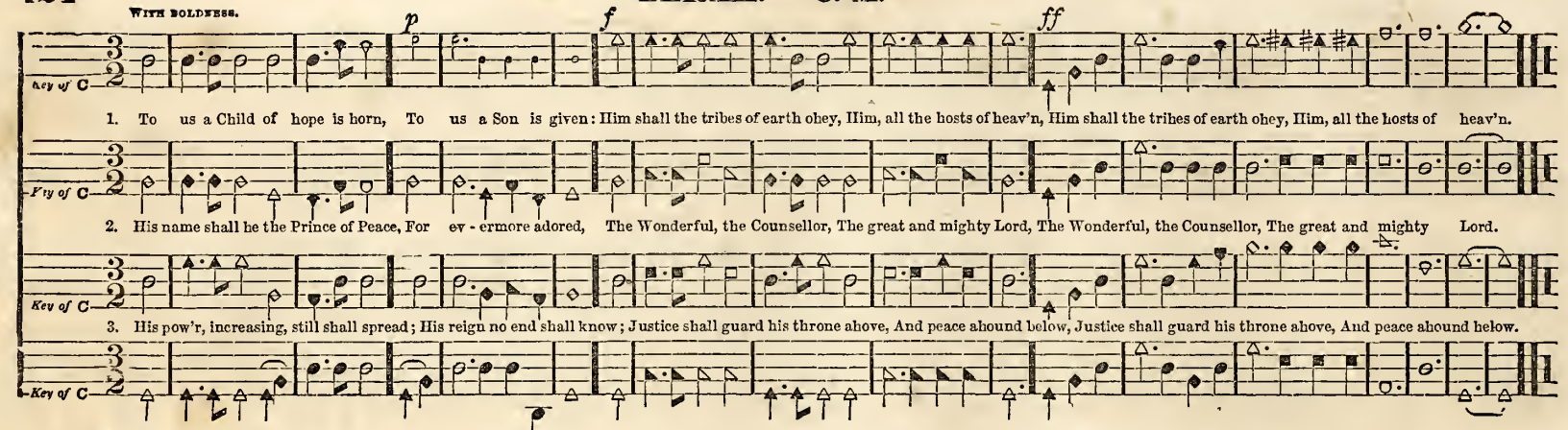
IDDO. C. M.


Key of A
1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, When those who love the Lord, In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fil his word; 2. When each can
3. When free from en - vy, scorn, and pride, (Our wishes all a - bove.) Each can his brother's fail-ings hide, And show a brother's love. 4. Let love, in
5. Love is the
feel his bro-ther's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sor-rows flow from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart, . . . And joy from heart to heart.
one de - light - ful stream, Through ev' - ry bo - som flow; And u - nion sweet, and dear es - teem, In ev' - ry ac - tion glow. . . In ev' - ry ac - tion glow.
gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove; And he's an heir of heav'n, who finds His bo - som glow with love. His bo - som glow with love.


Bold and spirited.
Key of C
Oh all ye lands in God re - joice, To him . . . . . your thanks be - - long;
Oh all ye lands, in God re - joice, To him your thanks be - long; To him your thanks be - - long;
Oh all ye lands, in God re - joice, To him your thanks be - long; To him your thanks be - - long;
In strains of glad - ness raise your voice, In loud and joy - ful song, In loud and joy - ful song, In loud and joy - ful song.
In strains of glad - ness raise your voice, ... In loud and joy - ful song, In loud and joy - ful song.
In strains of glad - ness, raise your voice, In loud and joy - ful song, ... In loud and joy - ful song.
In loud and joy ful song, In loud &c.

ZERAH. C. M.

With boldness.


p
f
ff
Key of C
1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given: Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him, all the hosts of heav'n, Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him, all the hosts of heav'n.
2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For ev - ermore adored, The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The great and mighty Lord, The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The great and mighty Lord.
3. His pow'r, increasing, still shall spread; His reign no end shall know; Justice shall guard his throne above, And peace abound below, Justice shall guard his throne above, And peace abound below.
4. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given— The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The mighty Lord of heav'n, The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The mighty Lord of heav'n.

FARNHAM. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

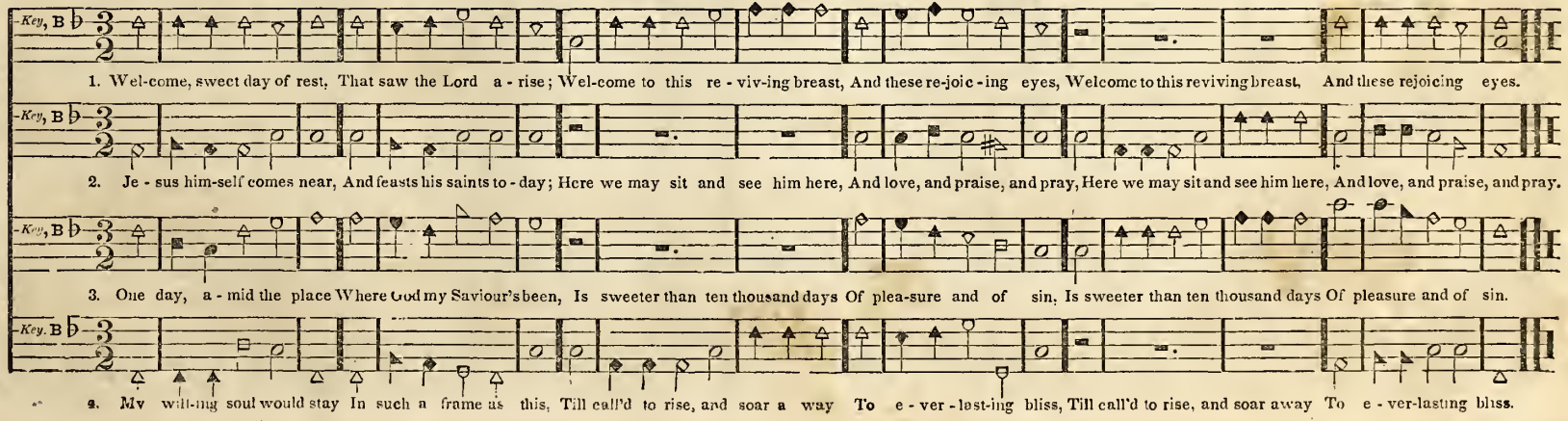
Key of G
1. Soon as I heard my Father say, "Ye children, seek my grace;" My heart replied without de - lay, "I'll seek my Father's face." } Let not thy face be hid from me, Nor frown my soul a - way; God of my life, I fly to thee, In each dis-tress-ing day.
2. Should friends and kindred near and dear, Leave me to want or die, My God will make my life his care, And all my need sup-ply. } Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints, And keep your courage up; He'll raise your spirit when it faints, And far exceed your hope.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

Key of A
1. The Lord, the sov' - reign King, Hath fix'd his throne on high, O'er all the heav'n - ly world he rules, And all be - neath the sky.
2. Ye an - gels, great in might, And swift to do his will, Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear, Whose plea - sure ye ful - fil.
3. Ye heav'n-ly hosts, who wait The or - ders of your King, Who guard his church - es when they pray, Oh join the praise we sing.
4. While all his won - drous works, Through his vast king - dom show Their Mak - er's glo - ry, thou, my soul, Shalt sing his gra - ces too.

LISBON. S. M.

Altered from D. READ.


Key, B♭
1. Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel-come to this re - viv-ing breast, And these re-joic - ing eyes, Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.
2. Je - sus him-self comes near, And feasts his saints to - day; Here we may sit and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray, Here we may sit and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
3. One day, a - mid the place Where God my Saviour's been, Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of plea-sure and of sin, Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of pleasure and of sin.
4. My will-ing soul would stay In such a frame as this, Till call'd to rise, and soar a way To e - ver - last-ing bliss, Till call'd to rise, and soar away To e - ver-lasting bliss.

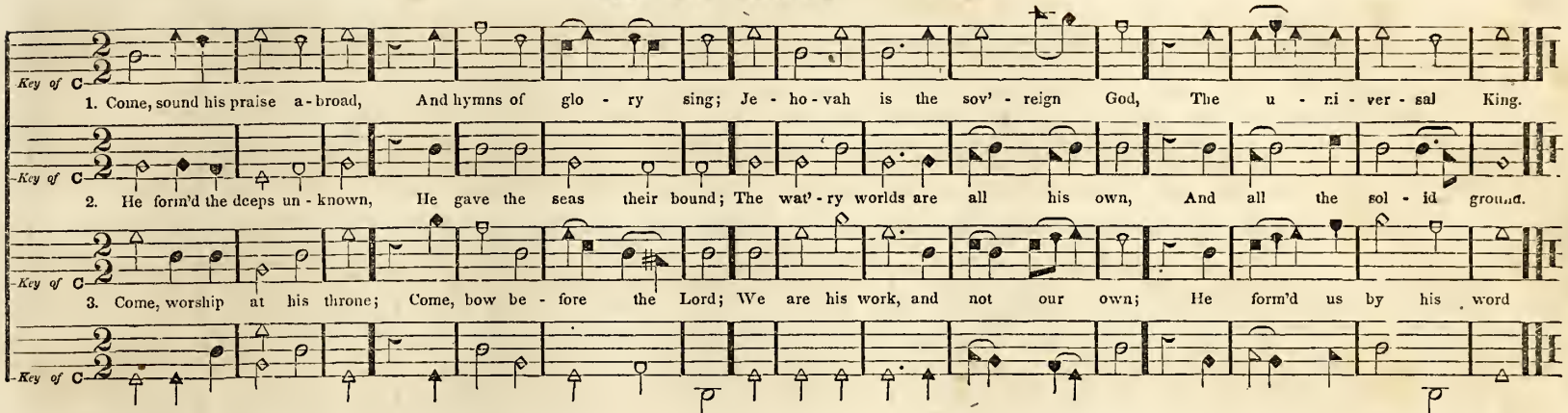
LOCKPORT. S. M.

Key of G
1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur-round the throne.
2 The sorrows of the mind Be ban - ish'd from this place; Re - li - gion ne - ver was de - sign'd To make our pleasures less.
3. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who ne - ver knew our God; But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King May speak their joys a - broad.
4. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.
5. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev' - ry tear be dry; We're march - ing through Im - ma - nuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

CODA. (To be sung or omitted at pleasure.)

SILVER STREET. S. M.

J. SMITH.


Key of C
1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the sov' - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
2. He form'd the deeps un - known, He gave the seas their bound; The wat' - ry worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.
3. Come, worship at his throne; Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are his work, and not our own; He form'd us by his word
4. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro - voke his rod; Come, like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gra - cious God.

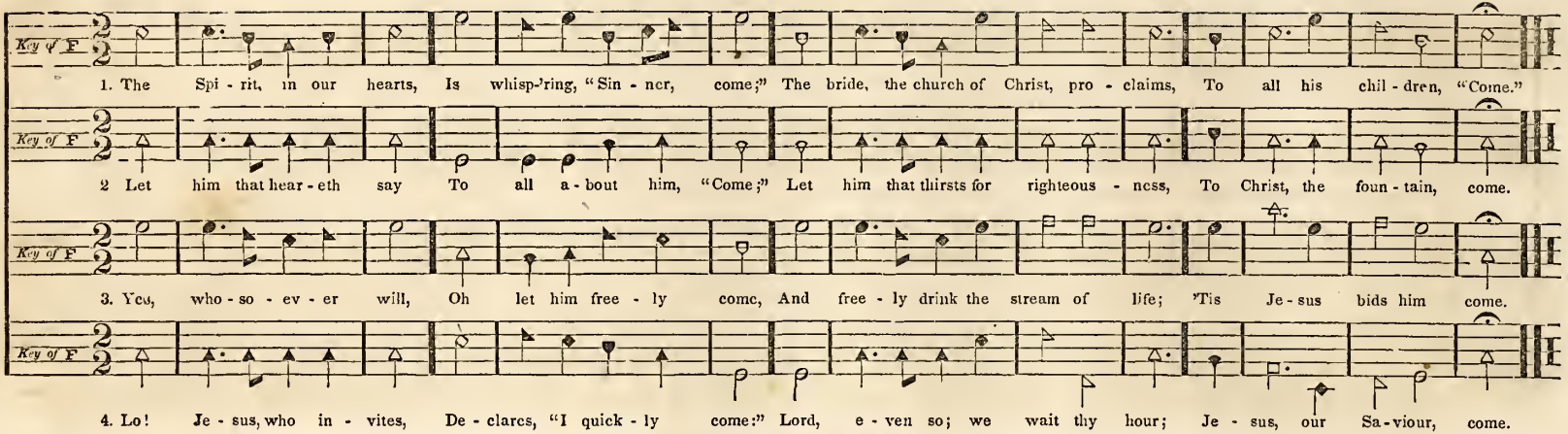
INVERNESS. S. M.

L. MASON.

Key of F
1. O cease, my wand'ring soul, On rest - less wing, to roam; All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, Has not for thee a home
2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door! Oh! haste to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.
3. There, safe thou shalt a - bide, There, sweet shall be thy rest, And ev' - ry long - ing sa - tis - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.

OLNEY. S. M.

L. MASON


Key of F
1. The Spi - rit, in our hearts, Is whisp-'ring, "Sin - ner, come;" The bride, the church of Christ, pro - claims, To all his chil - dren, "Come."
2 Let him that hear - eth say To all a - bout him, "Come;" Let him that thirsts for righteous - ness, To Christ, the foun - tain, come.
3. Yes, who - so - ev - er will, Oh let him free - ly come, And free - ly drink the stream of life; 'Tis Je - sus bids him come.
4. Lo! Je - sus, who in - vites, De - clares, "I quick - ly come:" Lord, e - ven so; we wait thy hour; Je - sus, our Sa - viour, come.

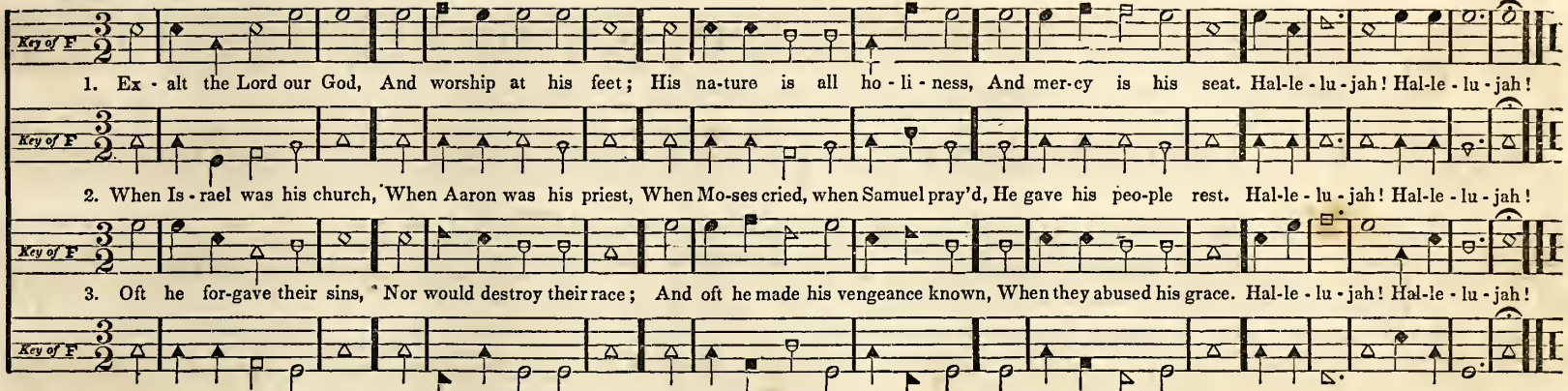
DOVER. S. M.

Key of F
1. Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes his church-es his a - bode, His most de - light - ful seat.
2. In Zi - on God is known, A re - fuge in dis - tress; How bright has his sal - va - tion shone Through all her pa - la - ces.
3. When kings a - gainst her join'd, And saw the Lord was there, In wild con - fu - sion of the mind, They fled with hast - y fear.
4 Oft have our fa - thers told, Our eyes have oft - en seen, How well our God se - cures the fold Where his own sheep have been.
5 In ev' - ry new dis - tress We'll to his house re - pair; We'll think up - on his wondrous grace, And seek de - liv' - rance there

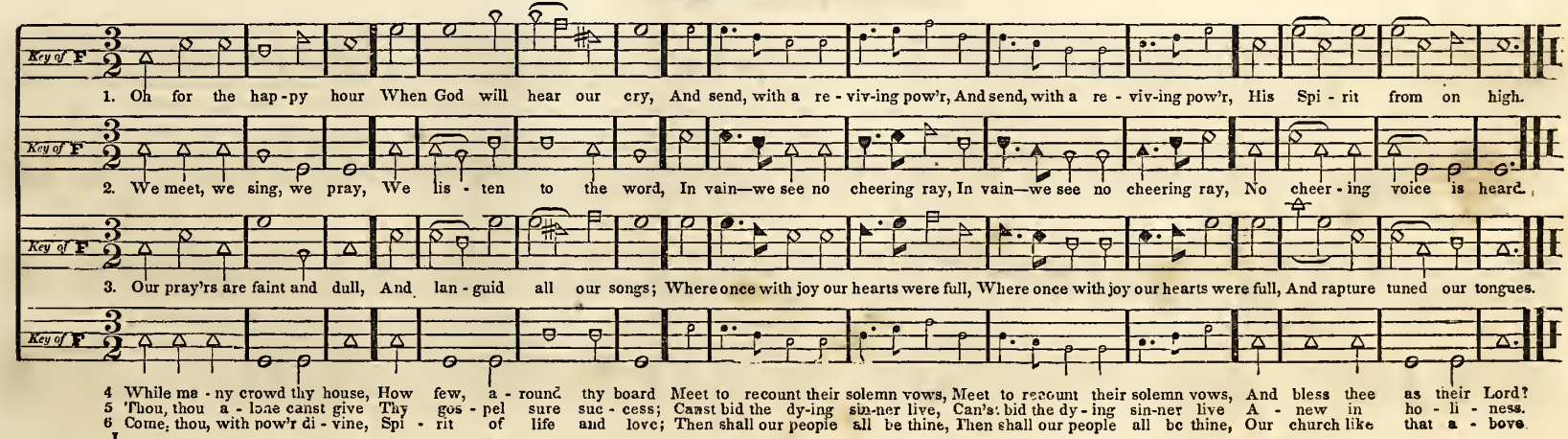
BADEA. S. M.

IN CHORAL STYLE.

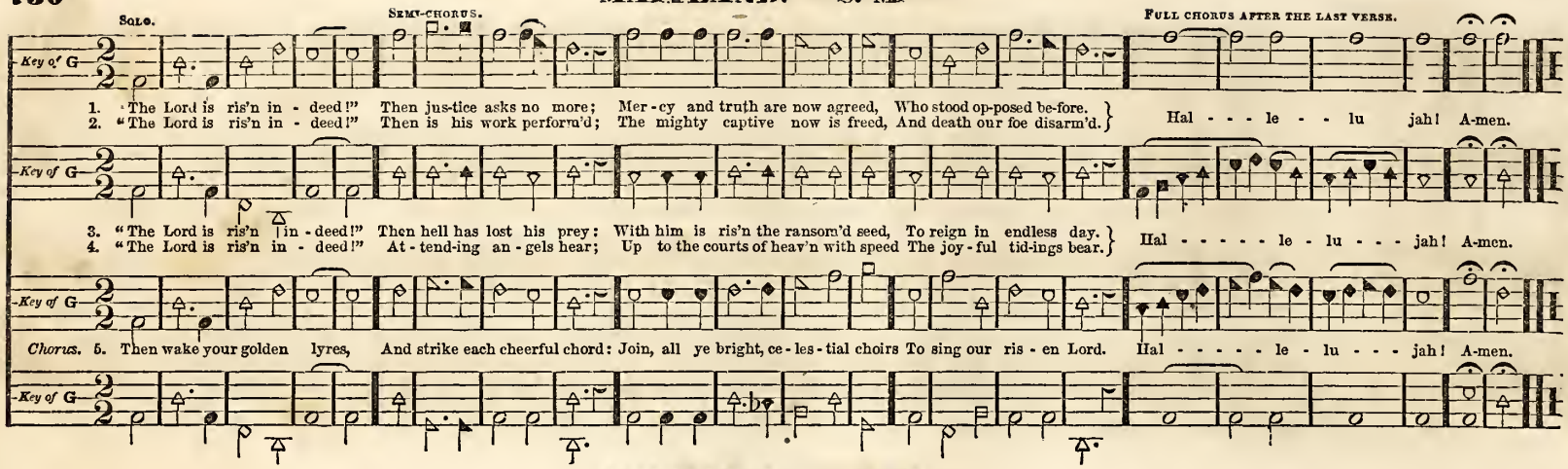
CODA.


Key of F
1. Ex - alt the Lord our God, And worship at his feet; His na-ture is all ho - li - ness, And mer-cy is his seat. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!
2. When Is - rael was his church, When Aaron was his priest, When Mo-ses cried, when Samuel pray'd, He gave his peo-ple rest. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!
3. Oft he for-gave their sins, Nor would destroy their race; And oft he made his vengeance known, When they abused his grace. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!
4. Ex - alt the Lord our God, Whose grace is still the same; Still he's a God of ho - li - ness, And jeal-ous for his name. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!

GERAR. S. M.


Key of F
1. Oh for the hap-py hour When God will hear our cry, And send, with a re - viv-ing pow'r, And send, with a re - viv-ing pow'r, His Spi - rit from on high.
2. We meet, we sing, we pray, We lis - ten to the word, In vain—we see no cheering ray, In vain—we see no cheering ray, No cheer - ing voice is heard.
3. Our pray'rs are faint and dull, And lan - guid all our songs; Where once with joy our hearts were full, Where once with joy our hearts were full, And rapture tuned our tongues.
4 While ma - ny crowd thy house, How few, a - round thy board Meet to recount their solemn vows, Meet to recount their solemn vows, And bless thee as their Lord?
5 Thou, thou a - lone canst give Thy gos - pel sure suc - cess; Canst bid the dy-ing sin-ner live, Can'st bid the dy - ing sin-ner live A - new in ho - li - ness.
6 Come, thou, with pow'r di - vine, Spi - rit of life and love; Then shall our people all be thine, Then shall our people all be thine, Our church like that a - bove.

MAITLAND. S. M.


Solo.
Semi-chorus.
Full chorus after the last verse.
Key of G
1. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed!" Then jus-tice asks no more; Mer - cy and truth are now agreed, Who stood op-posed be-fore.
2. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed!" Then is his work perform'd; The mighty captive now is freed, And death our foe disarm'd.
Hal - - - le - - lu jah! A-men.
3. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed!" Then hell has lost his prey: With him is ris'n the ransom'd seed, To reign in endless day.
4. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed!" At - tend-ing an - gels hear; Up to the courts of heav'n with speed The joy - ful tid-ings bear.
Hal - - - - - le - lu - - - jah! A-men.
Chorus. 5. Then wake your golden lyres, And strike each cheerful chord: Join, all ye bright, ce - les - tial choirs To sing our ris - en Lord.
Hal - - - - - le - lu - - - jah! A-men.

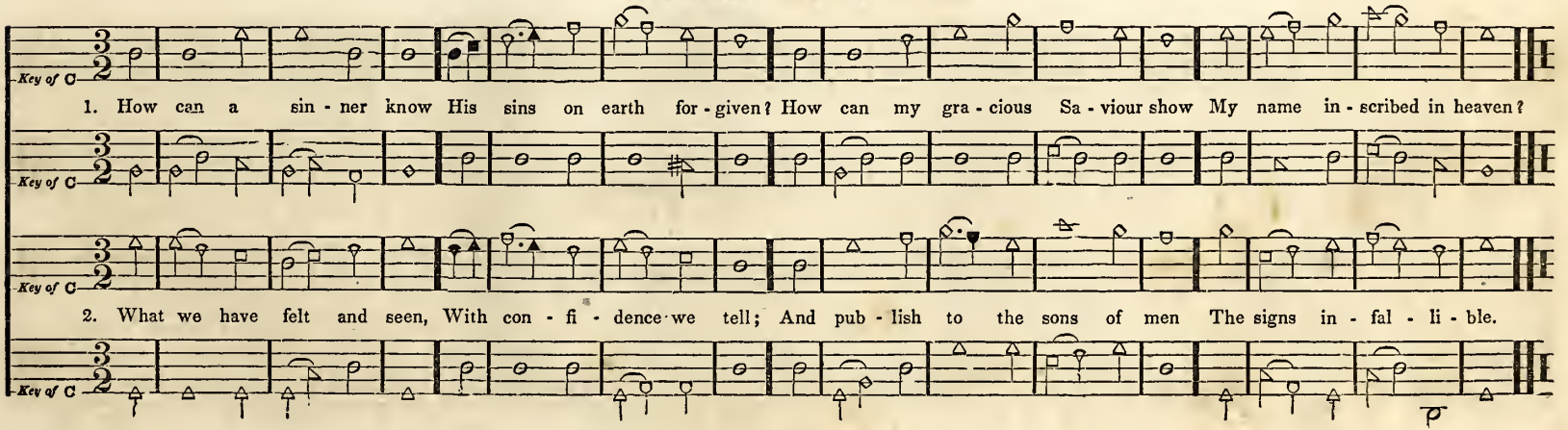
LOUISVILLE. S. M.

Key of G
1. Let par-ty names no more The Christian world o'erspread; Gen - tile and Jew, and bond and free, Are one in Christ their head, Are one in Christ their head.
2. A - mong the saints on earth Let mutual love be found; Heirs of the same in - her - i - tance, With mutual blessings crown'd, With mutual blessings crown'd.
3. Thus will the church be-low Re - semble that a - bove, Where streams of pleasure ev - er flow, And ev'-ry heart is love, And ev'-ry heart is love.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

Key of D
1. Our heav'n-ly Fa - ther, hear The pray'r we of - fer now: Thy name be hallow'd, far and near, To thee all na - tions bow.
2. Thy king - dom come; thy will On earth be done in love, As saints and se - ra - phim ful - fil Thy per - fect law a - bove.
3. Our dai ly bread sup - ply, While by thy word we live; The guilt of our in - i - qui - ty For - give, as we for - give.
4 From dark temp - ta - tion's power, From Sa - tan's wiles de - fend; De - li - ver in the e - vil hour, And guide us to the end.
5. Thine, then, for ev - er be Glo - ry and pow'r di - vine; The scep - tre, throne, and ma - jes - ty Of heav'n and earth are thine.
6. Thus hum - bly taught to pray, By thy be - lov - ed Son, Through him we come to thee, and say— All for his sake be done.

OXFORD. S. M.


Key of C
1. How can a sin - ner know His sins on earth for - given? How can my gra - cious Sa - viour show My name in - scribed in heaven?
2. What we have felt and seen, With con - fi - dence we tell; And pub - lish to the sons of men The signs in - fal - li - ble.

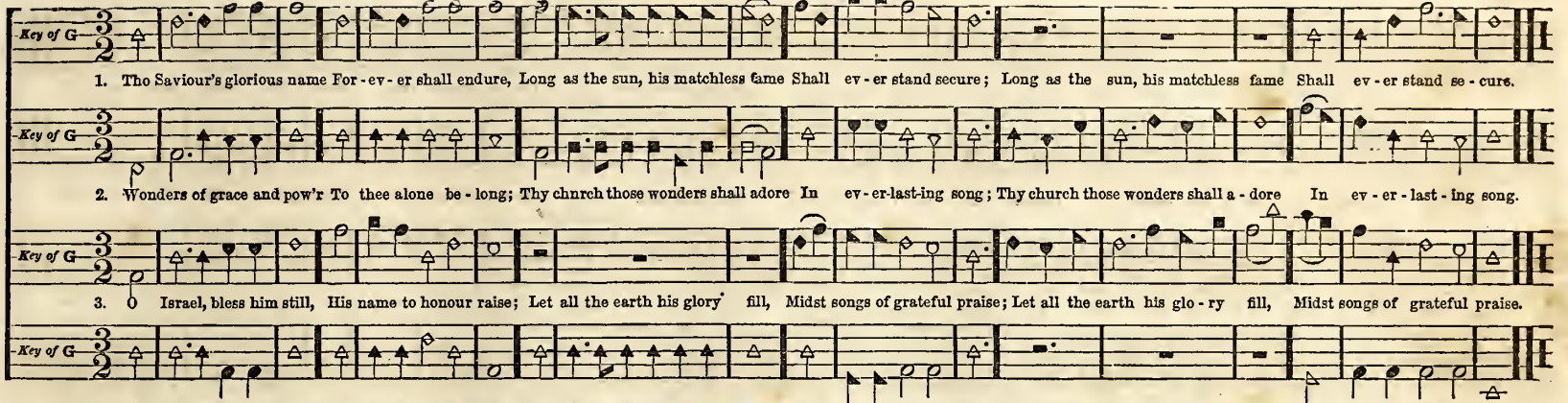
AIN. S. M. (DOUBLE.)

From CORRELLI.

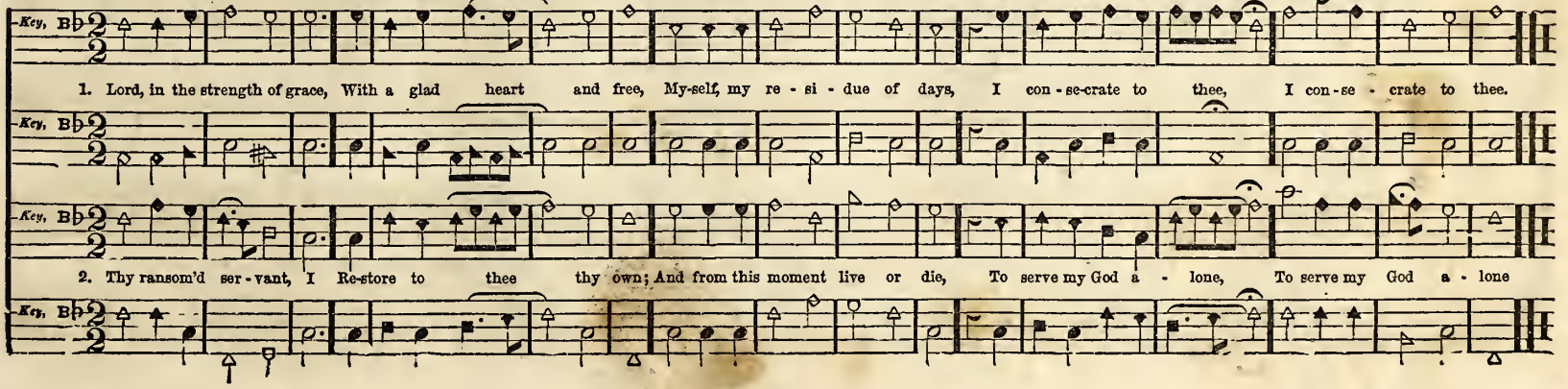
Key of A
1 Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.
2. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who nev-er knew our God; But children of the heav'nly King May speak their joys a - broad.
Let, &c.
Who, &c.
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev' - ry tear be dry; We're marching through Im-man-uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.
Let, &c.
Who, &c.

WELBY. S. M.

From F. SILCHER.


Key of G
1. Tho Saviour's glorious name For-ev-er shall endure, Long as the sun, his matchless fame Shall ev-er stand secure; Long as the sun, his matchless fame Shall ev-er stand se-cure.
2. Wonders of grace and pow'r To thee alone be-long; Thy church those wonders shall adore In ev-er-last-ing song; Thy church those wonders shall a-dore In ev-er-last-ing song.
3. O Israel, bless him still, His name to honour raise; Let all the earth his glory fill, Midst songs of grateful praise; Let all the earth his glo-ry fill, Midst songs of grateful praise.
4. Je-ho-vah, God most high, We spread thy praise abroad; Thro' all the world thy fame shall fly, O God, thine Israel's God! Thro' all the world thy fame shall fly, O God, thine Israel's God!

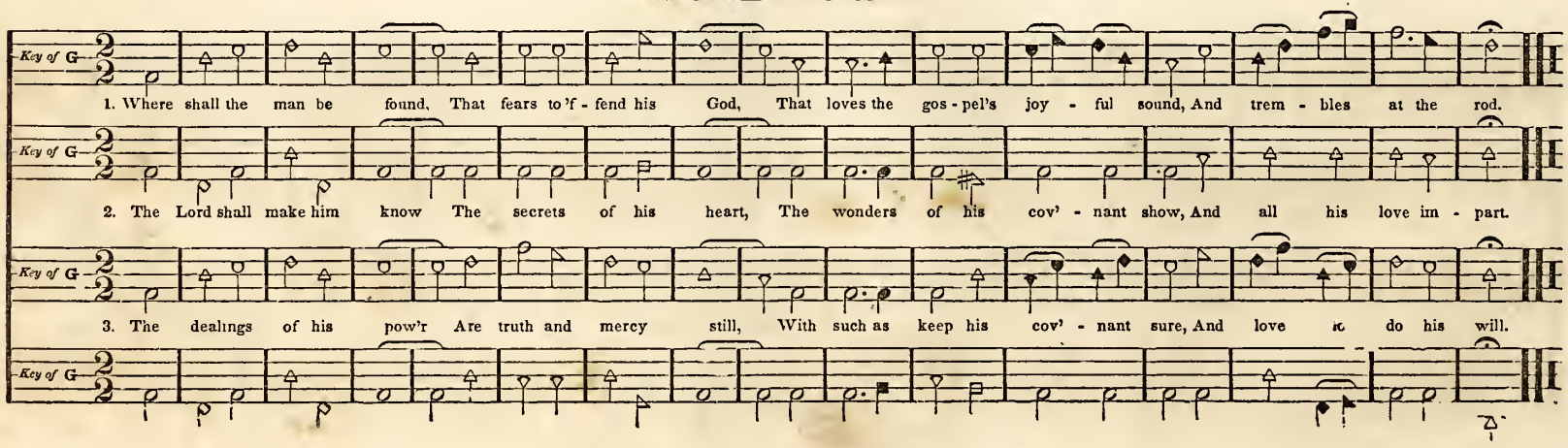
HANTS. S. M.


Key, B♭
1. Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free, My-self, my re-si-due of days, I con-se-crate to thee, I con-se-crate to thee.
2. Thy ransom'd ser-vant, I Re-store to thee thy own; And from this moment live or die, To serve my God a-lone, To serve my God a-lone

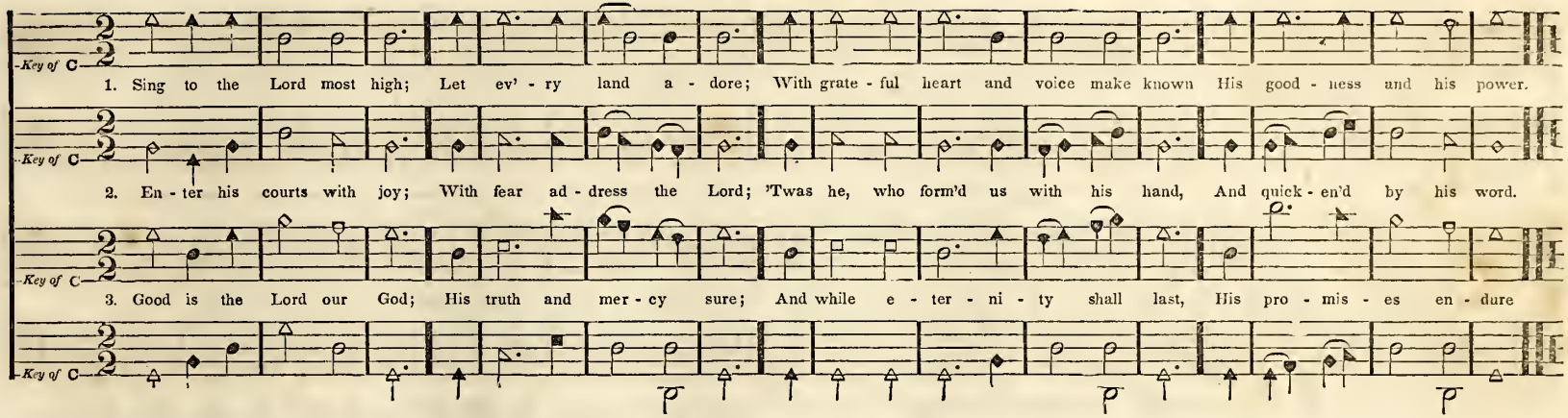
OHIO. S. M.

Key of A
1. Be - hold the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way; His beams through all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.
2. But where the gos - pel comes, It spreads di - vi - ner light, It calls dead sin - - ners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.
3. How per - fect is thy word! And all thy judg-ments just! For ev - er sure thy pro-mise, Lord, And we se - cure - ly trust.
4. My gra - cious God, how plain Are thy di - rec - tions giv'n! Oh may I nev - er read in vain, But find the path to heav'n.

GEBAL. S. M.


Key of G
1. Where shall the man be found, That fears to 'f - fend his God, That loves the gos - pel's joy - ful sound, And trem - bles at the rod.
2. The Lord shall make him know The secrets of his heart, The wonders of his cov' - nant show, And all his love im - part.
3. The dealings of his pow'r Are truth and mercy still, With such as keep his cov' - nant sure, And love to do his will.

JUNIATA. S. M.


Key of C
1. Sing to the Lord most high; Let ev' - ry land a - dore; With grate - ful heart and voice make known His good - ness and his power.
Key of C
2. En - ter his courts with joy; With fear ad - dress the Lord; 'Twas he, who form'd us with his hand, And quick - en'd by his word.
Key of C
3. Good is the Lord our God; His truth and mer - cy sure; And while e - ter - ni - ty shall last, His pro - mis - es en - dure
Key of C

COMPTON. S. M.

E. K. PROUTY.

Key of F
1. Be - hold the throne of grace! The pro - mise calls me near; There Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer prayer.
Key of F
2. Thine im - age, Lord, be - stow, Thy pre - sence and thy love; I ask to serve thee here be - low, And reign with thee a - bove.
Key of F
3 Teach me to live by faith; Con - form my will to thine; Let me vic - to - rious be in death, And then in glo - ry shine.
Key of F
4 If thou these bless - ings give, And wilt my por - tion be, All world - ly joys I'll cheer-ful leave, And find my heav'n in thee

AYLESBURY. S. M.

DR. GREEN.

Slow and Soft
Key, B♭
1. Oh! where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean - depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh: 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
3. Be - yond this vale of tears, There is a life a - bove, Un - mea - sured by the flight of years— And all that life is love.
4. There is a death, whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath; Oh! what e - ter - nal hor - rors hang A - round the se - cond death.
5. Lord God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun; Lest we be ban - ish'd from thy face And ev - er - more un - done.

TAGE. S. M.

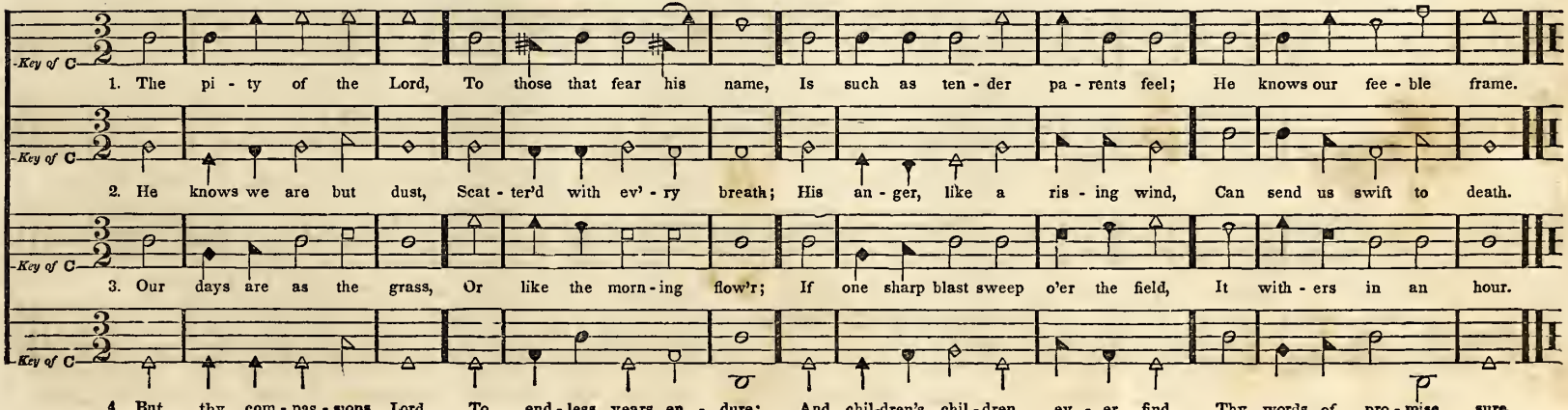
Key of F
1. Ex - alt the Lord our God, And wor - ship at his feet; His na - ture is all ho - li - ness, And mer - cy is his seat.
2. When Is - rael was his church, When Aa - ron was his priest, When Mo - ses cried, when Sam - uel pray'd, He gave his peo - ple rest.
3. Oft he for - gave their sins, Nor would de - stroy their race; And oft he made his ven - geance known, When they a - bused his grace.
4. Ex - alt the Lord our God, Whose grace is still the same: Still he's a God of ho - li - ness, And jea - lous for his name.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

Key of C
1. And must this bo - dy die; This mor - tal frame de - cay? And must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay?
2. God, my Re - deem - er, lives, And of - ten from the skies Looks down, and watch - es all my dust, Till he shall bid it rise.
3. Ar - ray'd in glo - rious grace, Shall these vile bo - dies shine; And ev' - ry shape and ev' - ry face Look heav'n-ly and di - vine.
4. These live - ly hopes we owe To Je - sus' dy - ing love; We would a - dore his grace be - low, And sing his power a - bove.
5. Dear Lord, ac - cept the praise Of these our hum - ble songs, Till tunes of no - bler sound we raise With our im - mor - tal tongues.

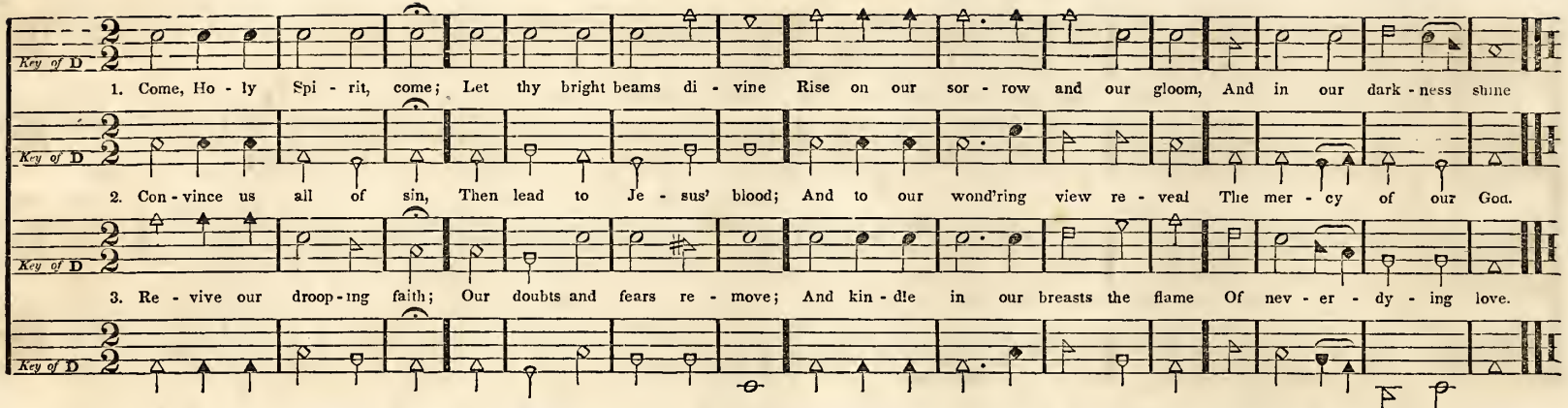
BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.


Key of C
1. The pi - ty of the Lord, To those that fear his name, Is such as ten - der pa - rents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.
2. He knows we are but dust, Scat - ter'd with ev' - ry breath; His an - ger, like a ris - ing wind, Can send us swift to death.
3. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn - ing flow'r; If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It with - ers in an hour.
4 But thy com - pas - sions. Lord, To end - less years en - dure; And chil-dren's chil - dren ev - er find Thy words of pro - mise sure.

WESTMINSTER. S. M.

DR. BOYCE.


Key of D
1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, come; Let thy bright beams di - vine Rise on our sor - row and our gloom, And in our dark - ness shine
Key of D
2. Con - vince us all of sin, Then lead to Je - sus' blood; And to our wond'ring view re - veal The mer - cy of our God.
Key of D
3. Re - vive our droop - ing faith; Our doubts and fears re - move; And kin - dle in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.
Key of D
4. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc - ti - fy the soul, To pour fresh life in ev' - ry part, And new cre - ate the whole.

DUNBAR. S. M.

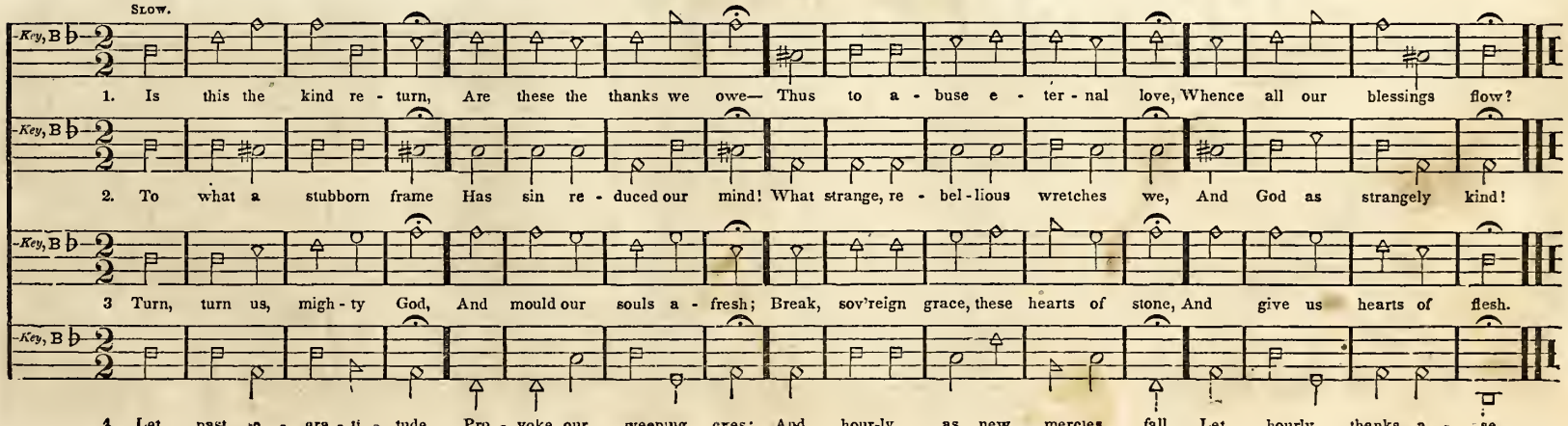
CORELLI.

Slow.
Key, B♭
1. When, o - ver - whelm'd with grief, My heart with - in me dies; Help - less, and far from all re - lief, To heav'n I lift mine eyes.
Key, B♭
2. Oh lead me to the Rock, That's high a - bove my head: And make the co - vert of thy wings My shel - ter and my shade.
Key, B♭
3. With - in thy pre - sence, Lord, For ev - er I'll a - bide; Thou art the tower of my de - fence, The re - fuge where I hide.
Key, B♭
4. Thou giv - est me the lot Of those that fear thy name: If end - less life be their re - ward, I shall pos - sess the same.

BEVERLY. S. M.

Key, B♭
1. Let songs of end - less praise From ev' - ry na - tion rise; Let all the lands their trib - ute raise, To God, who rules the skies.
2. His mer - cy and his love Are bound-less as his name; And all e - ter - ni - ty shall prove His truth re-mains the same.

BOXFORD. S. M.


Slow.
Key, B♭
1. Is this the kind re - turn, Are these the thanks we owe— Thus to a - buse e - ter - nal love, Whence all our blessings flow?
2. To what a stubborn frame Has sin re - duced our mind! What strange, re - bel - lious wretches we, And God as strangely kind!
3 Turn, turn us, migh - ty God, And mould our souls a - fresh; Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone, And give us hearts of flesh.
4. Let past in - gra - ti - tude Pro - voke our weeping eyes; And hour-ly, as new mercies fall, Let hourly thanks a - rise.

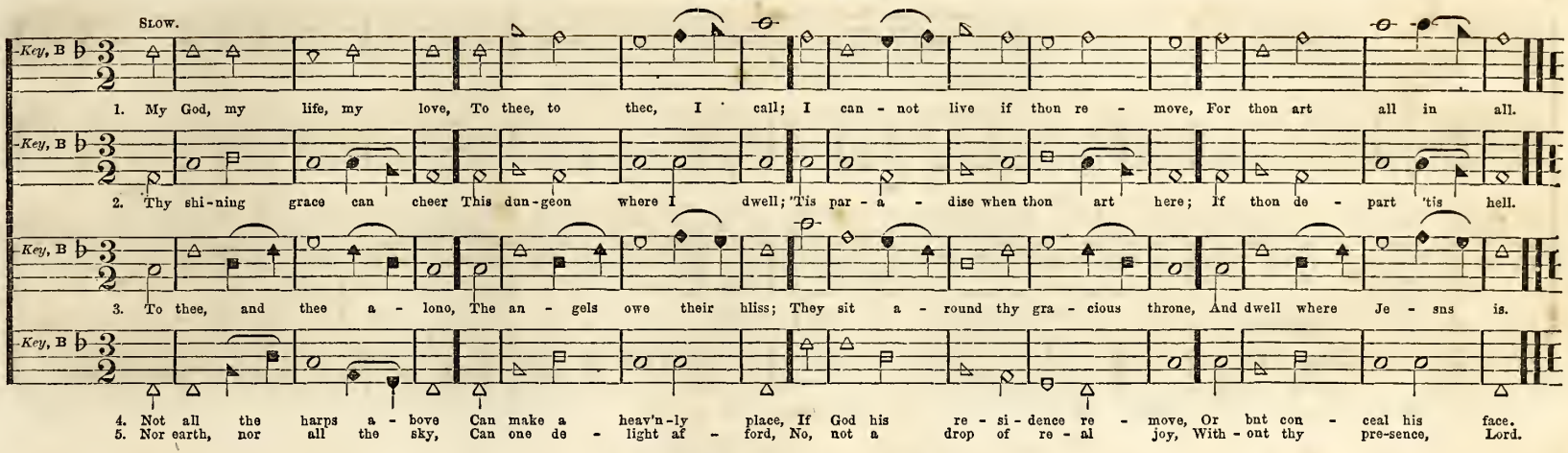
HUDSON. S. M.

Key, B ♭
1. My Saviour, fill my soul, With ho - li - ness and peace; A - rise with heal - ing in thy wings; Bid sin and doubting cease.
2. May things be - neath the sky En - gross my heart no more; Be thou my first, my chief de - light, My soul's un-bound - ed store.
3. In thee all trea - sures lie; From thee all blessings flow; Thou art the bliss of saints a - bove, The joy of saints be - low.
4. Oh, come and make me thine, A sin - ner saved by grace; Then shall I sing, with loud - est strains, In heav'n thy dwelling - place.

WARNER. S. M.

Key of F
1. Awake, and sing the song Of Moses and the Lamb; Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name, To praise the Saviour's name, To praise the Saviour's name.
2. Sing of his dying love; Sing of his ris - ing pow'r; Sing how he in-tercedes a - bove, For us, whose sins he bore, For us, whose sins he bore, For us, whose sins he bore.
3. Sing, till we feel our heart Ascending with our tongue; Sing, till the love of sin depart, And grace inspire the song, And grace inspire the song, And grace in - spire the song.
4. Sing on your heav'nly way, Ye ransom'd sinners, sing; Sing on, re - joicing ev'-ry day In Christ th' eternal King, In Christ th' eternal King, In Christ th' eternal King.
5. Soon shall we hear him say—"Ye blessed children, come;" Soon will he call us hence a - way, And take his wand'rers home, And take his wand'rers home, And take his wand'rers home.
6. Soon shall our raptured tongue His endless praise pro - claim; And sweeter voices tune the song Of Moses and the Lamb, Of Moses and the Lamb, Of Mo - ses and the Lamb.

ZUAR. S. M.


Slow.
Key, B♭
1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee, I call; I can - not live if thou re - move, For thou art all in all.
2. Thy shi-ning grace can cheer This dun-geon where I dwell; 'Tis par - a - dise when thou art here; If thou de - part 'tis hell.
3. To thee, and thee a - lone, The an - gels owe their bliss; They sit a - round thy gra - cious throne, And dwell where Je - sus is.
4. Not all the harps a - bove Can make a heav'n-ly place, If God his re - si - dence re - move, Or but con - ceal his face.
5. Nor earth, nor all the sky, Can one de - light af - ford, No, not a drop of re - al joy, With - out thy pre-sence, Lord.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Slow.
Key of F
1. To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; Oh! let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re - joice.
2. Thy mer-cies and thy love, O Lord, re - call to mind; And gra-cious - ly con - tin - ue still, As thou wert ev - er, kind.
3. Let all my youth - ful crimes Be blot - ted out by thee; And for thy won - drous good - ness' sake, In mer - cy think on me.
4 His mer - cy, and his truth, The right - eous Lord dis - plays, In bring - ing wand'ring sin - ners home, And teach - ing them his ways.

BEALOTH. S. M. (Double.)

Key of A
1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The church our bless'd Re - deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood.
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend; To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end
5. Je - sus, thou friend di - vine, Our Saviour and our King, Thy hand from ev' - ry snare and foe Shall great de - liv' - rance bring.
2. I love thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.
4. Be - yond my highest joy I prize her heav'nly ways, Her sweet com - mu-nion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
6. Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n.

Key of C
p Heav'n with the e - cho shall re - sound, f Heav'n with the e - cho hall re - sound,
1. Grace! 'Tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear;
p Heav'n with the e - cho shall re - f sound, with the e - cho shall re-sound,
p Heav'n with the e - cho shall re - sound . . . . . f Heav'n with the e-cho shall re - sound,
p Heav'n with the e - cho shall re - f sound, with the echo shall re - sound,

Key of C
p And all the earth shall hear.
p And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, f And all the earth shall hear.
p And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth. And

2. Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3. Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While passing on to God.

4. Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise

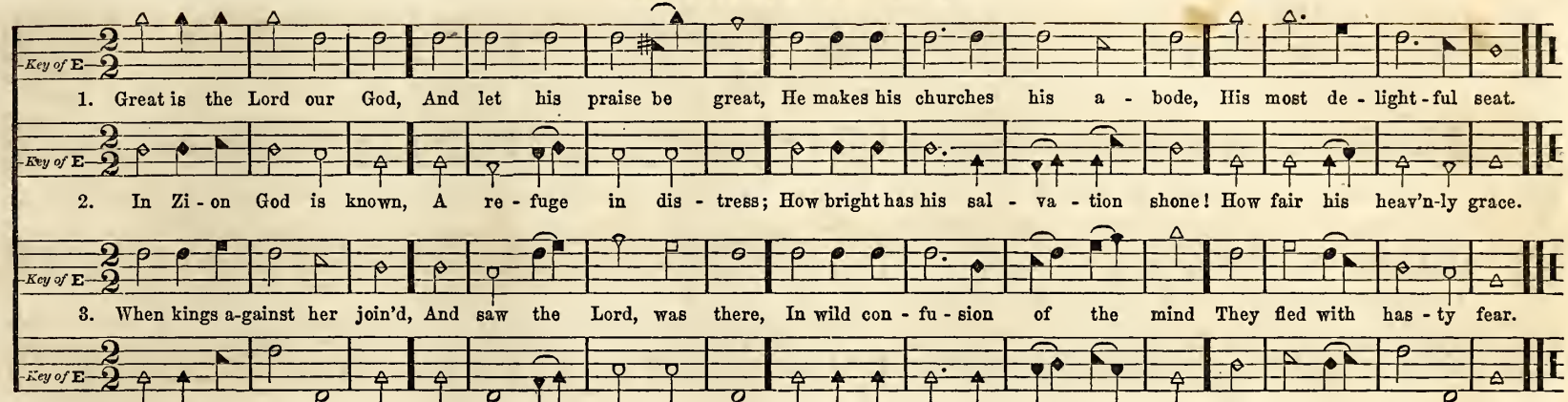
MOORFIELD. S. M.

Key of C
1. Let ev'-ry crea-ture join To praise th'e-ter-nal God; Ye heav'n-ly host, the song be-gin, And sound his name a-broad, And sound his name a-broad.
2. Thou sun with gold-en beams, And moon with pa-ler rays; Ye star-ry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Mak-er's praise, Shine to your Mak-er's praise.
3. He built those worlds a-bove, And fix'd their won-drous frame: By his com-mand they stand or move, And ev-er speak his name, And ev-er speak his name.
4. By all his works a-bove, His honours be express'd; But saints, who taste his saving love, Should sing his praises best, Should sing his praises best.

EUPATOR. S. M.

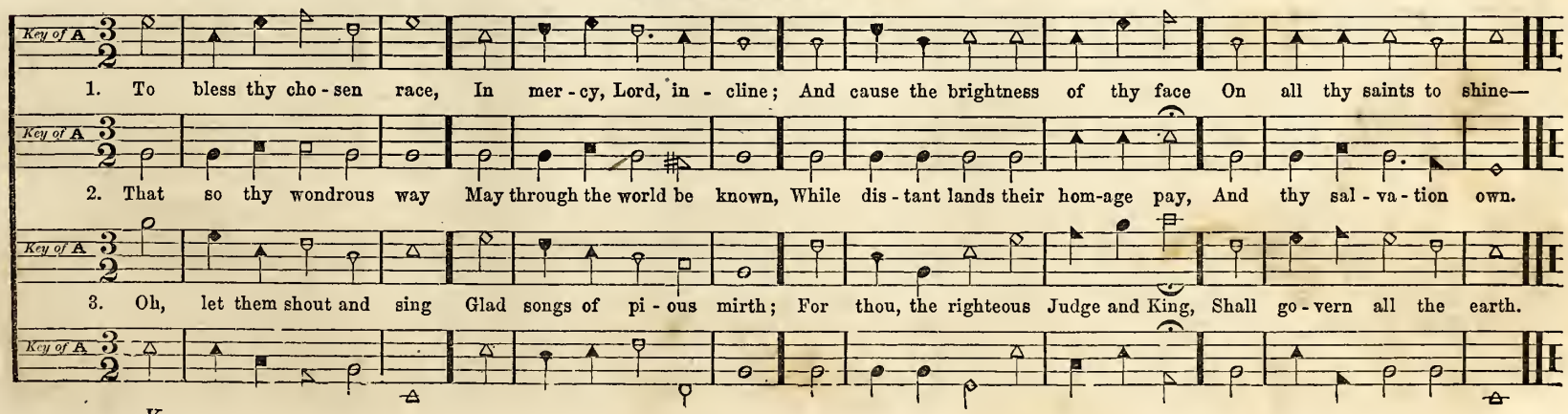
Key of C
1. My few re-volv-ing years, How swift they glide a-way! How short the term of life ap-pears; When past, 'tis but a day—
2. A dark and cloud-y day, Made up of grief and sin; A host of dan-gerous foes with-out, And guilt and fear with-in.
3. Lord, through an-o-ther year, If thou per-mit my stay, With watch-ful care may I pur-sue The true, the liv-ing way

SOUTHFIELD. S. M.


Key of E
1. Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great, He makes his churches his a - bode, His most de - light - ful seat.
2. In Zi - on God is known, A re - fuge in dis - tress; How bright has his sal - va - tion shone! How fair his heav'n-ly grace.
3. When kings a-gainst her join'd, And saw the Lord, was there, In wild con - fu - sion of the mind They fled with has - ty fear.
4. Oft have our fa - thers told, Our eyes have of - ten seen, How well our God se - cures the fold, Where his own flocks have been.

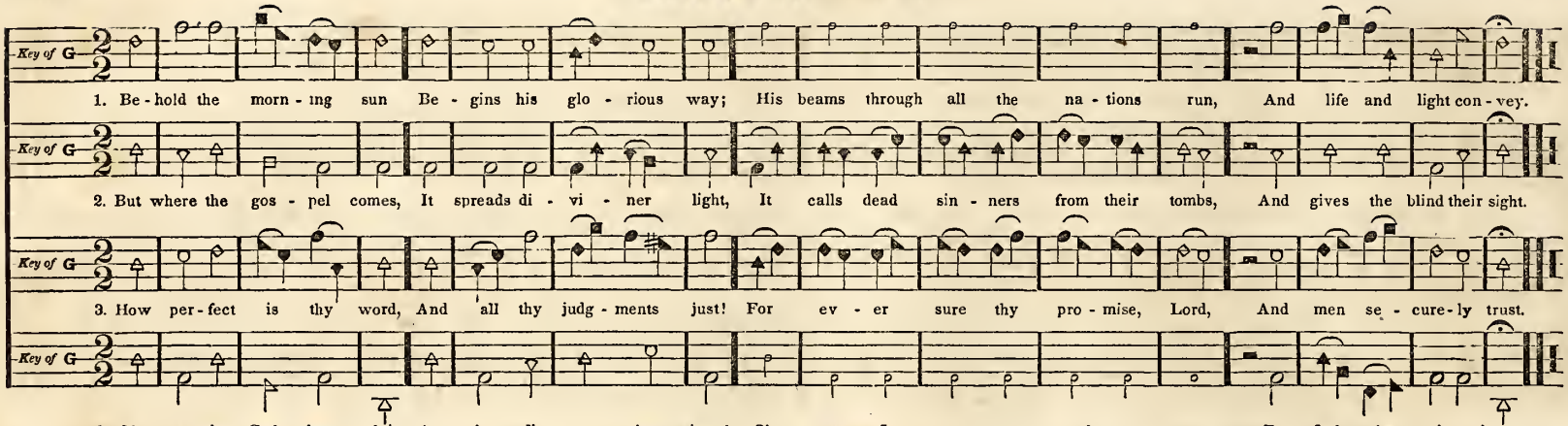
PENTONVILLE. S. M.

LINLEY.


Key of A
1. To bless thy cho - sen race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline; And cause the brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine—
2. That so thy wondrous way May through the world be known, While dis - tant lands their hom-age pay, And thy sal - va - tion own.
3. Oh, let them shout and sing Glad songs of pi - ous mirth; For thou, the righteous Judge and King, Shall go - vern all the earth.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY


Key of G
1. Be - hold the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way; His beams through all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.
Key of G
2. But where the gos - pel comes, It spreads di - vi - ner light, It calls dead sin - ners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.
Key of G
3. How per - fect is thy word, And all thy judg - ments just! For ev - er sure thy pro - mise, Lord, And men se - cure - ly trust.
Key of G
4. My gra - cious God, how plain Are thy di - rec - tions given! Oh, may I nev - er read in vain, But find the path to heaven

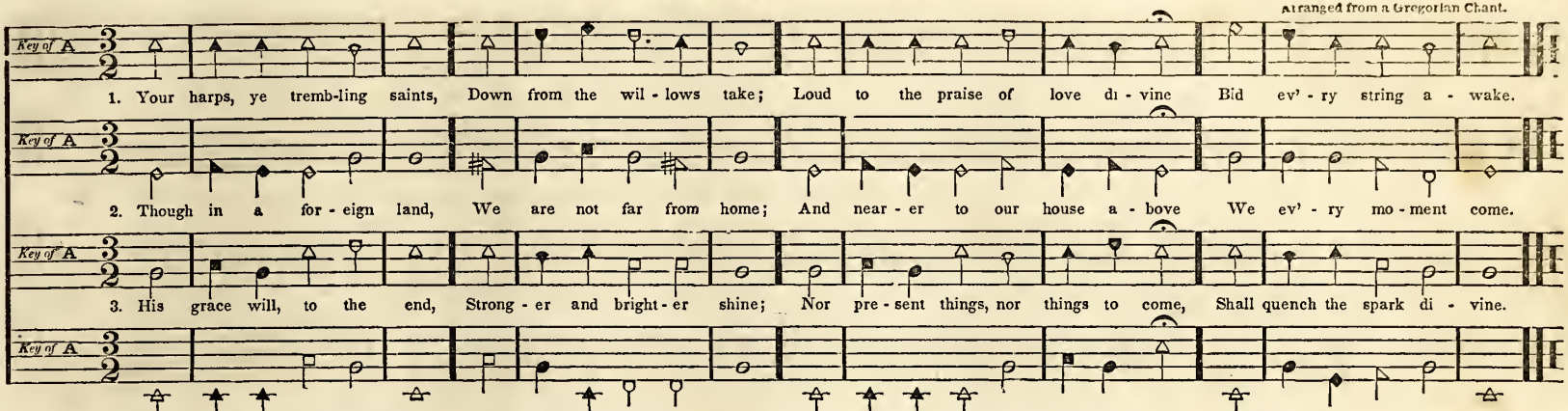
CLAPTON. S. M.

JONES.

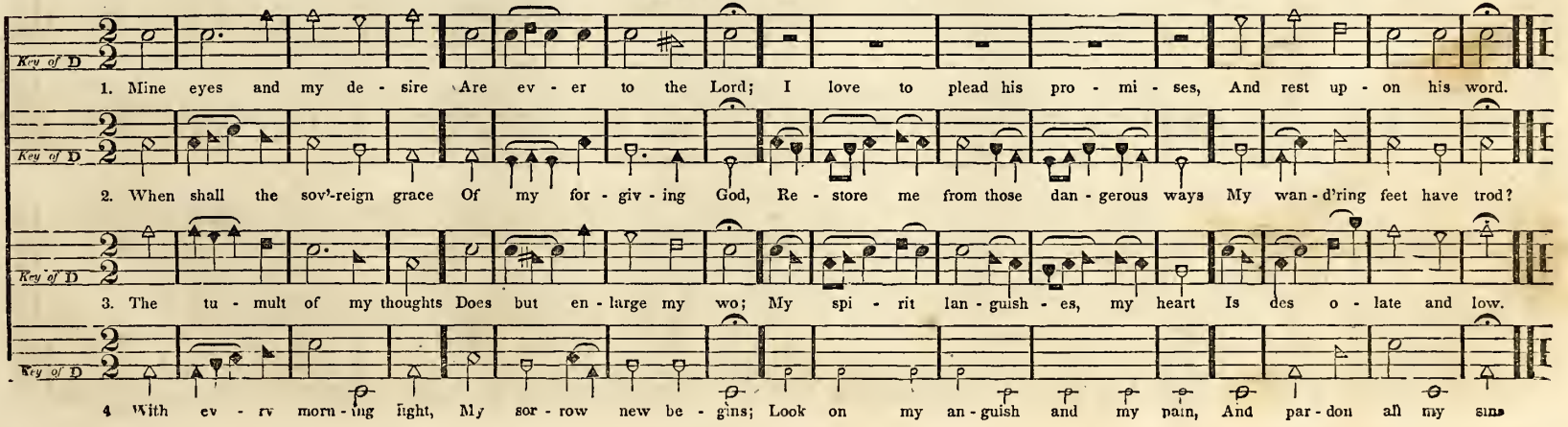
Key of D
1. Thy name, Al - migh - ty Lord, Shall sound through dis - tant lands: Great is thy grace, and sure thy word, Thy truth for ev - er stands.
Key of D
Key of D
2. Far be thine ho - nour spread, And long thy praise en - dure, Till morn - ing light and ev'n-ing shade Shall be ex changed no more
Key of D

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant.


Key of A
1. Your harps, ye tremb-ling saints, Down from the wil - lows take; Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev' - ry string a - wake.
Key of A
2. Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home; And near - er to our house a - bove We ev' - ry mo - ment come.
Key of A
3. His grace will, to the end, Strong - er and bright - er shine; Nor pre - sent things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark di - vine.
Key of A
4. When we in dark - ness walk, Nor feel the heav'n-ly flame, Then is the time to trust our God, And rest up - on his name.
5. Soon shall our doubts and fears Sub - side at his con - trol; His lov - ing - kind - ness shall break through The mid - night of the soul.

LINSTEAD. S. M.

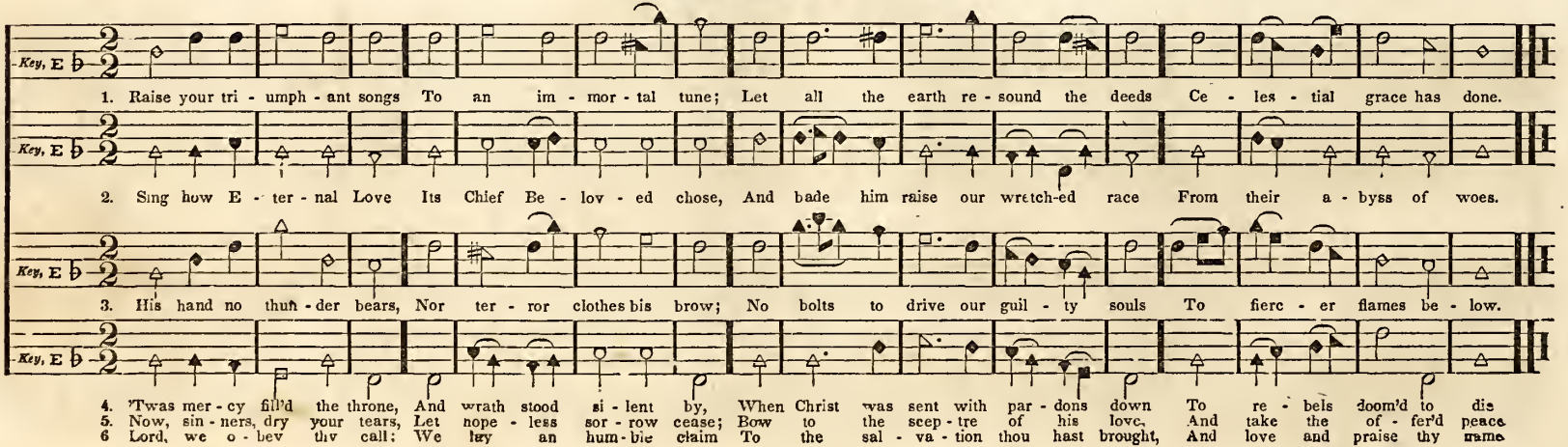

Key of D
1. Mine eyes and my de - sire Are ev - er to the Lord; I love to plead his pro - mi - ses, And rest up - on his word.
Key of D
2. When shall the sov'-reign grace Of my for - giv - ing God, Re - store me from those dan - gerous ways My wan - d'ring feet have trod?
Key of D
3. The tu - mult of my thoughts Does but en - large my wo; My spi - rit lan - guish - es, my heart Is des o - late and low.
Key of D
4 With ev - ry morn - ing light, My sor - row new be - gins; Look on my an - guish and my pain, And par - don all my sins

KAMBIA. S. M.

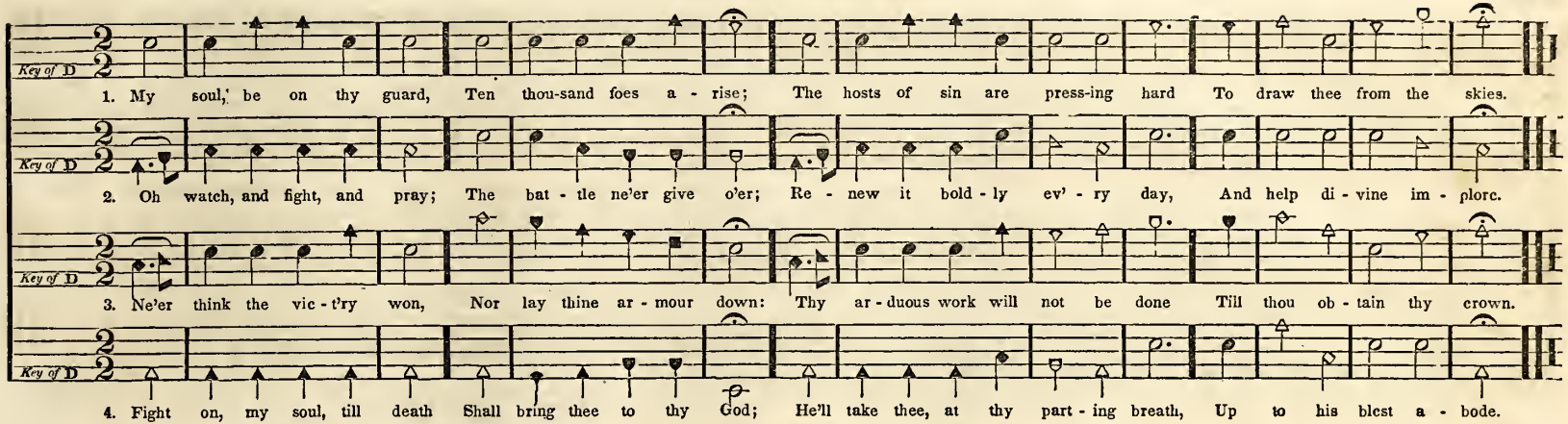
Key, E ♭
1. Out of the depths of wo, To thee, O Lord, I cry; Dark - ness sur - rounds me, but I know That thou art ev er nigh.
2. Then hear - ken to my voice, Give ear to my com - plaint; Thou bid'st the mourn-ing soul re - joice, Thou com - fort - est the faint.
3. I cast my hope on thee, Thou canst, thou wilt for - give: Wert thou to mark in - i - qui - ty, Who in thy sight could live?
4 Hum - bly on thee I wait Con - fess - ing all my sin; Lord, I am knock-ing at thy gate, O - pen and take me in

WATCHMAN. S. M.

LEACH.


Key, E ♭
1. Raise your tri - umph - ant songs To an im - mor - tal tune; Let all the earth re - sound the deeds Ce - les - tial grace has done.
2. Sing how E - ter - nal Love Its Chief Be - lov - ed chose, And bade him raise our wretch-ed race From their a - byss of woes.
3. His hand no thun - der bears, Nor ter - ror clothes his brow; No bolts to drive our guil - ty souls To fierc - er flames be - low.
4. 'Twas mer - cy fill'd the throne, And wrath stood si - lent by, When Christ was sent with par - dons down To re - bels doom'd to die
5. Now, sin - ners, dry your tears, Let hope - less sor - row cease; Bow to the scep - tre of his love, And take the of - fer'd peace
6 Lord, we o - bey thy call; We lay an hum - ble claim To the sal - va - tion thou hast brought, And love and praise thy name

LABAN. S. M.


Key of D
1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou-sand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
2. Oh watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev' - ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mour down: Thy ar - duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, Up to his blest a - bode.

THATCHER. S. M.

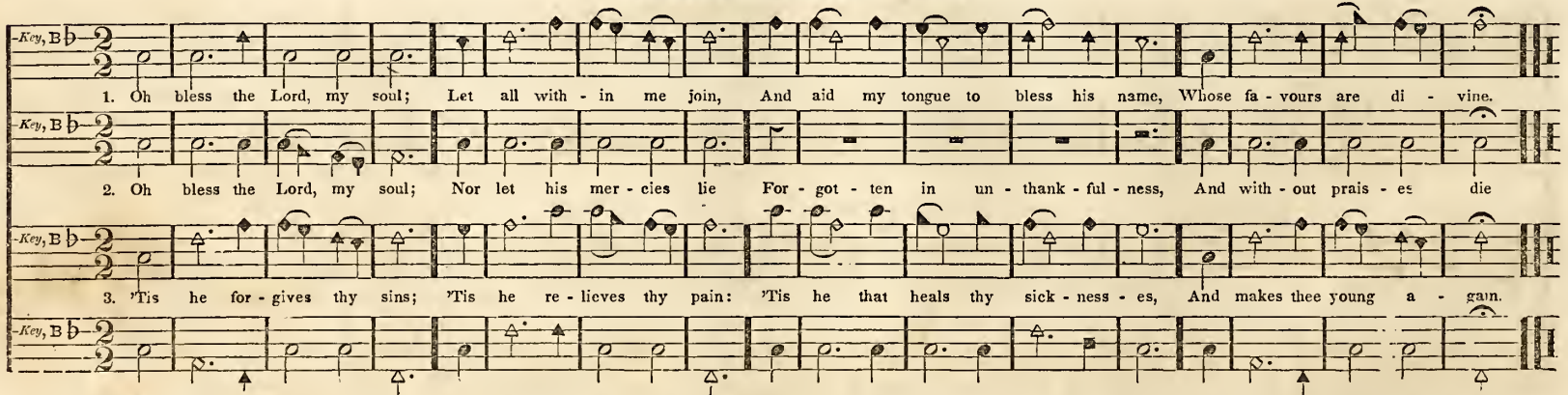
HANDEL.

Key of A
1. The Lord my shep - herd is, I shall be well sup - plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?
2. He leads me to the place Where heav'n - ly pas - ture grows, Where liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.
3. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim, And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.
4 While he af - fords his aid, I can - not yield to fear; Though I should walk through death's dark shade, My shep - herd's with me there.
5. A - mid sur - round - ing foes Thou dost my ta - ble spread, My cup with bless - ings o - ver - flows, And joy ex - alts my head
6 The bless ties of thy love Shall crown my fol - lowing days Nor from thy house will I re - move, Nor cease to speak thy praise.

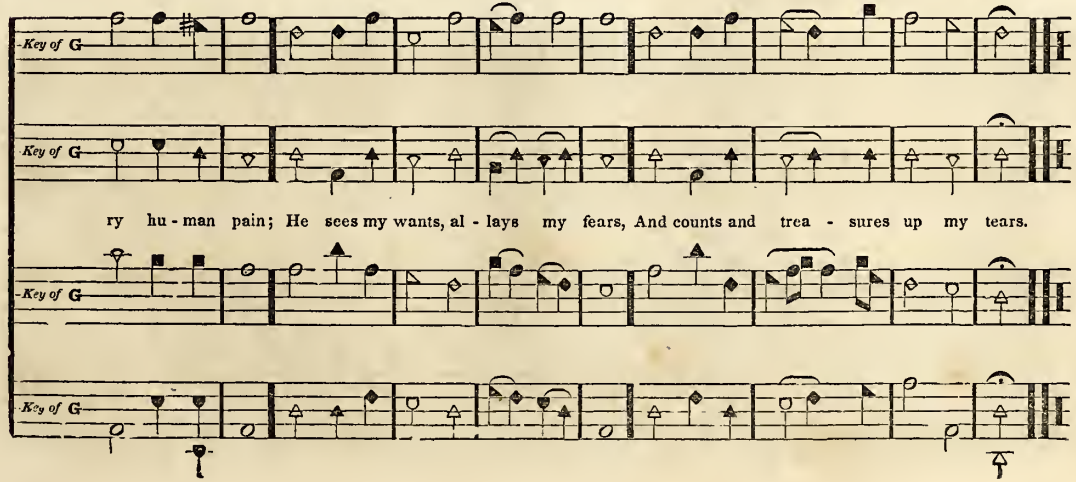
FAWCET. S. M.

Key, B♭
1. Bless'd be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one— Our com-forts and our cares
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And of - ten for each o - ther flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
5. This glo - rious hope re - vives Our cou - rage by the way; While each in ex - pec - ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day.
6. From sor - row, toil, and pain, And sin we shall be free; And per - fect love and friendship reign Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

DARTMOUTH. S. M.


Key, B♭
1. Oh bless the Lord, my soul; Let all with - in me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose fa - vours are di - vine.
2. Oh bless the Lord, my soul; Nor let his mer - cies lie For - got - ten in un - thank - ful - ness, And with - out prais - es die
3. 'Tis he for - gives thy sins; 'Tis he re - lieves thy pain: 'Tis he that heals thy sick - ness - es, And makes thee young a - gain.
4. He crowns thy life with love, When ran-som'd from the grave; He that re - deem'd my soul from hell, Hath sov' - reign pow'r to save.
5. He fills the poor with good; He gives the suf - f'rers rest; The Lord hath judg - ment for the proud, And jus - tice for th'op - press'd

Key of G
1. When gath' - ring clouds a - round I' view, And days are dark, and friends are few, On him I lean who, not in vain, Ex - pe-rienced ev-



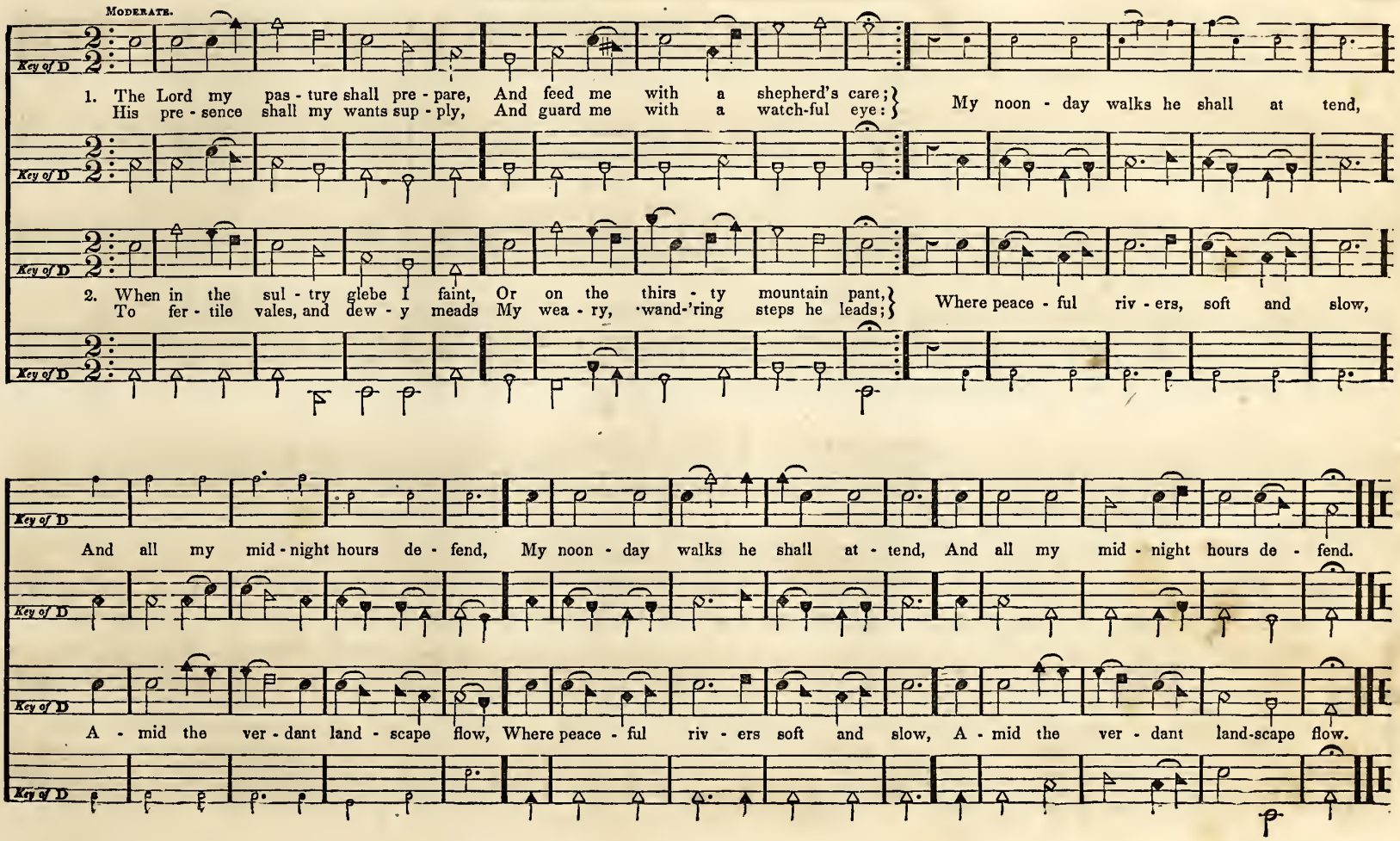
2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still, he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3. When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend
Which covers all that was a friend;
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

4. And oh, when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict, but the last
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day
And wipe the latest tear away.

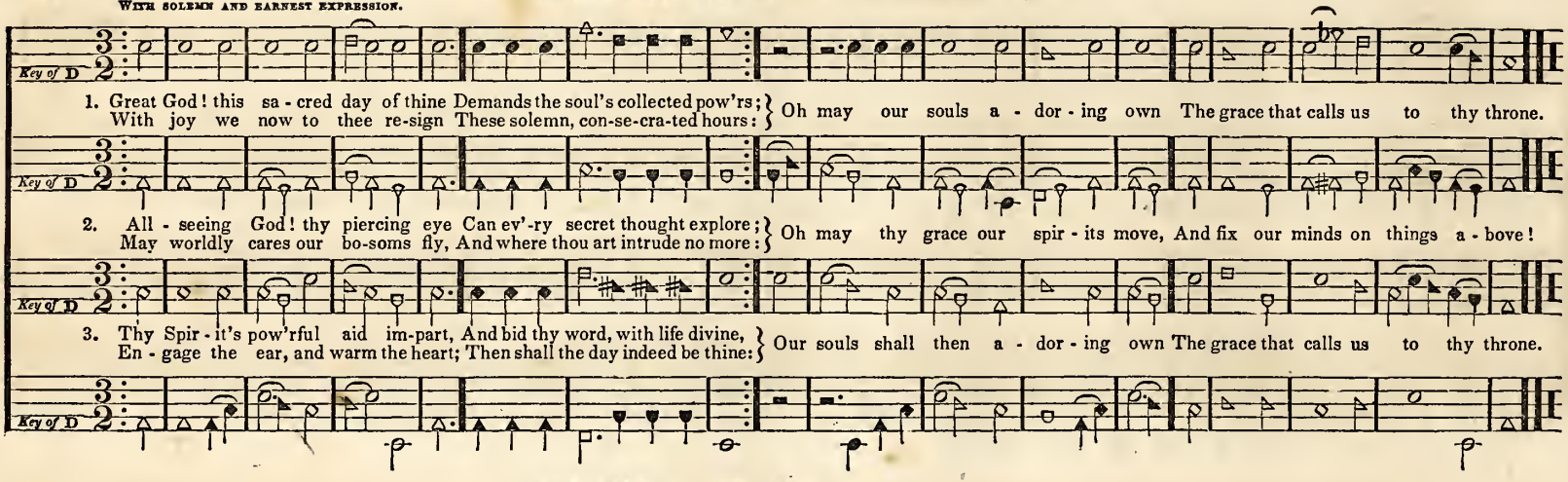
BRIGHTON. L. M. (6 LINES.)

Key of F
1. When, streaming from the east - ern skies, The morn - ing light sa - lutes my eyes, O Sun of Right - eous - ness di - vine,
Key of F
2. When each day's scenes and la - bours close, And wea - ried na - ture seeks re - pose, With pard'ning mer - cy rich - ly bless'd,
Key of F
3. And at my life's last set - ting sun, My con - flicts o'er, my la - bours done, Je - sus, thy heav'n - ly ra - diance shed,
Key of F
On me, with beams of mer - cy, shine; Chase the dark clouds of guilt a - way, And turn my dark - ness in - to day
Key of F
Guard me, my Sa - viour, while I rest; And, as each morn - ing sun shall rise, Oh lead me on - ward to the skies.
Key of F
To cheer and bless my dy - ing bed; And from death's gloom my spi - rit raise, To see thy face, and sing thy praise.
Key of F


MODERATE.
Key of D
1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His pre - sence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye:
My noon - day walks he shall at tend,
2. When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the thirs - ty mountain pant,
To fer - tile vales, and dew - y meads My wea - ry, wand-'ring steps he leads;
Where peace - ful riv - ers, soft and slow,
And all my mid - night hours de - fend, My noon - day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.
A - mid the ver - dant land - scape flow, Where peace - ful riv - ers soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant land-scape flow.

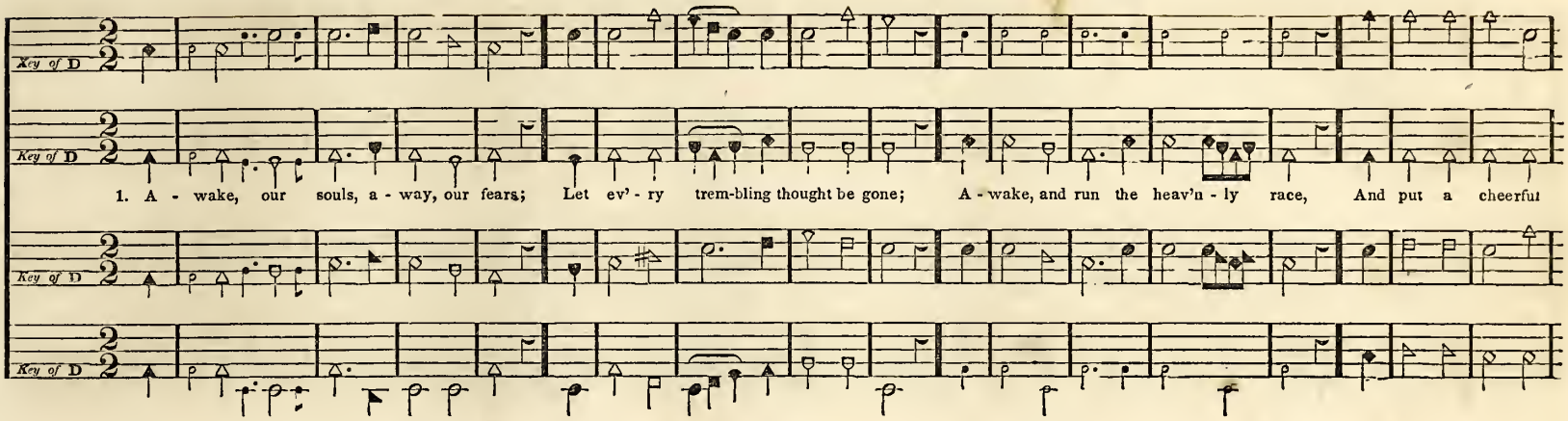
OGDENSBURGH. L. M. (6 LINES.)

With solemn and earnest expression.


Key of D
1. Great God! this sa - cred day of thine Demands the soul's collected pow'rs;
With joy we now to thee re-sign These solemn, con-se-cra-ted hours:
Oh may our souls a - dor - ing own The grace that calls us to thy throne.
2. All - seeing God! thy piercing eye Can ev'-ry secret thought explore;
May worldly cares our bo-soms fly, And where thou art intrude no more:
Oh may thy grace our spir - its move, And fix our minds on things a - bove!
3. Thy Spir - it's pow'rful aid im-part, And bid thy word, with life divine,
En - gage the ear, and warm the heart; Then shall the day indeed be thine:
Our souls shall then a - dor - ing own The grace that calls us to thy throne.

ASTORIA. L. M. (6 LINES.)

Key of C
1. Join, all the ser-vants of the Lord, To praise him for his sa-cred word,—
That word, like manna, sent from heav'n, To all who seek it free - ly given;
Its pro - mis - es our fears re - move, And fill our hearts with joy and love.
2. It tells us, though oppress'd with cares, The God of mer - cy hears our pray'rs;
Though steep and rough th' appointed way, His mighty arm shall be our stay:
Tho' deadly foes as-sail our peace, His power shall bid their malice cease.


Key of D
1. A - wake, our souls, a - way, our fears; Let ev' - ry trem-bling thought be gone; A - wake, and run the heav'n - ly race, And put a cheerful

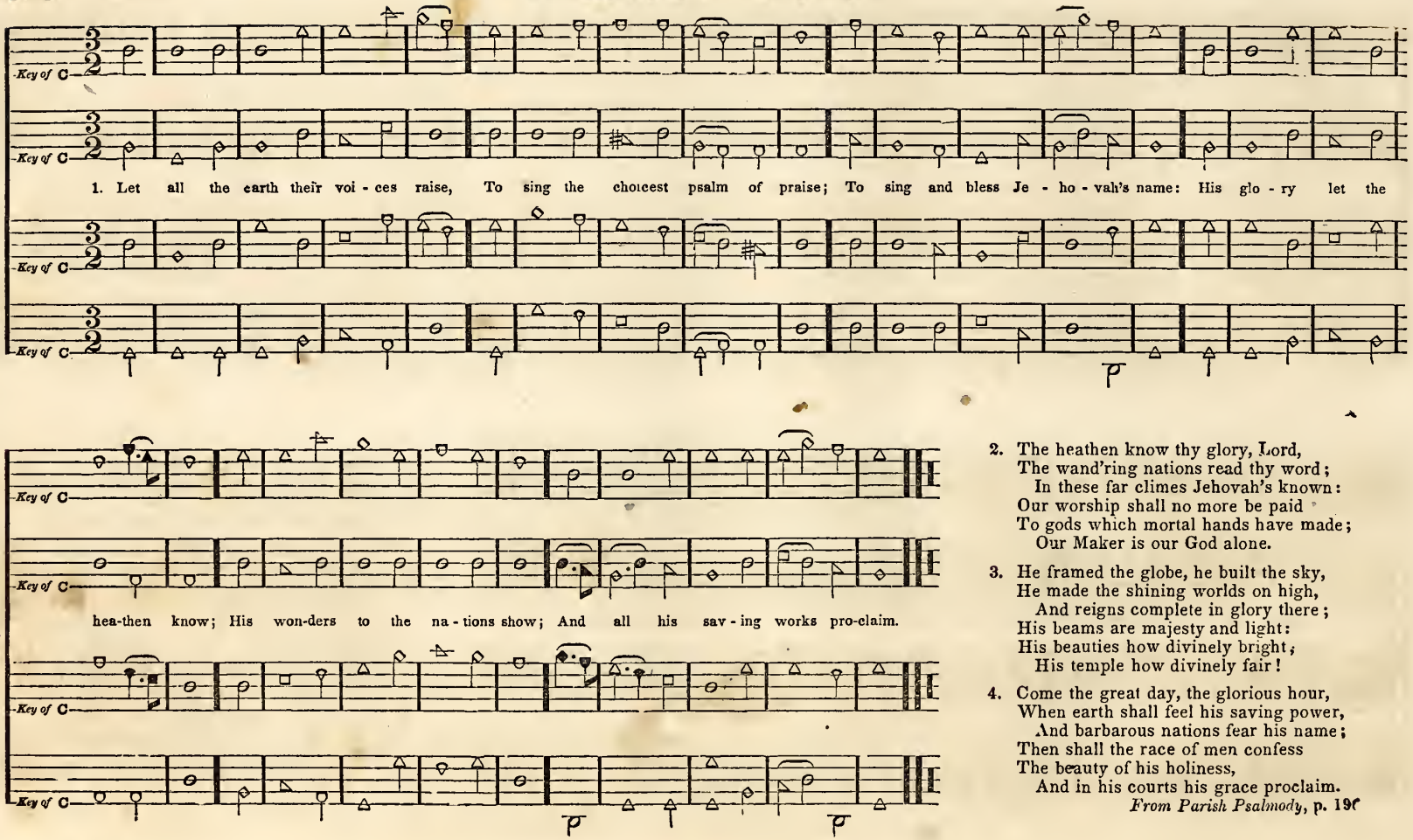
2. True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3. The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4. From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5. Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

☞ Sing the small notes at the beginning of the tune to the second and fifth stanzas.


Key of C
1. Let all the earth their voi - ces raise, To sing the choicest psalm of praise; To sing and bless Je - ho - vah's name: His glo - ry let the
hea-then know; His won-ders to the na - tions show; And all his sav - ing works pro-claim.

2. The heathen know thy glory, Lord,
The wand'ring nations read thy word;
In these far climes Jehovah's known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

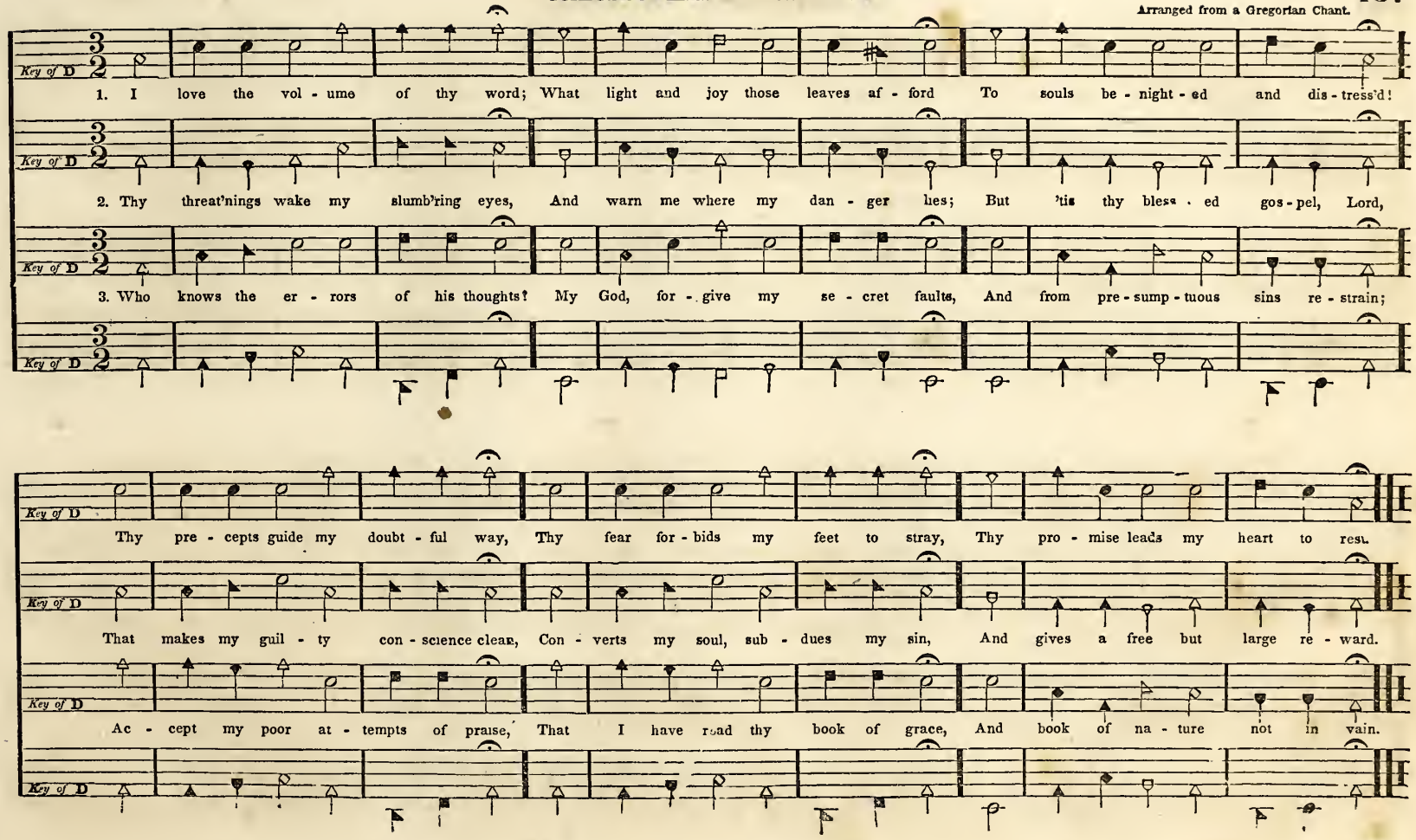
3. He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light:
His beauties how divinely bright;
His temple how divinely fair!

4. Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

From Parish Psalmody, p. 19

NASHVILLE. L. P. M.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant.

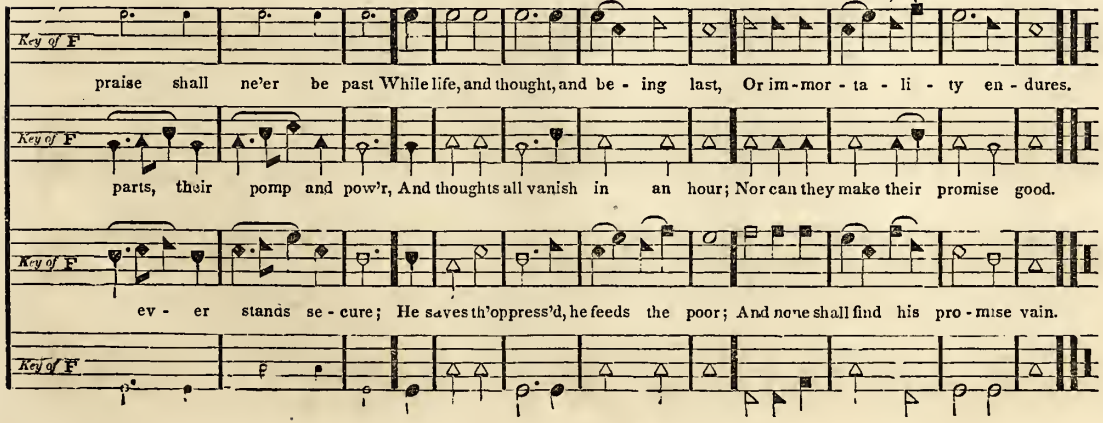

Key of D
1. I love the vol - ume of thy word; What light and joy those leaves af - ford To souls be - night - ed and dis - tress'd!
2. Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes, And warn me where my dan - ger lies; But 'tis thy bless - ed gos - pel, Lord,
3. Who knows the er - rors of his thoughts? My God, for - give my se - cret faults, And from pre - sump - tuous sins re - strain;
Thy pre - cepts guide my doubt - ful way, Thy fear for - bids my feet to stray, Thy pro - mise leads my heart to rest.
That makes my guil - ty con - science clear, Con - verts my soul, sub - dues my sin, And gives a free but large re - ward.
Ac - cept my poor at - tempts of praise, That I have read thy book of grace, And book of na - ture not in vain.

GAMBIA. L. P. M.

T. B. MASON

Key of F
1 Ye saints and ser - vants of the Lord, The tri - umphs of his name re - cord; His sa - cred name for - e - ver bless.
Key of F
Key of F
2 God through the world ex - tends his sway! The re - gions of e - ter - nal day But sha - dows of his glo - ry are.
Key of F
Key of F
Wher - e'er the cir - cling sun dis - plays His ris - ing beams or set - ting rays, Due praise to his great name ad - dress.
Key of
Key of F
To him whose ma - jes - ty ex - cels, Who made the heav'n where - in he dwells, Let no cre - a - ted power com - pare.
Key of F

Key of F
1. I'll praise my Mak - er with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers: My days of
2. Why should I make a man my trust? Prin - ces must die, and turn to dust: Vain is the help of flesh and blood: Their breath de-
3. Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Is-rael's God: he made the sky And earth and seas, with all their train: His truth for

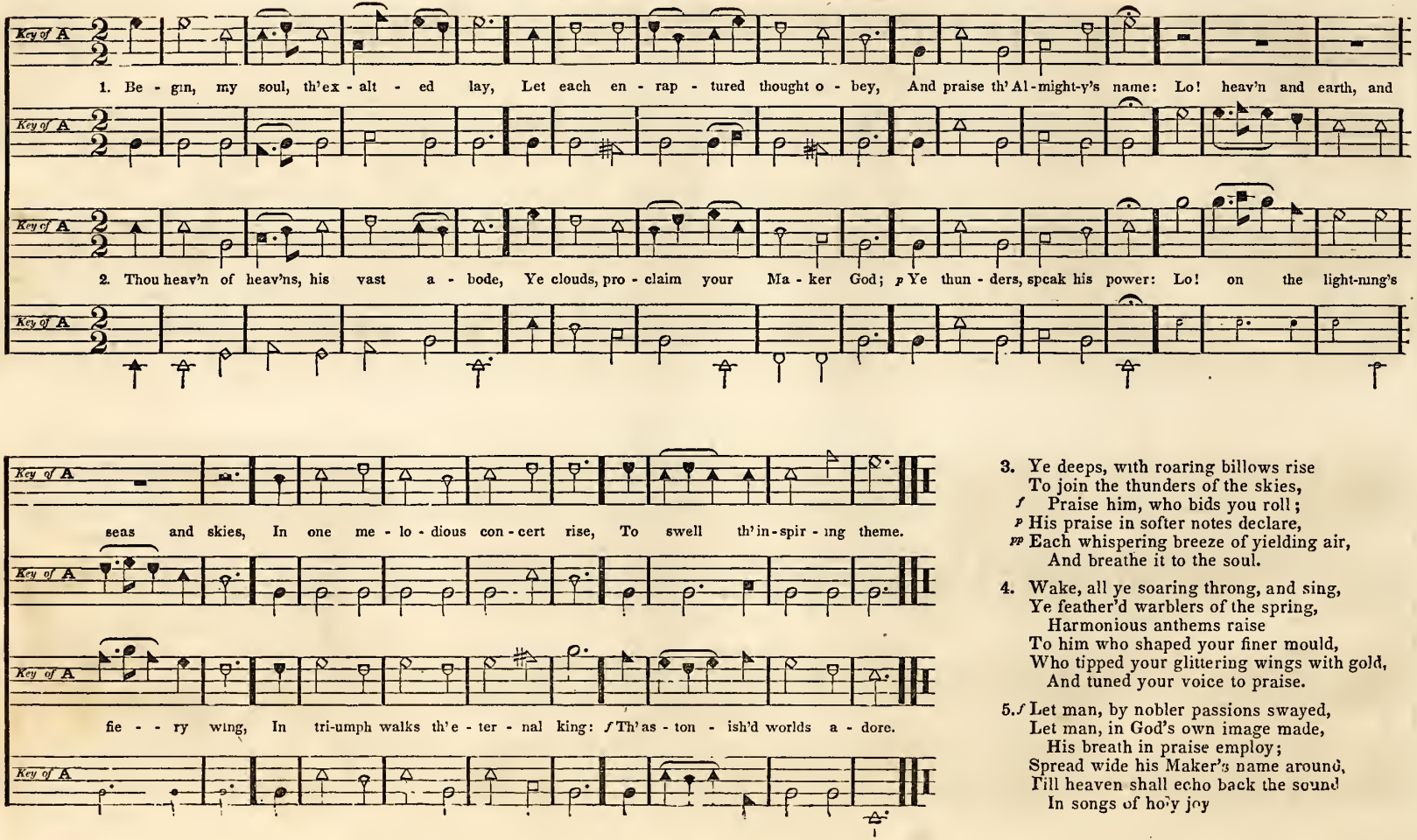

Key of F
praise shall ne'er be past While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im-mor - ta - li - ty en - dures.
parts, their pomp and pow'r, And thoughts all vanish in an hour; Nor can they make their promise good.
ev - er stands se - cure; He saves th'oppress'd, he feeds the poor; And none shall find his pro - mise vain.

4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5. He loves his saints; he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6. I'll praise him while he lends me breath:
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

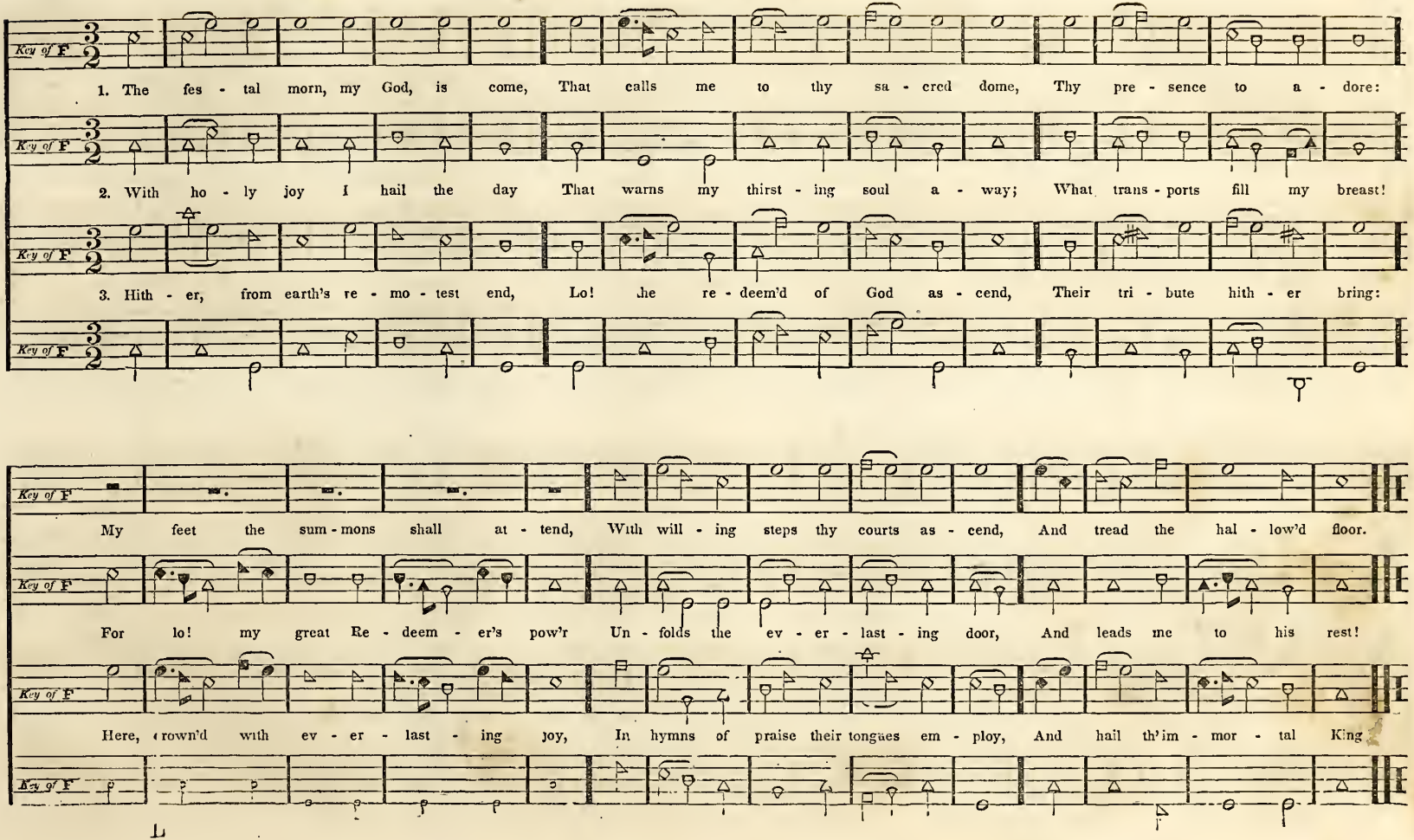
RAPTURE. C. P. M.


Key of A
1. Be - gin, my soul, th'ex - alt - ed lay, Let each en - rap - tured thought o - bey, And praise th'Al-might-y's name: Lo! heav'n and earth, and
2. Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast a - bode, Ye clouds, pro - claim your Ma - ker God; p Ye thun - ders, speak his power: Lo! on the light-ning's
seas and skies, In one me - lo - dious con - cert rise, To swell th'in-spir - ing theme.
fie - - ry wing, In tri-umph walks th'e - ter - nal king: f Th'as - ton - ish'd worlds a - dore.

3. Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise
To join the thunders of the skies,
f Praise him, who bids you roll;
p His praise in softer notes declare,
pp Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4. Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing,
Ye feather'd warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

5. *f* Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heaven shall echo back the sound
In songs of holy joy


Key of F
1. The fes - tal morn, my God, is come, That calls me to thy sa - cred dome, Thy pre - sence to a - dore:
2. With ho - ly joy I hail the day That warns my thirst - ing soul a - way; What trans - ports fill my breast!
3. Hith - er, from earth's re - mo - test end, Lo! the re - deem'd of God as - cend, Their tri - bute hith - er bring:
My feet the sum - mons shall at - tend, With will - ing steps thy courts as - cend, And tread the hal - low'd floor.
For lo! my great Re - deem - er's pow'r Un - folds the ev - er - last - ing door, And leads me to his rest!
Here, crown'd with ev - er - last - ing joy, In hymns of praise their tongues em - ploy, And hail th'im - mor - tal King

ARIEL. C. P. M.

L MASON.

Key, E♭
3/2
1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo-ries forth, Which in my Sa-viour shine! I'd soar, and touch the
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My ran - som from the dread-ful guilt Of sin and wrath di - vine: I'd sing his glo - rious
3. I'd sing the cha - rac - ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex - alt - ed on his throne: In lof - tiest songs of
4. Well— the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see his face: Then, with my Sa - viour,
heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel, while he sings In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
right - eous - ness, In which all - per - fect, heav'n - ly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - - - er shine.
sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - - last - ing days Make all his glo - ries known, Make all his glo - - - ries known
bro - ther friend, A blest e - ter - ni - - ty I'll spend, Tri - umph - ant in his grace, Tri - umph-ant in his grace

Key of A
1. My God, thy bound - less love I praise; How bright on high its glo - ries blaze! How sweet - ly bloom be - low! It streams from thy e - ter - nal throne;
2. 'Tis love that paints the pur - ple morn, And bids the clouds, in air up - borne, Their ge - nial drops dis - til; In ev' - ry ver - nal beam it glows,
3. But in the gos - pel it ap - pears In sweet - er, fair - er cha - rac - ters, And charms the ra - vish'd breast; There love im - mor - tal leaves the sky,
4. Then let the love that makes me bless'd, With cheer-ful praise in - spire my breast, And ar - dent gra - ti - tude; And all my thoughts and pas - sions tend
Through heav'n its joys for ev - er run, And o'er the earth they flow, And o'er the earth they flow.
And breathes in ev' - ry gale that blows, And glides in ev' - ry rill, And glides in ev' - ry rill.
To wipe the droop - ing mourn - er's eye, And give the wea - ry rest, And give the wea - ry rest.
To thee, my Fa - ther and my Friend, My soul's e - ter - nal good, My soul's e - ter - nal good.

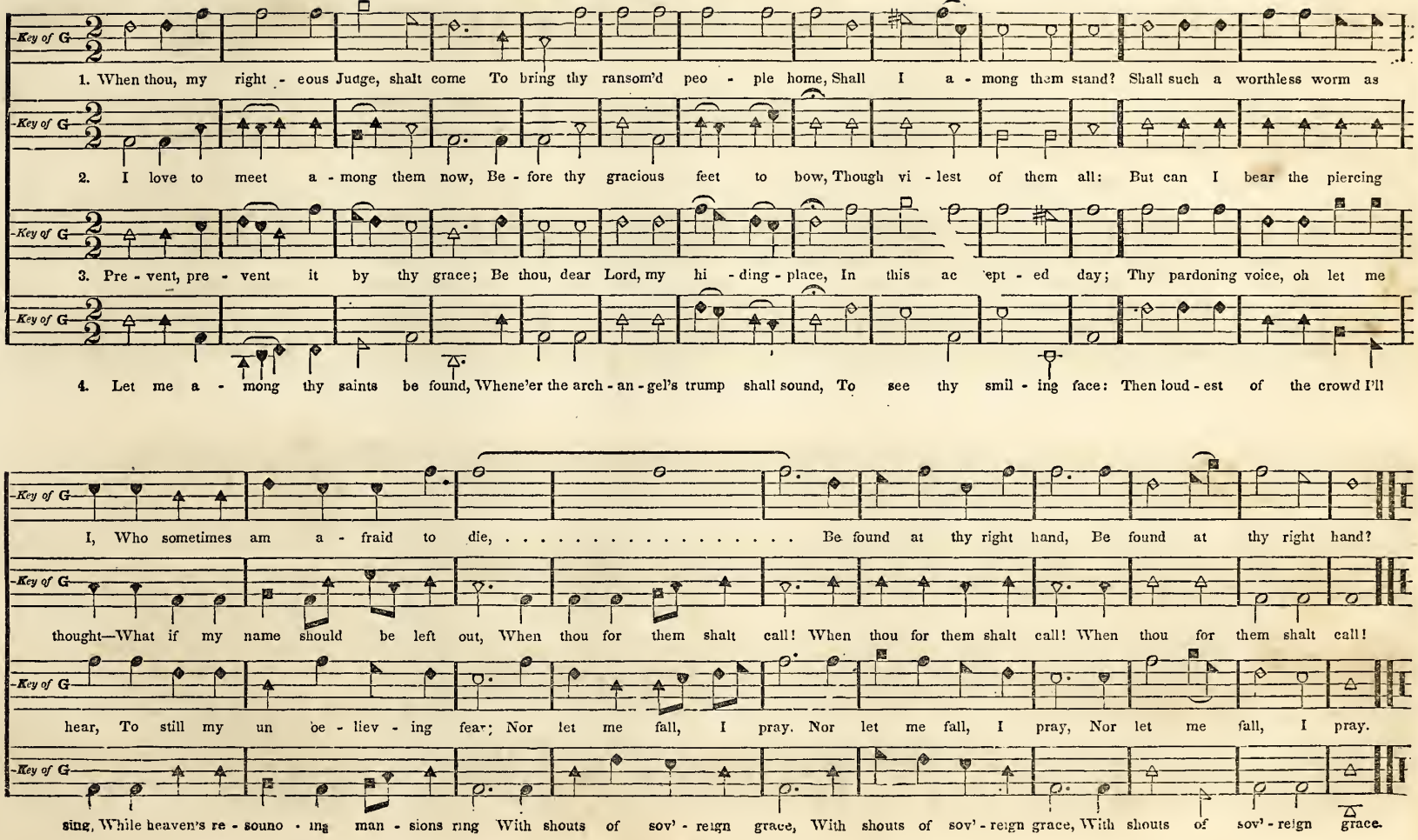
AITHLONE. C. P. M.

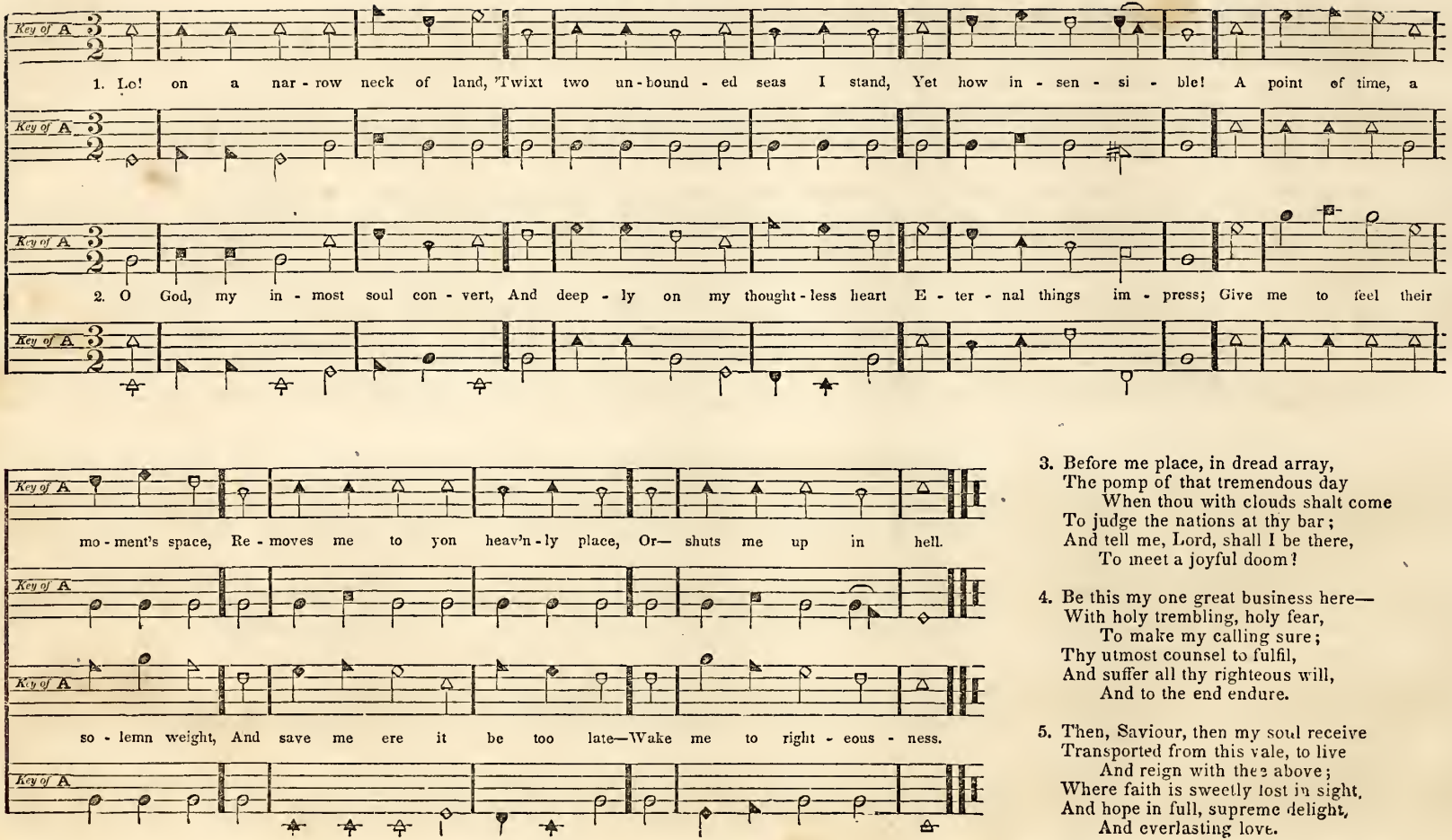
German Tune.

2. Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
Thy spotless righteousness I plead,
And thy atoning blood:
Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall avail for me,
And bring me near to God.

3. Then save me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolation send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart—
"Thy Maker is thy friend."

4. Then will the king of terrors be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away;
Unclogg'd by earth, or earthly things,
I'll mount, I'll fly, with eager wings
To everlasting day


Key of G
1. When thou, my right - eous Judge, shalt come To bring thy ransom'd peo - ple home, Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as
2. I love to meet a - mong them now, Be - fore thy gracious feet to bow, Though vi - lest of them all: But can I bear the piercing
3. Pre - vent, pre - vent it by thy grace; Be thou, dear Lord, my hi - ding - place, In this ac - cept - ed day; Thy pardoning voice, oh let me
4. Let me a - mong thy saints be found, Whene'er the arch - an - gel's trump shall sound, To see thy smil - ing face: Then loud - est of the crowd I'll
I, Who sometimes am a - fraid to die, ... Be found at thy right hand, Be found at thy right hand?
thought—What if my name should be left out, When thou for them shalt call! When thou for them shalt call! When thou for them shalt call!
hear, To still my un - be - liev - ing fear; Nor let me fall, I pray. Nor let me fall, I pray, Nor let me fall, I pray.
sing, While heaven's re - souno - ing man - sions ring With shouts of sov' - reign grace, With shouts of sov' - reign grace, With shouts of sov' - reign grace.


Key of A
1. Lo! on a nar - row neck of land, 'Twixt two un - bound - ed seas I stand, Yet how in - sen - si - ble! A point of time, a
2. O God, my in - most soul con - vert, And deep - ly on my thought - less heart E - ter - nal things im - press; Give me to feel their
mo - ment's space, Re - moves me to yon heav'n - ly place, Or— shuts me up in hell.
so - lemn weight, And save me ere it be too late—Wake me to right - eous - ness.

3. Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4. Be this my one great business here—
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thy utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5. Then, Saviour, then my soul receive
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

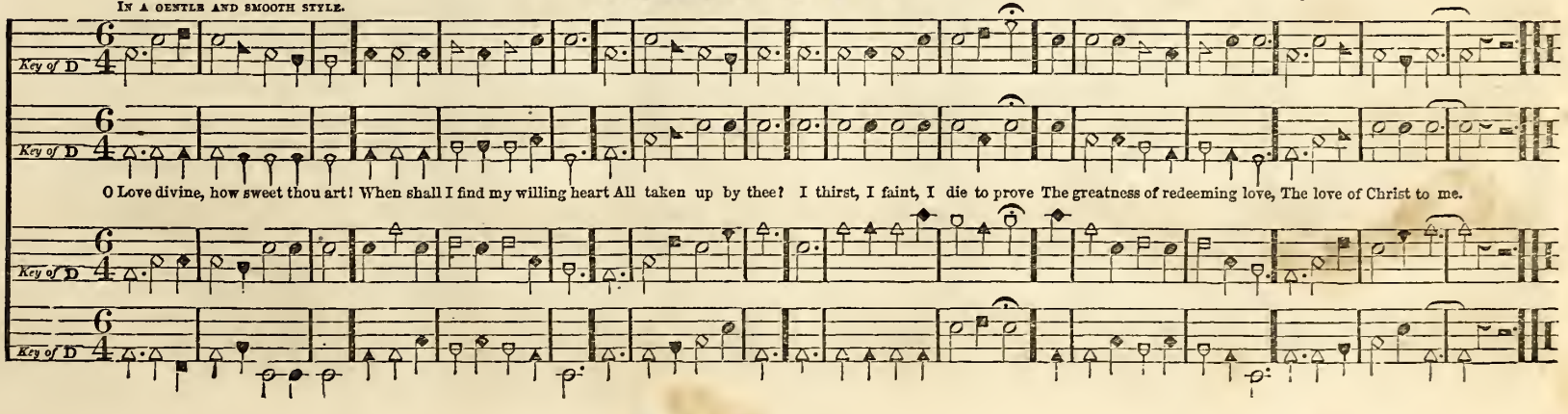
MERIBAH. C. P. M.

MODERATE.

Key, E ♭
1. O God, my inmost soul con - vert, And deep-ly on my thoughtful heart E - ter - nal things im - press; {Cause me to feel their so-lemn weight, / And tremble on the brink of fate,} And wake to right-eous - ness.
2. Be - fore me place in dread ar - ray The pomp of that tre - men-dous day, When thou with clouds shalt come {To judge the na-tions at thy bar; / And tell me, Lord, shall I be there} To meet a joy - ful doom?
3. Be this my one great business here, With se-rious in - dus - try and fear, E - ter - nal bliss t'in-sure: {Thine ut-most counsel to ful - fil, / And suf - fer all thy righteous will,} And to the end en - dure
4. Then, Fa-ther, then my soul re - ceive, Trans-port-ed from the vale, to live And reign with thee a - bove, {Where faith is sweet-ly lost in sight, / And hope in full, su-preme de - light,} And ev - er - last - ing love.

GANGES. C. P. M.

IN A GENTLE AND SMOOTH STYLE.


Key of D
O Love divine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my willing heart All taken up by thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of redeeming love, The love of Christ to me.

2. Those that against me rise
Are aliens from the skies;
They hate thy church and kingdom, Lord·
They mock thy fearful name;
They glory in their shame;
Nor heed the wonders of thy word.

3. But, O thou King divine,
My chosen friends are thine;
The men that still my soul sustain:
Wilt thou my foes subdue,
And form their hearts anew,
And snatch them from eternal pain.

4. Escaped from every wo,
Oh grant me here below
To praise thy name with those I love;
And when beyond the skies
Our souls unbodied rise,
Unite us in the realms above.

Key of E
1. How pleased and bless'd was I, To hear the peo - ple cry,—"Come, let us seek our God to - day;" Yes, with a cheer-ful zeal,
2. Zi - on, thrice hap - py place, A - dorn'd with won - drous grace, And walls of strength em - brace thee round; In thee our tribes ap - pear,

Key of E
We haste to Zi - on's hill, And there our vows and ho - nours pay.
To pray, and praise, and hear The sa - cred gos - pel's joy ful sound.

3. There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saint be glad;
He makes the sinner sad;
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4. May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

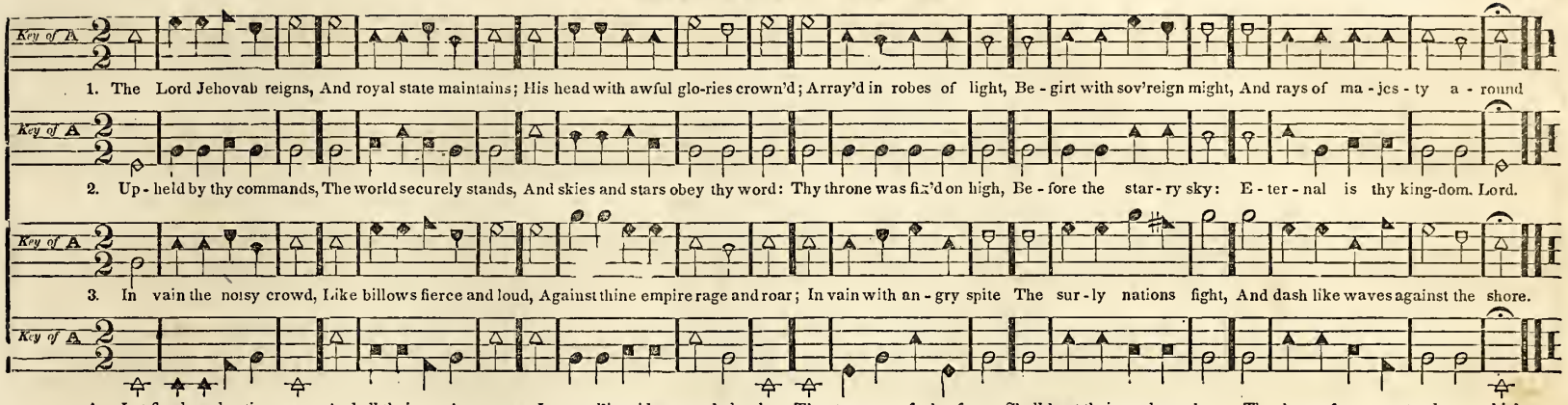
5. My tongue repeats her vows—
"Peace to this sacred house,"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his bless'd abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

PHAREZ. S. P M.

L. MASON

Key of E
1. How plea - sant 'tis to see Kin - dred and friends a - gree; Each in his pro - per sta - tion move,
2. 'Tis like the oint - ment shed On Aa - ron's sa - cred head, Di - vine - ly rich, di - vine - ly sweet!
3. Like fruit - ful showers of rain, That wa - ter all the plain, De - scend - ing from the neigh - bouring hills;
And each ful - fil his part, With sym - pa - thiz - ing heart, In all the cares of life and love! In all the cares of life and love!
The oil through all the room Dif - fused a choice per - fume, Ran through his robes, and bless'd his feet, Ran through his robes, And bless'd his feet.
Such streams of plea - sure roll Through ev' - ry friend - ly soul, Where love like heav'nly dew dis - tils, Where love like heav'nly dew dis - tils.

DALSTON. S. P. M.


Key of A
1. The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains; His head with awful glo-ries crown'd; Array'd in robes of light, Be - girt with sov'reign might, And rays of ma - jes - ty a - round
2. Up - held by thy commands, The world securely stands, And skies and stars obey thy word: Thy throne was fix'd on high, Be - fore the star - ry sky: E - ter - nal is thy king-dom, Lord.
3. In vain the noisy crowd, Like billows fierce and loud, Against thine empire rage and roar; In vain with an - gry spite The sur - ly nations fight, And dash like waves against the shore.
4. Let floods and nations rage, And all their pow'rs engage; Let swelling tides assault the sky: The terrors of thy frown Shall beat their madness down; Thy throne for e-ver stands on high.
5. Thy pro - mi - ses are true, Thy grace is ev - er new: There fix'd, thy church shall ne'er remove: Thy saints, with holy fear, Shall in thy courts appear, And sing thine e - ver - last - ing love.

AMHERST. H. M.

W. BILLINGS.

Key of F
1. Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Mak - er's name, His praise your songs em - ploy, Above the star - ry frame; Your voices raise, Ye cherubim And se - ra - phim, To sing his praise.
2. Let all a - dore the Lord, And praise his ho - ly name, By whose al - migh - ty word They all from no - thing came; And all shall last, From changes free; His firm decree Stands ever fast.

WEYMOUTH. H. M.

R. HARRISON.

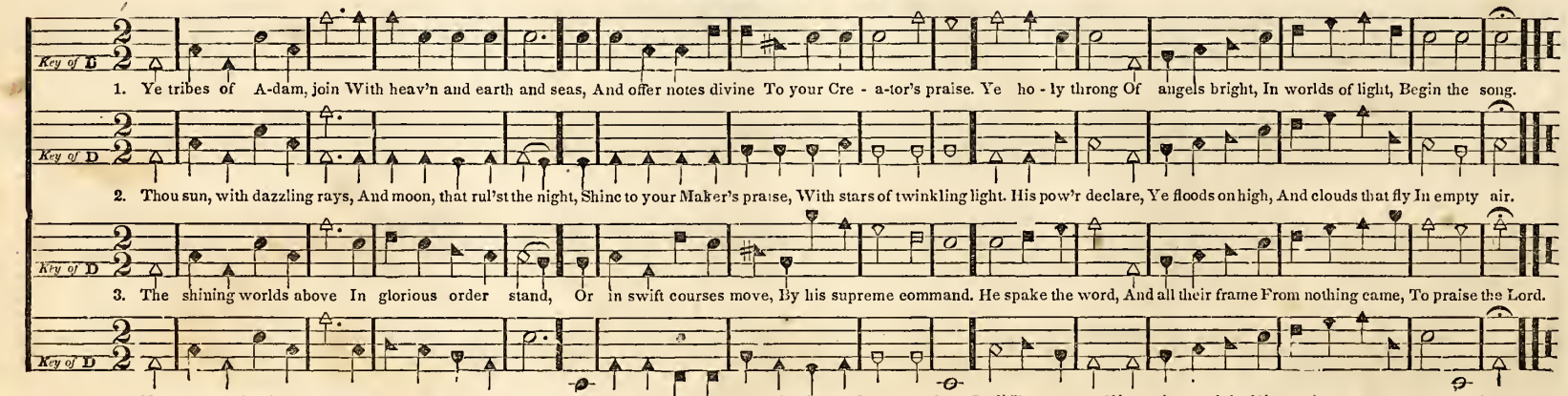
Key of G
1. Awake our drowsy souls, And burst the sloth - ful band; The· won - ders of this day . . . . . Our no - blest songs de - mand: Aus - pi - cious
2. At thy ap-proaching dawn, Re - luc - tant death re - sign'd The glo - rious Prince of life, ... In dark do - mains con - fined: Th'an - gel - ic
3. All hail, triumphant Lord! Heav'n with ho - san - nas rings; While earth, in hum - bler strains, ... Thy praise re - spon - sive sings: "Worthy art
4. Gird on, great God, thy sword, As - cend thy conqu'ring car, While jus - tice, truth, and love, ... Main - tain the glorious war: Vio - to - rious,
morn! thy bliss - ful rays Bright se - raphs hail, in songs of praise. Auspicious morn! thy bliss - ful rays Bright se - raphs hail, in songs of praise.
host a - round him bends, And midst their shouts the God as - cends. Th'angel - ic host a-round him bends, And midst their shouts the God ascends.
thou, who once was slain, Through end - less years to live and reign." "Worthy art thou, who once was slain, Through end - less years to live and reign."
thou thy foes shalt tread, And sin and hell in tri - umph lead. Vic - to-rious, thou thy foes shalt tread, And sin and hell in triumph lead.

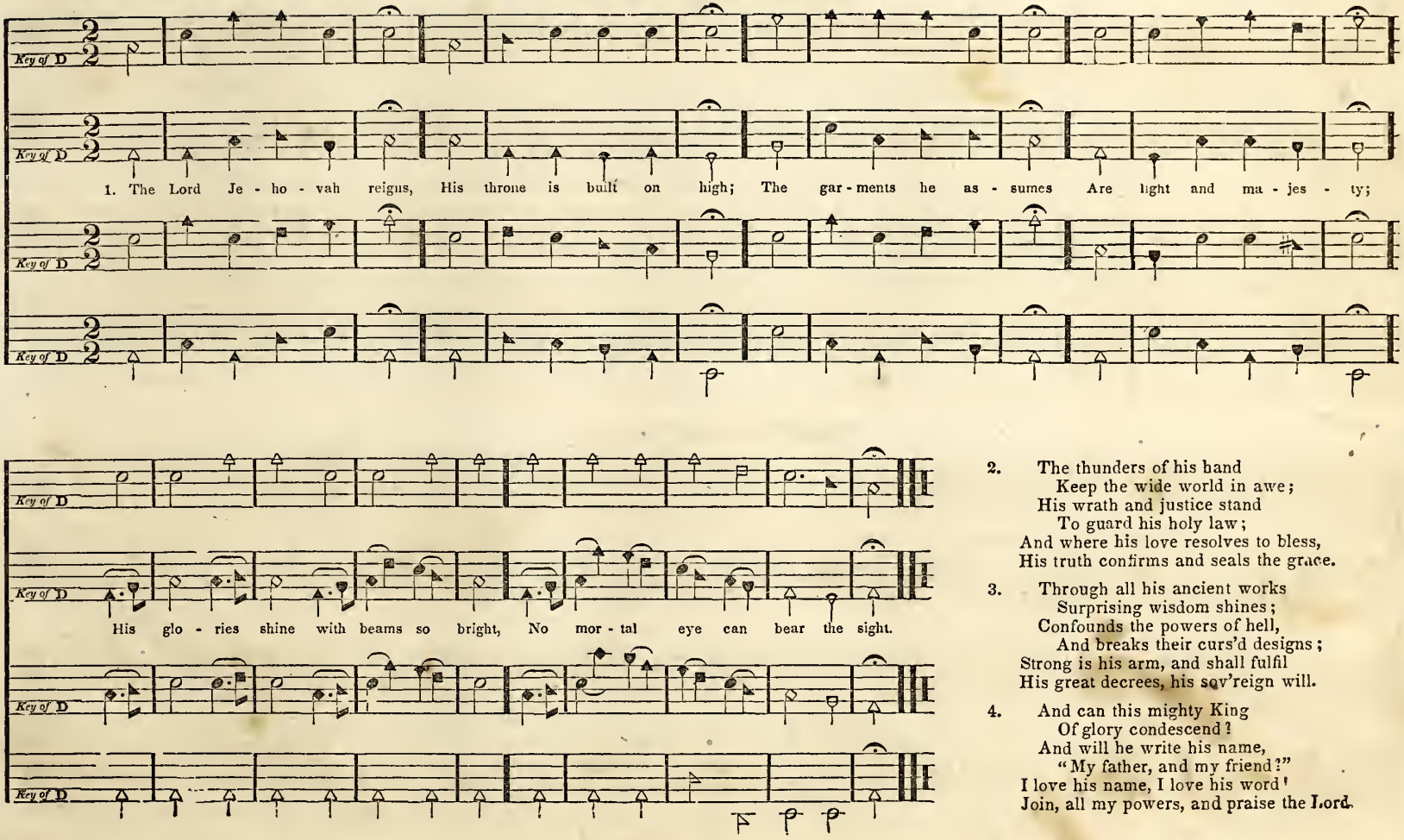
Key of F
1. O Zi - on, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high; Tell all the earth thy joys, And shout sal - va - tion nigh:
2. He gilds thy morn - ing face With beams that can - not fade; His all - re - splend - ent grace He pours a - round thy head:
3. In hon - our to his name Re - flect that sa - cred light, And loud that grace pro - claim Which makes thy dark - ness bright:
4. There, on his ho - ly hill, A bright - er Sun shall rise, And with his ra - diance fill Those fair - er, pu - rer skies:
Cheer - ful in God, A - rise and shine: While rays di vine Stream all a - broad.
The na - tions round Thy form shall view, With lus - tre new Di - vine - ly crown'd.
Pur - sue his praise, Till sov' - reign love, In worlds a - bove, The glo - ry raise.
While ro his throne Ten thou - sand stars In no - bler spheres His in - fluence own.

HARWICH. H. M.

Key of G
1. Give thanks to God most high, The u - ni-ver-sal Lord, The sov'reign King of kings; And be his grace adored. Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure; And ev-er sure A-bides thy word.
Key of G
2. How mighty is his hand! What wonders hath he done! He form'd the earth and seas, And spread the heav'ns alone. His pow'r and grace Are still the same; And let his name Have endless praise
Key of G
3. He sent his on-ly Son, To save us from our wo, From Sa-tan, sin, and death, And every hurtful foe. His pow'r and grace Are still the same; And let his name Have endless praise.
Key of G
4. Give thanks aloud to God, To God, the heav'nly King; And let the spacious earth His works and glories sing. Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure; And ev-er sure Abides thy word.

DARWELL. H. M.


Key of D
1. Ye tribes of A-dam, join With heav'n and earth and seas, And offer notes divine To your Cre - a-tor's praise. Ye ho - ly throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Begin the song.
Key of D
2. Thou sun, with dazzling rays, And moon, that rul'st the night, Shine to your Maker's praise, With stars of twinkling light. His pow'r declare, Ye floods on high, And clouds that fly In empty air.
Key of D
3. The shining worlds above In glorious order stand, Or in swift courses move, By his supreme command. He spake the word, And all their frame From nothing came, To praise the Lord.
Key of D
4. He moved their mighty wheels In unknown a-ges past; And each his word fulfils, While time and na - ture last. In diff'rent ways, His works proclaim His wondrous name, And speak his praise


Key of D
1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is built on high; The gar - ments he as - sumes Are light and ma - jes - ty;
His glo - ries shine with beams so bright, No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.

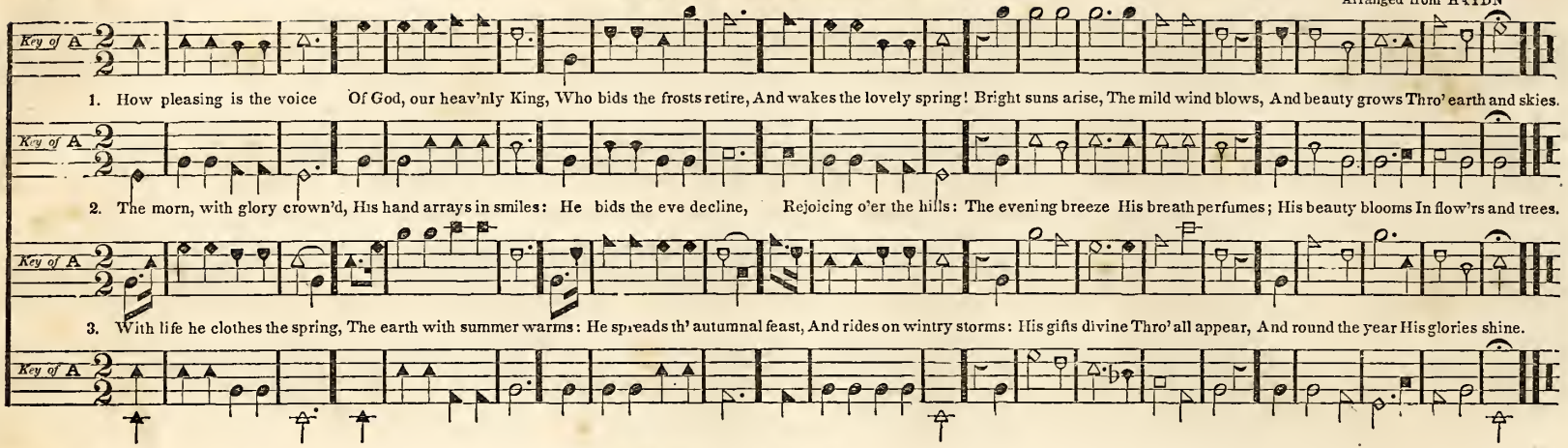
2. The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3. Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, his sov'reign will.

4. And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
"My father, and my friend?"
I love his name, I love his word!
Join, all my powers, and praise the Lord.

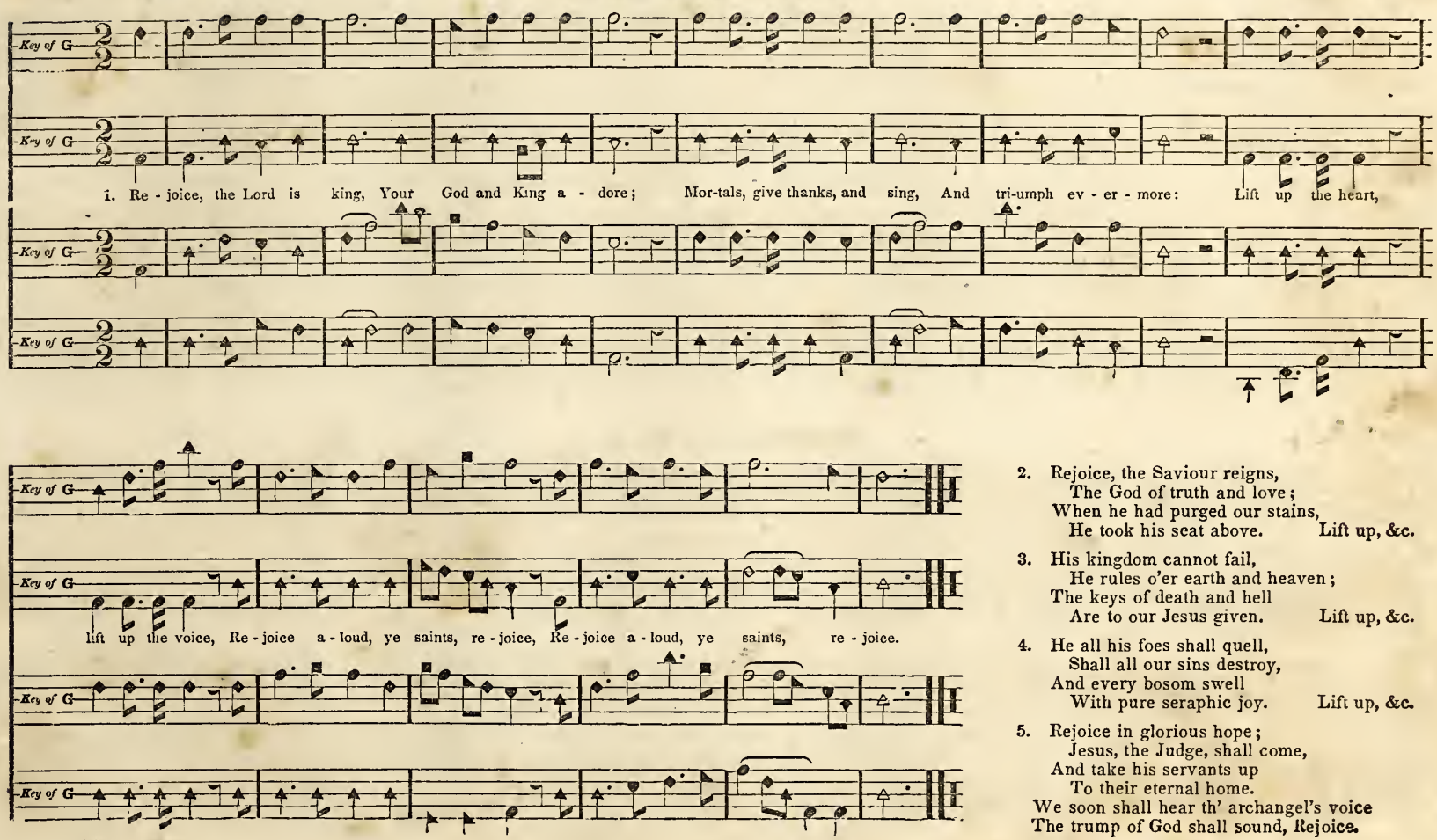
BRADFORD. H. M.

Arranged from HAYDN


Key of A
1. How pleasing is the voice Of God, our heav'nly King, Who bids the frosts retire, And wakes the lovely spring! Bright suns arise, The mild wind blows, And beauty grows Thro' earth and skies.
2. The morn, with glory crown'd, His hand arrays in smiles: He bids the eve decline, Rejoicing o'er the hills: The evening breeze His breath perfumes; His beauty blooms In flow'rs and trees.
3. With life he clothes the spring, The earth with summer warms: He spreads th' autumnal feast, And rides on wintry storms: His gifts divine Thro' all appear, And round the year His glories shine.

STOW. H. M.

Key of A
1. I give im-mor-tal praise, To God the Father's love, For all my comforts here, And better hopes above. He sent his own e-ter-nal Son, To die for crimes that man had done.
2. Bear, bear the tidings round, Let ev'-ry mortal know What love in God is found, What pi-ty he can show. Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll, Bear the glad news from pole to pole!


Key of G
1. Re - joice, the Lord is king, Your God and King a - dore; Mor-tals, give thanks, and sing, And tri-umph ev - er - more: Lift up the heart,
lift up the voice, Re - joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice, Re - joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice.

2. Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above. Lift up, &c.

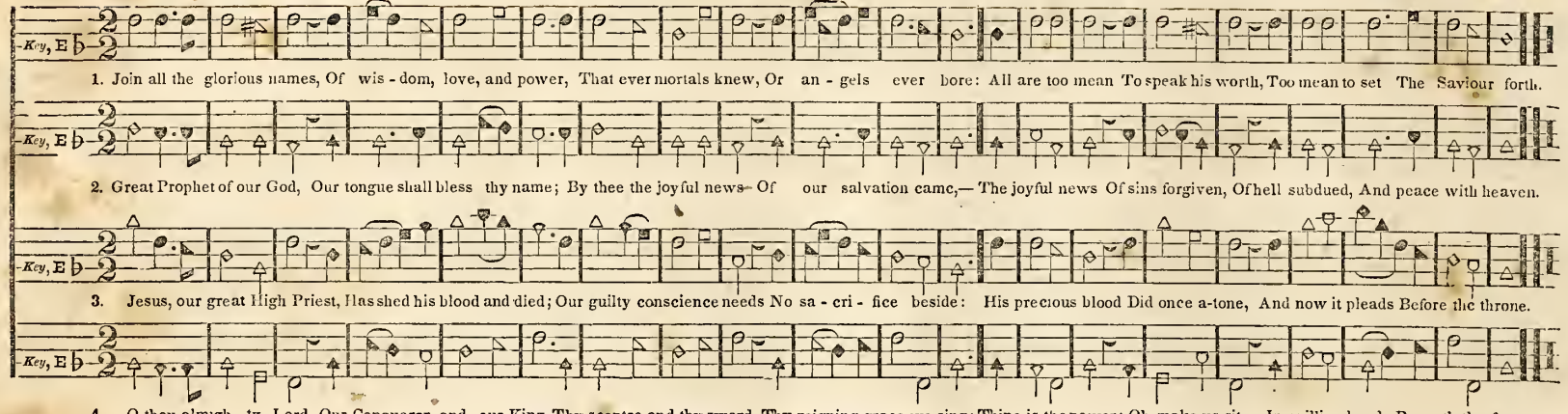
3. His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given. Lift up, &c.

4. He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy. Lift up, &c.

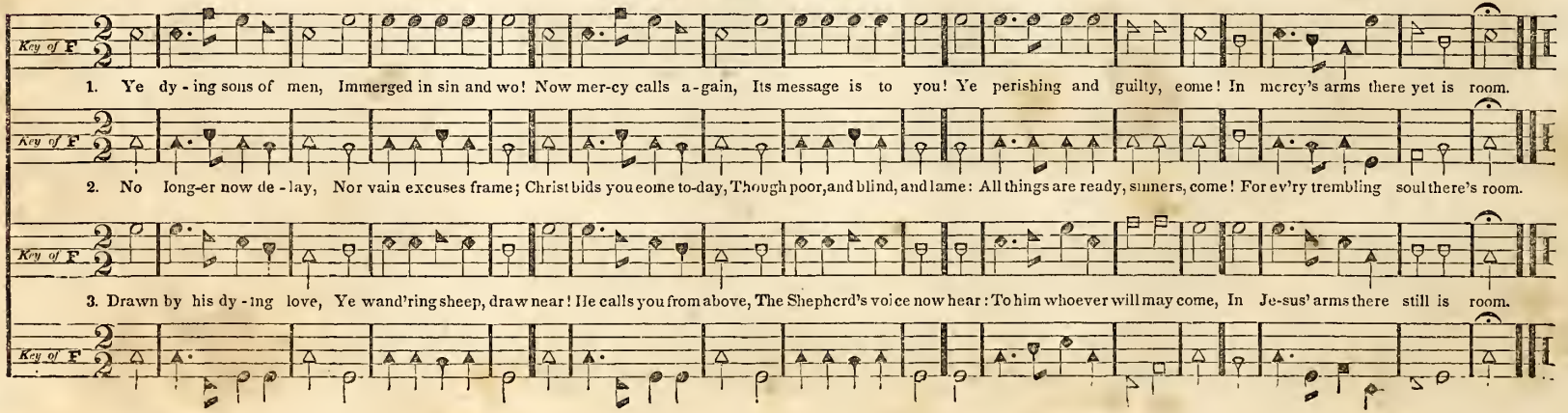
5. Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

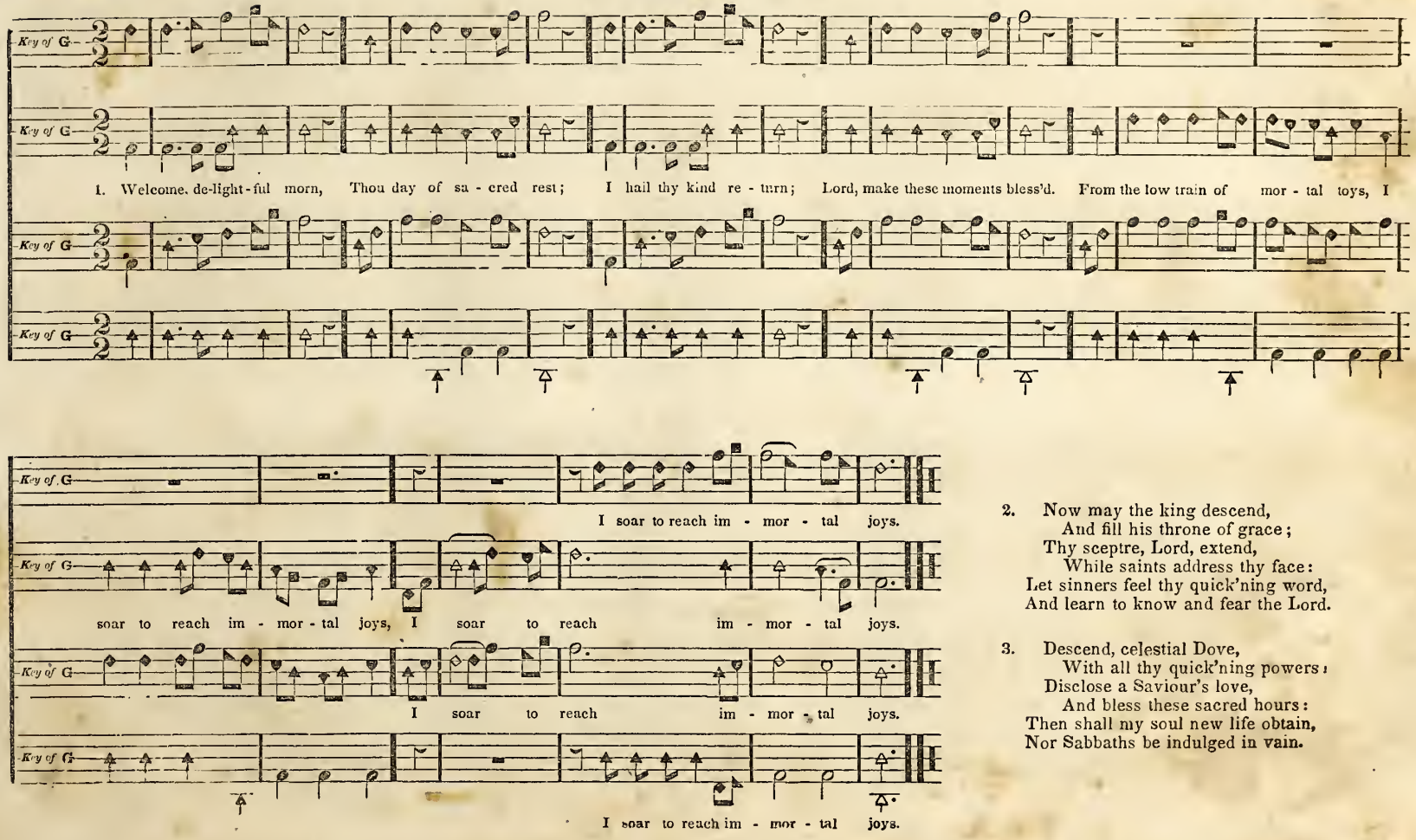
FITZWATER. H. M.

T. CLARK


Key, E♭
1. Join all the glorious names, Of wis - dom, love, and power, That ever mortals knew, Or an - gels ever bore: All are too mean To speak his worth, Too mean to set The Saviour forth.
2. Great Prophet of our God, Our tongue shall bless thy name; By thee the joyful news Of our salvation came,— The joyful news Of sins forgiven, Of hell subdued, And peace with heaven.
3. Jesus, our great High Priest, Has shed his blood and died; Our guilty conscience needs No sa - cri - fice beside: His precious blood Did once a-tone, And now it pleads Before the throne.
4. O thou almigh - ty Lord, Our Conqueror and our King, Thy sceptre and thy sword, Thy reigning grace we sing: Thine is the power; Oh, make us sit In willing bonds Beneath thy feet.

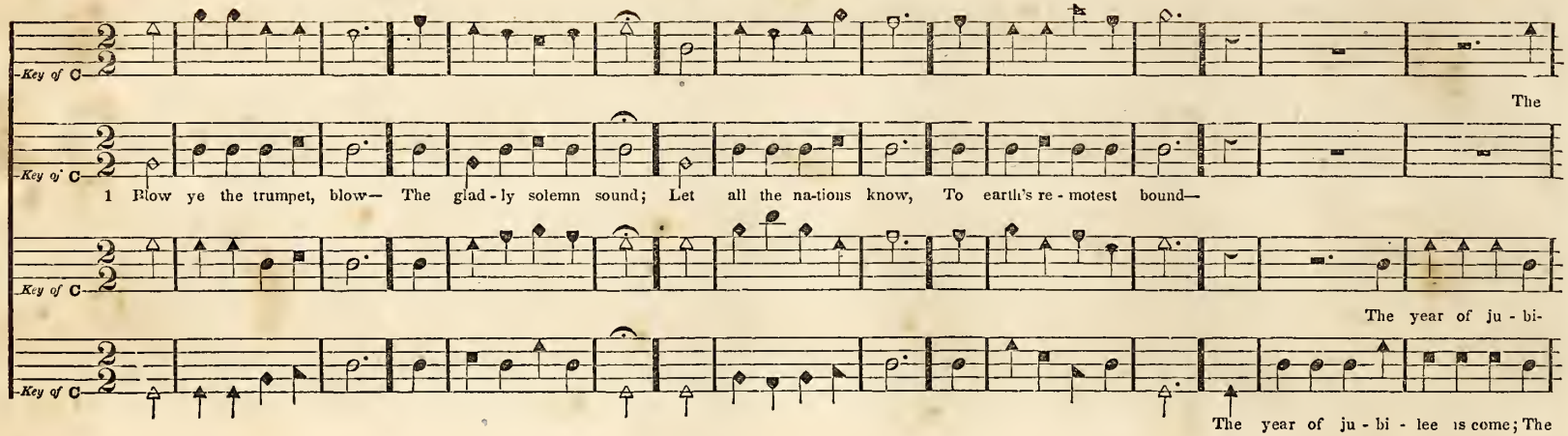
ZEBULON. H. M.

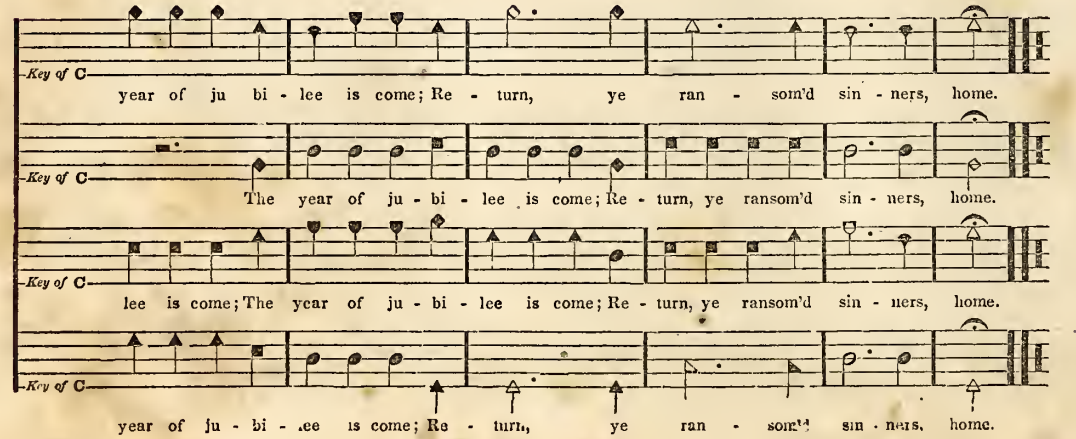

Key of F
1. Ye dy - ing sons of men, Immerged in sin and wo! Now mer-cy calls a-gain, Its message is to you! Ye perishing and guilty, come! In mercy's arms there yet is room.
2. No long-er now de - lay, Nor vain excuses frame; Christ bids you come to-day, Though poor, and blind, and lame: All things are ready, sinners, come! For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.
3. Drawn by his dy - ing love, Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near! He calls you from above, The Shepherd's voice now hear: To him whoever will may come, In Je-sus' arms there still is room.


Key of G
1. Welcome, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest; I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these moments bless'd. From the low train of mor - tal toys, I
I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.
soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.
I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.
I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

2. Now may the king descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3. Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.


Key of C
The
1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow— The glad - ly solemn sound; Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re - motest bound—
The year of ju - bi-
The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The


Key of C
year of ju bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home.
The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.
lee is come; The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.
year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home.

2. Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim. The year, &c.

3. Ye who have sold for naught
The heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love. The year, &c.

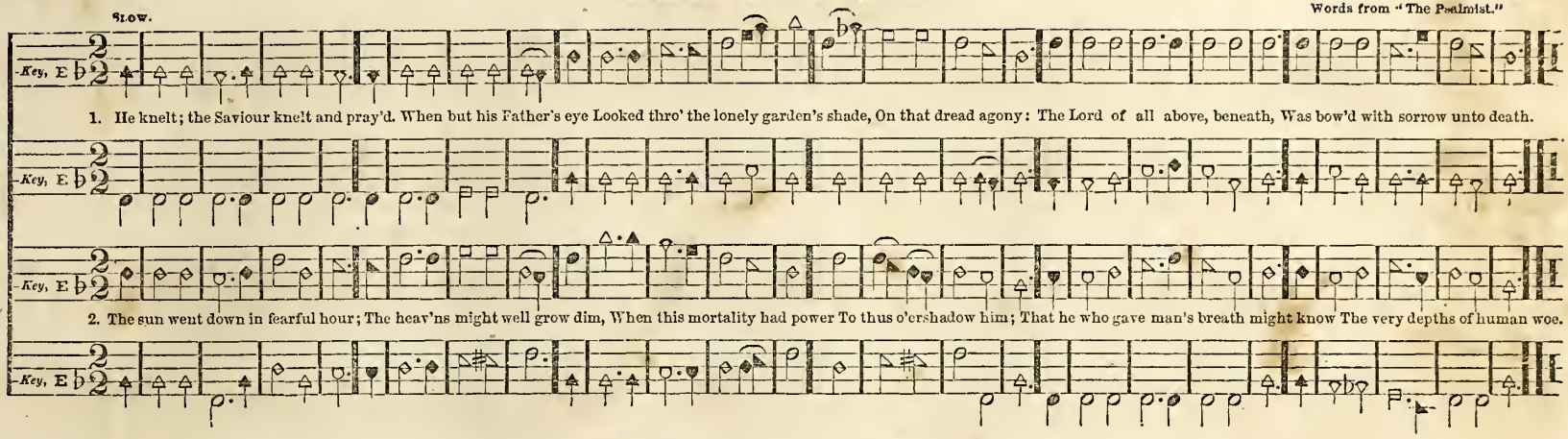
4. Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live. The year, &c.

5. The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face. The year, &c

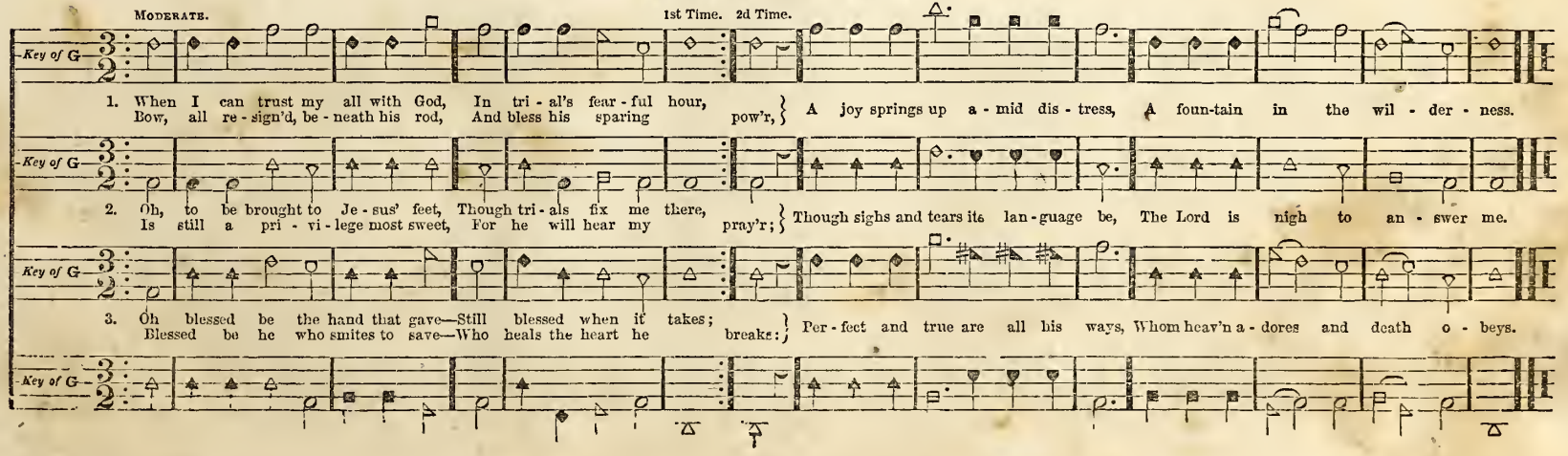
6. Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning sou's, be glad The year, &c

ZALENA. C. H. M.

Words from "The Psalmist."


Slow.
Key, E♭
1. He knelt; the Saviour knelt and pray'd. When but his Father's eye Looked thro' the lonely garden's shade, On that dread agony: The Lord of all above, beneath, Was bow'd with sorrow unto death.
2. The sun went down in fearful hour; The heav'ns might well grow dim, When this mortality had power To thus o'ershadow him; That he who gave man's breath might know The very depths of human woe.

RIDLEY. C. H. M.


Moderate.
1st Time. 2d Time.
Key of G
1. When I can trust my all with God, In tri - al's fear - ful hour, Bow, all re - sign'd, be - neath his rod, And bless his sparing pow'r, A joy springs up a - mid dis - tress, A foun-tain in the wil - der - ness.
2. Oh, to be brought to Je - sus' feet, Though tri - als fix me there, Is still a pri - vi - lege most sweet, For he will hear my pray'r; Though sighs and tears its lan - guage be, The Lord is nigh to an - swer me.
3. Oh blessed be the hand that gave—Still blessed when it takes; Blessed be he who smites to save—Who heals the heart he breaks; Per - fect and true are all his ways, Whom heav'n a - dores and death o - beys.

MOULTON. S. H. M.

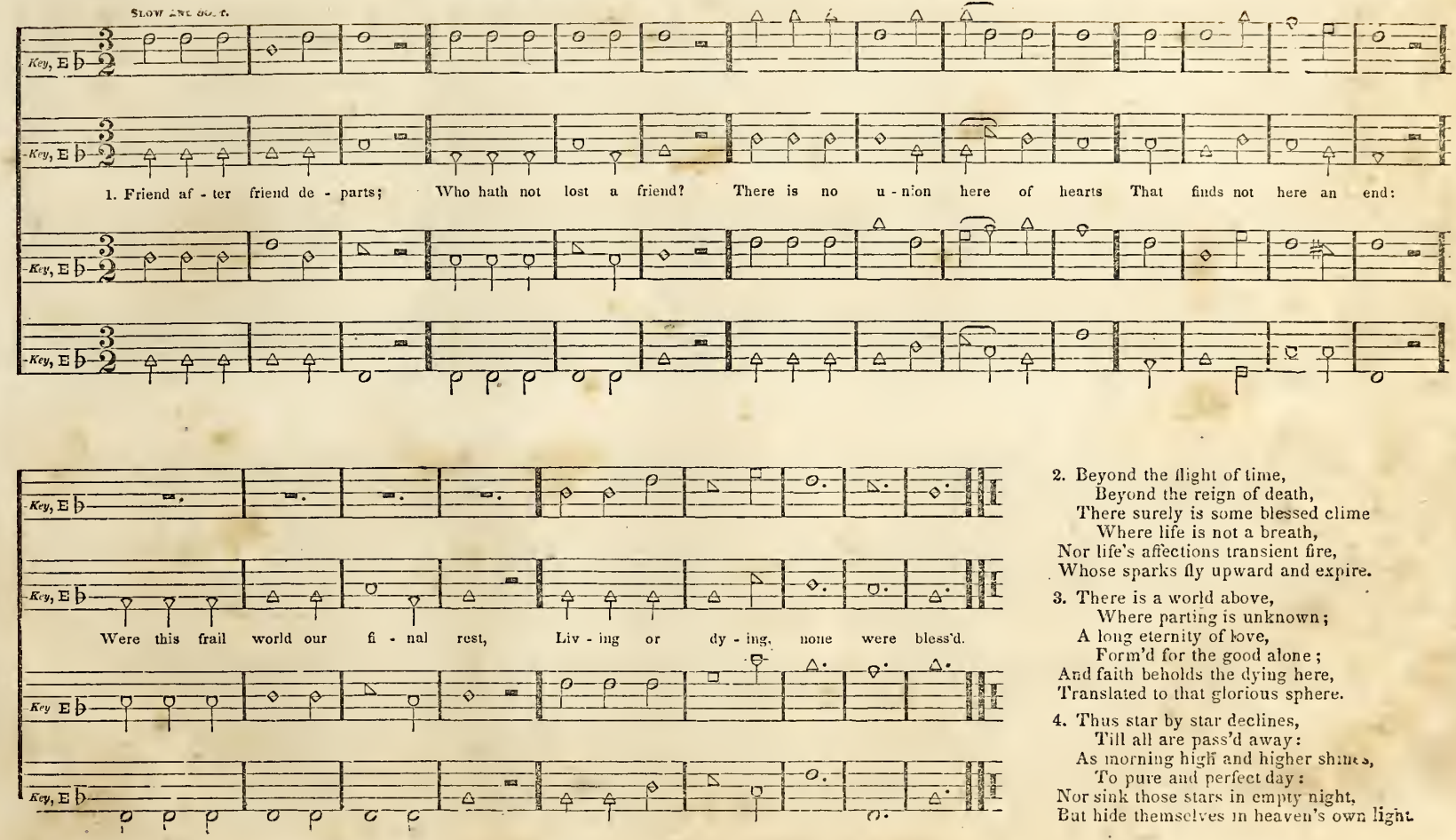
With tenderness.

Key of F
Key of F
1. Friend af - ter friend de - parts: Who hath not lost a friend? There is no u - nion here of hearts That finds not here an end:
Key of F
Key of F

2. Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3. There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4. Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.


Key, E♭
1. Friend af - ter friend de - parts; Who hath not lost a friend? There is no u - nion here of hearts That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our fi - nal rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were bless'd.

2. Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3. There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4. Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away:
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

RICHMOND. H. P. M. OR H. M. BY OMITTING THE REPEAT.

SLOW AND SOFT.
Key, B♭
1 Come, heav'nly peace of mind, I sigh for thy re - turn; I seek but can - not find The joys for which I mourn;
Ah! where's the Sa - viour now, Whose smiles I once pos - sess'd? Till he re - turn, I bow, By hea - viest grief op - press'd;
My days of hap - pi - ness are
gone, And I am left to weep a - lone, And I am left to weep a - lone.

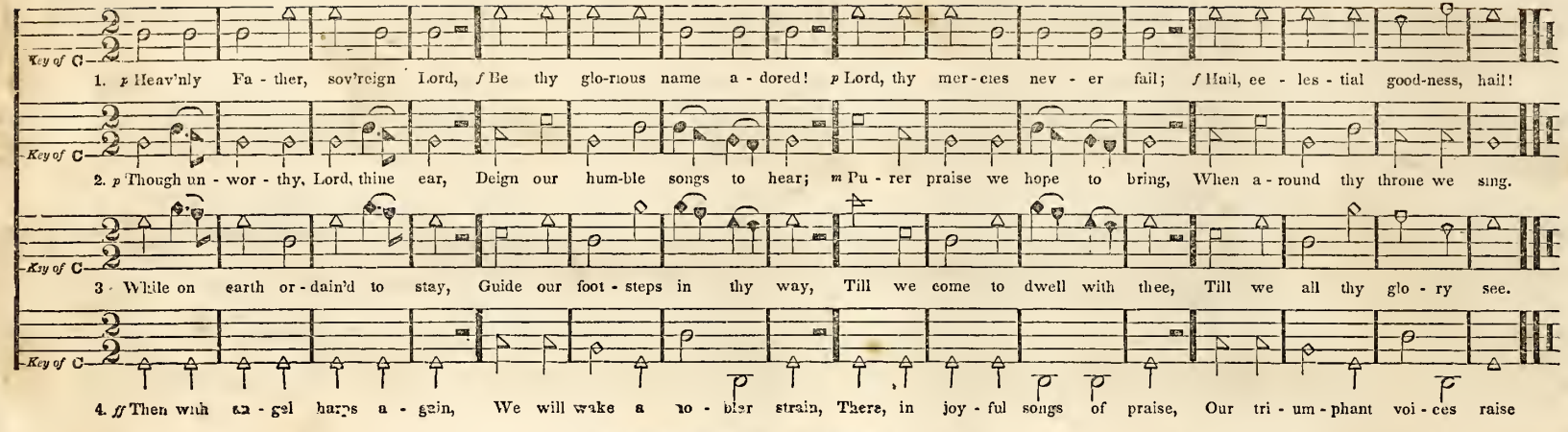
2. I tried each earthly charm—
In pleasure's haunts I stray'd—
I sought its soothing balm—
I asked the world its aid;
But oh! no balm it had
To heal a wounded breast,
And I, forlorn and sad,
Must seek another rest;
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

3. Where can the mourner go,
And tell his tale of grief?
Ah! who can sooth his wo,
And give him sweet relief?
Thou, Jesus! canst impart,
By thy long wish'd return,
Ease to this wounded heart,
And bid me cease to mourn;
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And I rejoice, my Lord, in thee.

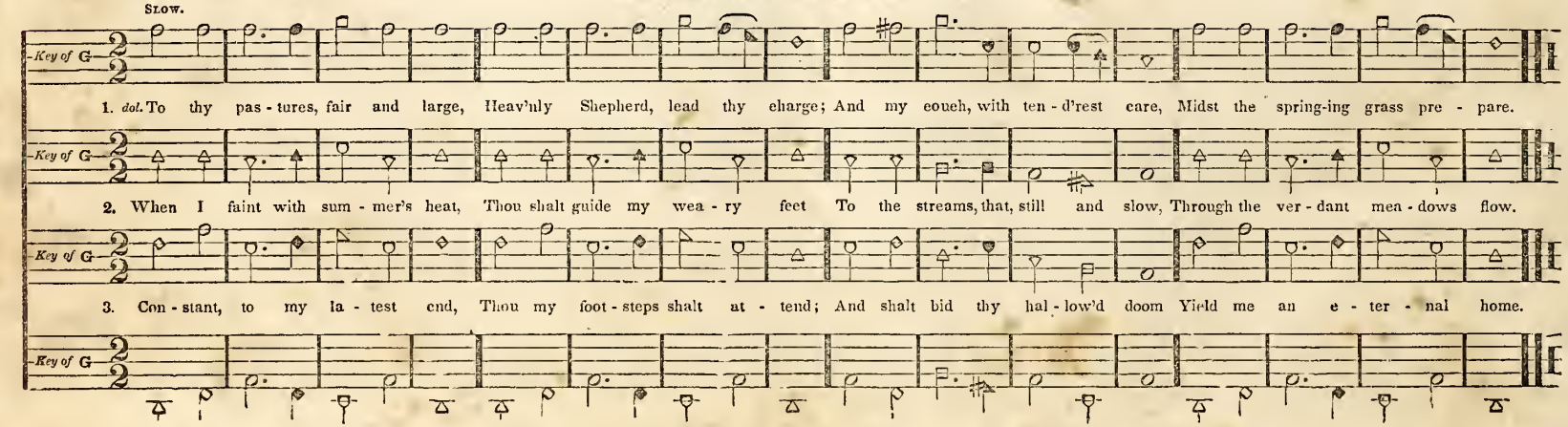
VILLAGE HYMNS

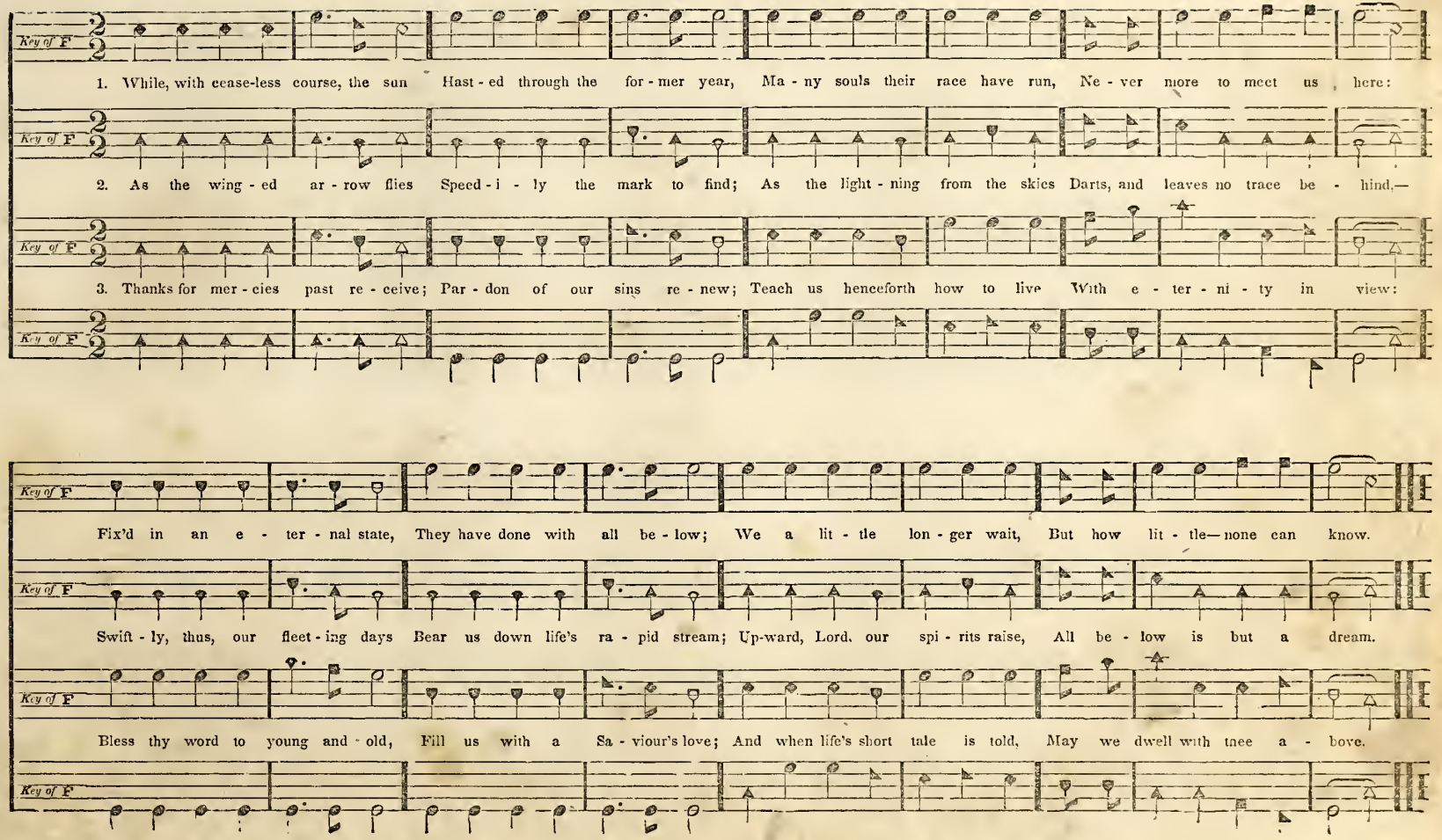
Key of F
1. Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hast - ed at the ear - ly dawn; Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone.
2. But her sor-rows quick-ly fled, When she heard his wel - come voice: Christ had ris - en from the dead; Now he bids her heart re - joice.
For a - while she ling'-ring stood, Fill'd with sor - row and sur - prise; Trembling while a crys-tal flood Is - sued from her weep-ing eyes.
What a change his word can make, Turn - ing darkness in - to day! Ye who weep for Je - sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a - way.

WILMOT. 7s.


Key of C
1. p Heav'nly Fa - ther, sov'reign Lord, f Be thy glo-rious name a - dored! p Lord, thy mer-cies nev - er fail; f Hail, ee - les - tial good-ness, hail!
Key of C
2. p Though un - wor - thy, Lord, thine ear, Deign our hum-ble songs to hear; m Pu - rer praise we hope to bring, When a - round thy throne we sing.
Key of C
3 While on earth or - dain'd to stay, Guide our foot - steps in thy way, Till we come to dwell with thee, Till we all thy glo - ry see.
Key of C
4. ff Then with an - gel harps a - gain, We will wake a no - bler strain, There, in joy - ful songs of praise, Our tri - um - phant voi - ces raise

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

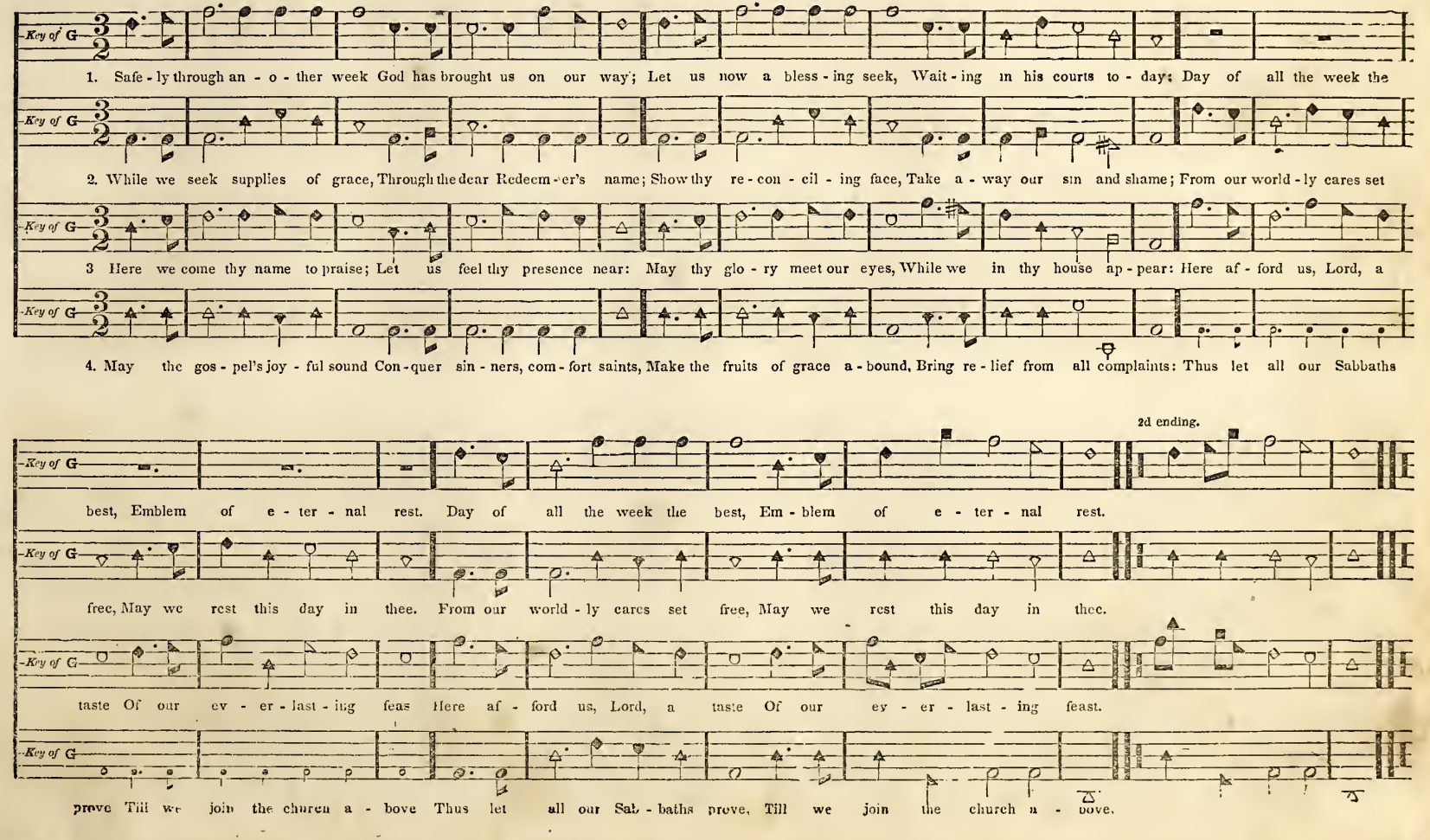

Slow.
Key of G
1. dol. To thy pas - tures, fair and large, Heav'nly Shepherd, lead thy charge; And my eoueh, with ten - d'rest care, Midst the spring-ing grass pre - pare.
Key of G
2. When I faint with sum - mer's heat, Thou shalt guide my wea - ry feet To the streams, that, still and slow, Through the ver - dant mea - dows flow.
Key of G
3. Con - stant, to my la - test end, Thou my foot - steps shalt at - tend; And shalt bid thy hal - low'd doom Yield me an e - ter - nal home.
Key of G


Key of F
1. While, with cease-less course, the sun Hast - ed through the for - mer year, Ma - ny souls their race have run, Ne - ver more to meet us here:
2. As the wing - ed ar - row flies Speed - i - ly the mark to find; As the light - ning from the skies Darts, and leaves no trace be - hind.—
3. Thanks for mer - cies past re - ceive; Par - don of our sins re - new; Teach us henceforth how to live With e - ter - ni - ty in view:
Fix'd in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low; We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle—none can know.
Swift - ly, thus, our fleet - ing days Bear us down life's ra - pid stream; Up-ward, Lord, our spi - rits raise, All be - low is but a dream.
Bless thy word to young and old, Fill us with a Sa - viour's love; And when life's short tale is told, May we dwell with thee a - bove.

Key of F
Key of F
1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light, Sun of Right - eous - ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the
Key of F
Key of F

2. Dark and cheerless is the morn,
   If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
   Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

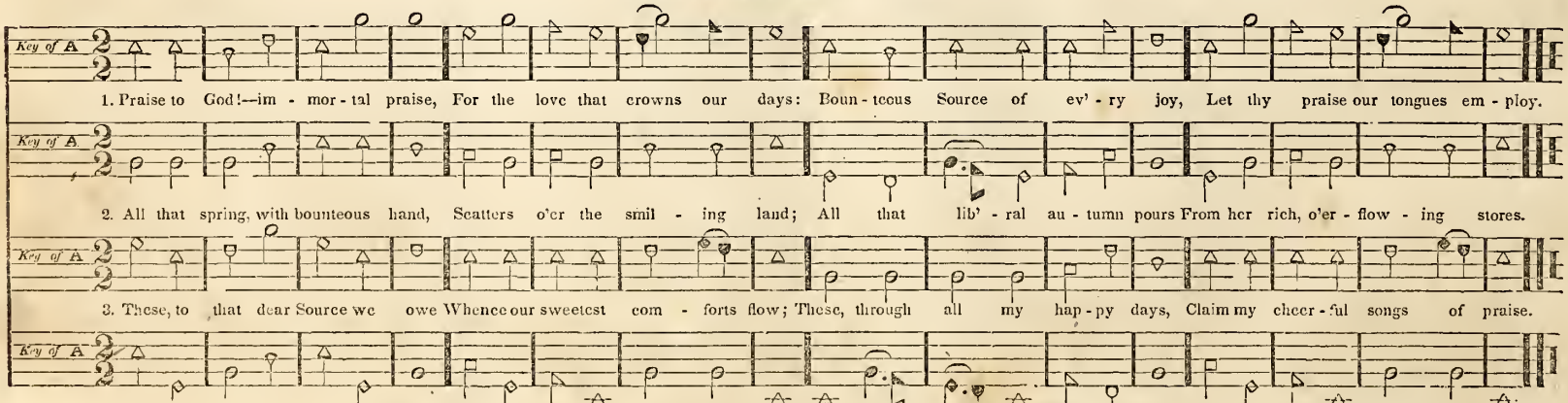
3. Visit, then, this soul of mine;
   Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine·
   Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.


Key of G
1. Safe - ly through an - o - ther week God has brought us on our way; Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day; Day of all the week the
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Through the dear Redeem - er's name; Show thy re - con - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our world - ly cares set
3 Here we come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy presence near: May thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap - pear: Here af - ford us, Lord, a
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints, Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief from all complaints: Thus let all our Sabbaths
2d ending.
best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest. Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
free, May we rest this day in thee. From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.
taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feas Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
prove Till we join the church a - bove Thus let all our Sab - baths prove, Till we join the church a - bove.

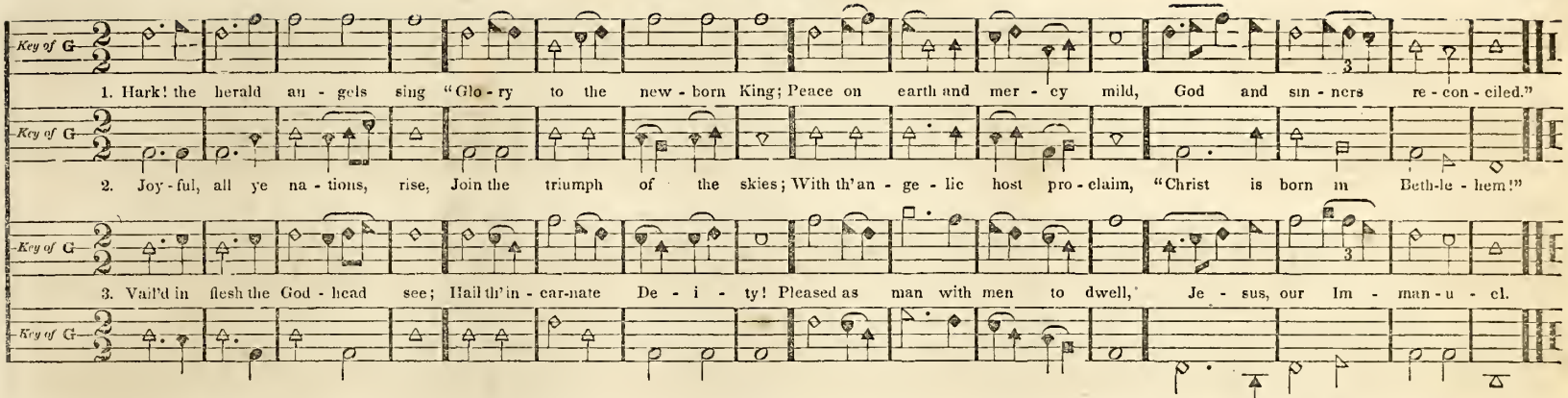
GRANBY. 7s.

Key of F
1. Keep me, Saviour, near thy side, Let thy coun - sel be my guide; Never let me from thee rove, Sweetly draw me, Sweetly draw me, Sweetly draw me by thy love.
Key of F
Key of F
2. Let us, then, with joy - ful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind; For his mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, Ev - er faith - ful, Ev - er faith - ful, ev-er sure
Key of F

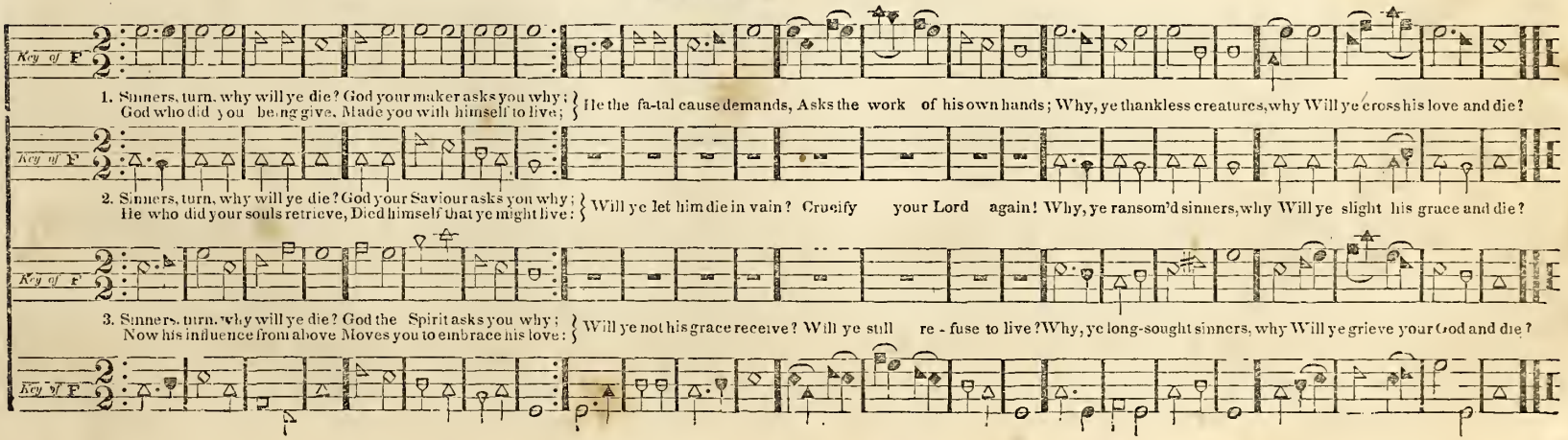
NUREMBURG. 7s.

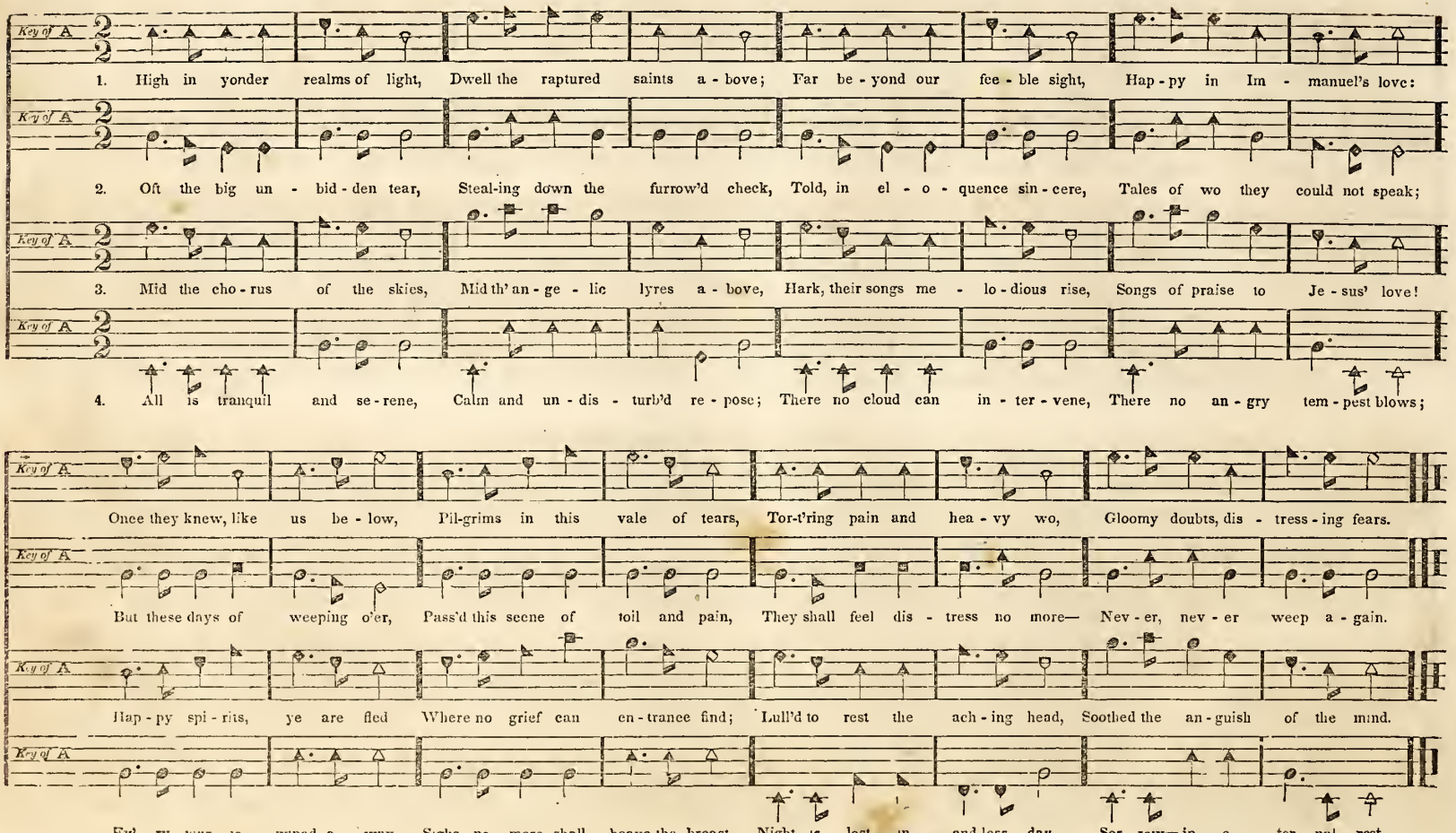

Key of A
1. Praise to God!—im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days: Boun - teous Source of ev' - ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy.
Key of A
2. All that spring, with bounteous hand, Scatters o'er the smil - ing land; All that lib' - ral au - tumn pours From her rich, o'er - flow - ing stores.
Key of A
3. These, to that dear Source we owe Whence our sweetest com - forts flow; These, through all my hap - py days, Claim my cheer - ful songs of praise.
Key of A
4. Lord, to thee my soul should raise Grate - ful, ev - er - end - ing praise; And, when ev' - ry blessing's flown, Love thee for Thy - self a - lone

COOKHAM. 7s.


Key of G
1. Hark! the herald an - gels sing "Glo - ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled."
2. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the triumph of the skies; With th'an - ge - lic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth-le - hem!"
3. Vail'd in flesh the God - head see; Hail th'in - car-nate De - i - ty! Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Im - man - u - el.
4. Mild he lays his glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die; Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them se-cond birth.
5. Sing we then—with an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new - born King: Glo - ry in the high - est heav'n, Peace on earth, and man for - giv'n

BROWN. 7s. (Double.)


Key of F
1. Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God your maker asks you why; God who did you being give, Made you with himself to live; He the fa-tal cause demands, Asks the work of his own hands; Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love and die?
2. Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God your Saviour asks you why; He who did your souls retrieve, Died himself that ye might live: Will ye let him die in vain? Crucify your Lord again! Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why Will ye slight his grace and die?
3. Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God the Spirit asks you why; Now his influence from above Moves you to embrace his love: Will ye not his grace receive? Will ye still re - fuse to live? Why, ye long-sought sinners, why Will ye grieve your God and die?

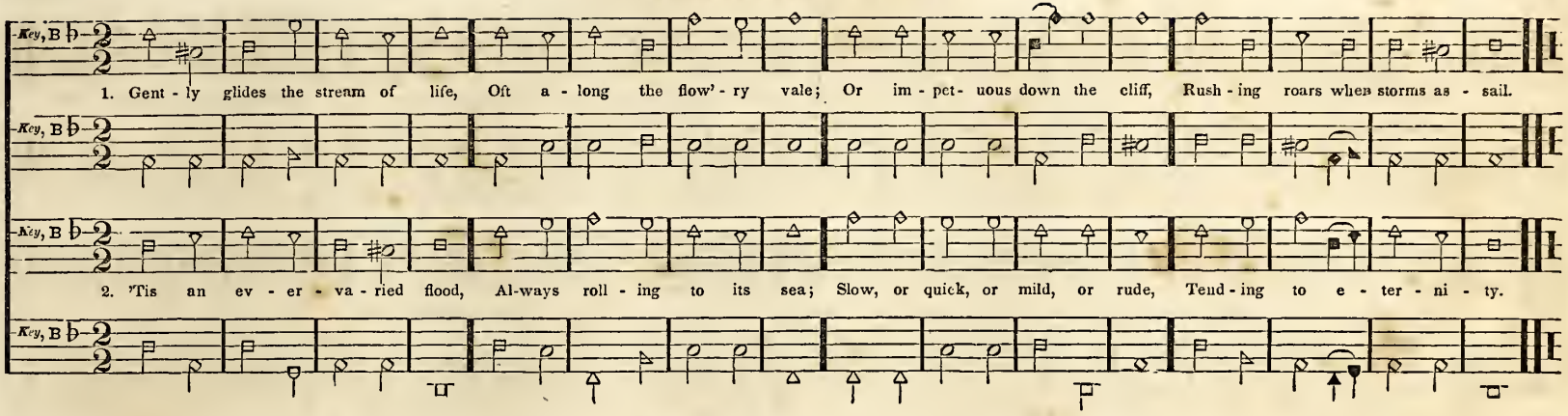

Key of A
1. High in yonder realms of light, Dwell the raptured saints a - bove; Far be - yond our fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im - manuel's love:
2. Oft the big un - bid - den tear, Steal-ing down the furrow'd check, Told, in el - o - quence sin - cere, Tales of wo they could not speak;
3. Mid the cho - rus of the skies, Mid th' an - ge - lic lyres a - bove, Hark, their songs me - lo - dious rise, Songs of praise to Je - sus' love!
4. All is tranquil and se - rene, Calm and un - dis - turb'd re - pose; There no cloud can in - ter - vene, There no an - gry tem - pest blows;
Once they knew, like us be - low, Pil-grims in this vale of tears, Tor-t'ring pain and hea - vy wo, Gloomy doubts, dis - tress - ing fears.
But these days of weeping o'er, Pass'd this scene of toil and pain, They shall feel dis - tress no more— Nev - er, nev - er weep a - gain.
Hap - py spi - rits, ye are fled Where no grief can en - trance find; Lull'd to rest the ach - ing head, Soothed the an - guish of the mind.
Ev' - ry tear is wiped a - way, Sighs no more shall heave the breast, Night is lost in end-less day, Sor - row— in e - ter - nal rest

Key of D
1. Rock of a - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
2. Should my tears for ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know, This for sin could not a - tone;
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death, When I rise to worlds un - known,
From thy wound - ed side which flow'd, Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Save from wrath, and make me pure.
Thou must save, and thou a - lone; In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
And be - hold thee on thy throne, Rock of a - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

HOTHAM. 7s. (DOUBLE.)

Key, E♭
1. Je-sus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the raging bil - lows roll, While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
2. Other refuge have I none—Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me; All my trust on thee is stay'd,
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find; Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind: Just and ho - ly is thy name,
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found—Grace to pardon all my sin; Let the healing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in; Thou of life the foun - tain art,
Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh re - ceive my soul at last, Oh re - ceive my soul at last.
All my help from thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shadow of thy wing, With the sha - dow of thy wing.
I am all un - righteous - ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Free ly let me take of thee: Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty Rise to all eter - ni ty.

NORWICH. 7s.


Key, B♭
1. Gent - ly glides the stream of life, Oft a - long the flow'- ry vale; Or im - pet- uous down the cliff, Rush - ing roars when storms as - sail.
2. 'Tis an ev - er - va - ried flood, Al-ways roll - ing to its sea; Slow, or quick, or mild, or rude, Tend - ing to e - ter - ni - ty.

KIR. 7s.

Slow.
Key of G
1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine; Chase the shades of night a - way; Turn the dark - ness in - to day.
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine: Long has sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - den'd heart of mine; Bid my ma - ny woes de - part; Heal my wound - ed, bleed - ing heart.
4. Ho - ly Spi - rit, all di - vine Dwell with - in this heart of mine; Cast down ev' - ry i - dol throne; Reign su - preme, and reign a - lone.

ELTHAM. 7s. (DOUBLE.)

MODERATE.

D. C.

1. Has-ten, Lord, the glorious time, When, be-neath Mes-si - ah's sway,
Ev' - ry na - tion, ev' - ry clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey.
Sa - tan and his host o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2. Mightiest kings his pow'r shall own, Heathen tribes his name adore,

D. C.

3. Then shall wars and tumults cease, Then be banish'd grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace, Un - dis-turb'd shall ev - er reign.
All his mighty acts re - cord, All his wondrous love pro - claim.

4. Bless we, then, our gracious Lord, Ever praise his glorious name;

HENDON. 7s.

From Rev. Dr. MALAN.

1. To thy pas-tures, fair and large, Heav'nly Shepherd, lead thy charge; And my couch with tenderest care, Midst the springing grass pre - pare, Midst the springing grass pre - pare.

2. When I faint with sum-mer's heat, Thou shalt guide my wea - ry feet To the streams that, still and slow, Thro' the ver - dant mea-dows flow; Thro' the ver - dant mea-dows flow.

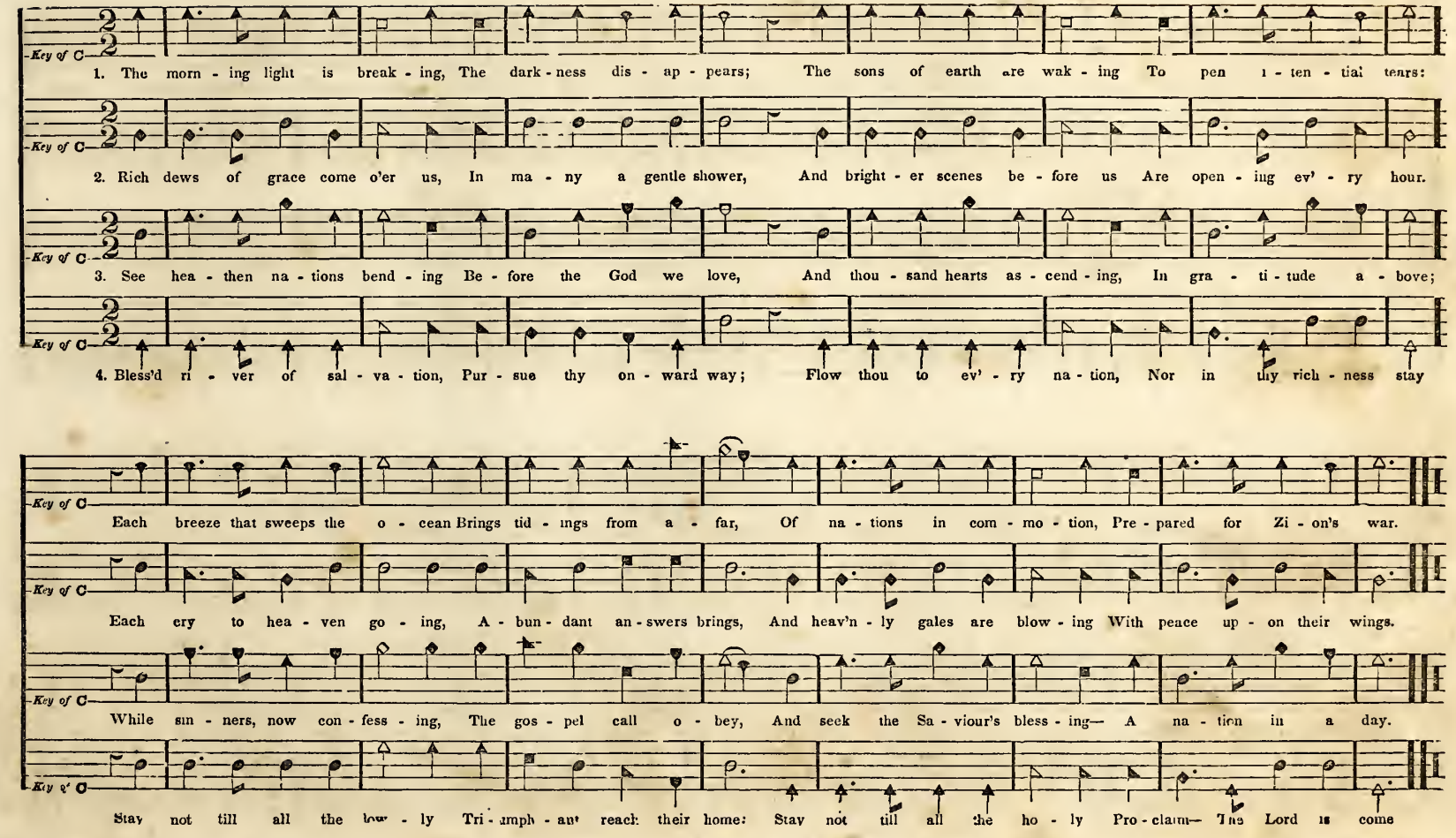
3. Con-stant to my lat - est end, Thou my foot - steps shall at - tend; And shalt bid thy hallowed dome Yield me an e - ter - nal home, Yield me an e - ter - nal home.

4. Safe the drea - ry vale I tread, By the shades of death o'erspread; With thy rod and staff sup - plied, This my guard, and that my guide, This my guard, and that my guide.

Key of F
1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle— Though ev' - ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high— Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;
From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown; The hea - then, in his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learn'd Mes - si - ah's name.
Till o'er our ran - som'd na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain. Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

YARMOUTH. 7s & 6s.

Key of G
1. When shall the voice of singing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long? When hill and val-ley, ringing With one tri - umphant song, Pro - claim the con-test ended,
2. Then from the craggy mountains The sacred shout shall fly, And sha-dy vales and fountains Shall echo the re - ply: High tow'r and low-ly dwelling
And Him, who once was slain, A - gain to earth de - scended, A - gain to earth de - scended, A gain to earth de - scend-ed, In righteousness to reign?
Shall send the chorus round, All hal - le - lu - jah swelling, All hal - le - lu - jah swelling, All hal - le - lu - jah swelling, In one e - ter - nal sound.


Key of C
1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears; The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen i - ten - tial tears:
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In ma - ny a gentle shower, And bright - er scenes be - fore us Are open - ing ev' - ry hour.
3. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love, And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing, In gra - ti - tude a - bove;
4. Bless'd ri - ver of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thy on - ward way; Flow thou to ev' - ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far, Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
Each cry to hea - ven go - ing, A - bun - dant an - swers brings, And heav'n - ly gales are blow - ing With peace up - on their wings.
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey, And seek the Sa - viour's bless - ing— A na - tion in a day.
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph - ant reach their home: Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim— The Lord is come

LEXINGTON. 7s & 6s.

IN MODERATE TIME.

Key of C
1. To thee. O bless-ed Sa-viour, Our grate-ful songs we raise; Oh, tune our hearts and voi-ces, Thy ho-ly name to praise;
2. Oh, may thy pre-cious gos-pel Be pub-lish'd all a-broad, Till the be-night-ed hea-then Shall know and serve the Lord;
'Tis by thy sov'-reign mer-cy We're here al-low'd to meet, To join with friends and teach-ers Thy bless-ing to en-treat.
Till o'er the wide cre-a-tion The rays of truth shall shine, And na-tions now in dark-ness A-rise to light di-vine.

Words from The Psalmist.*

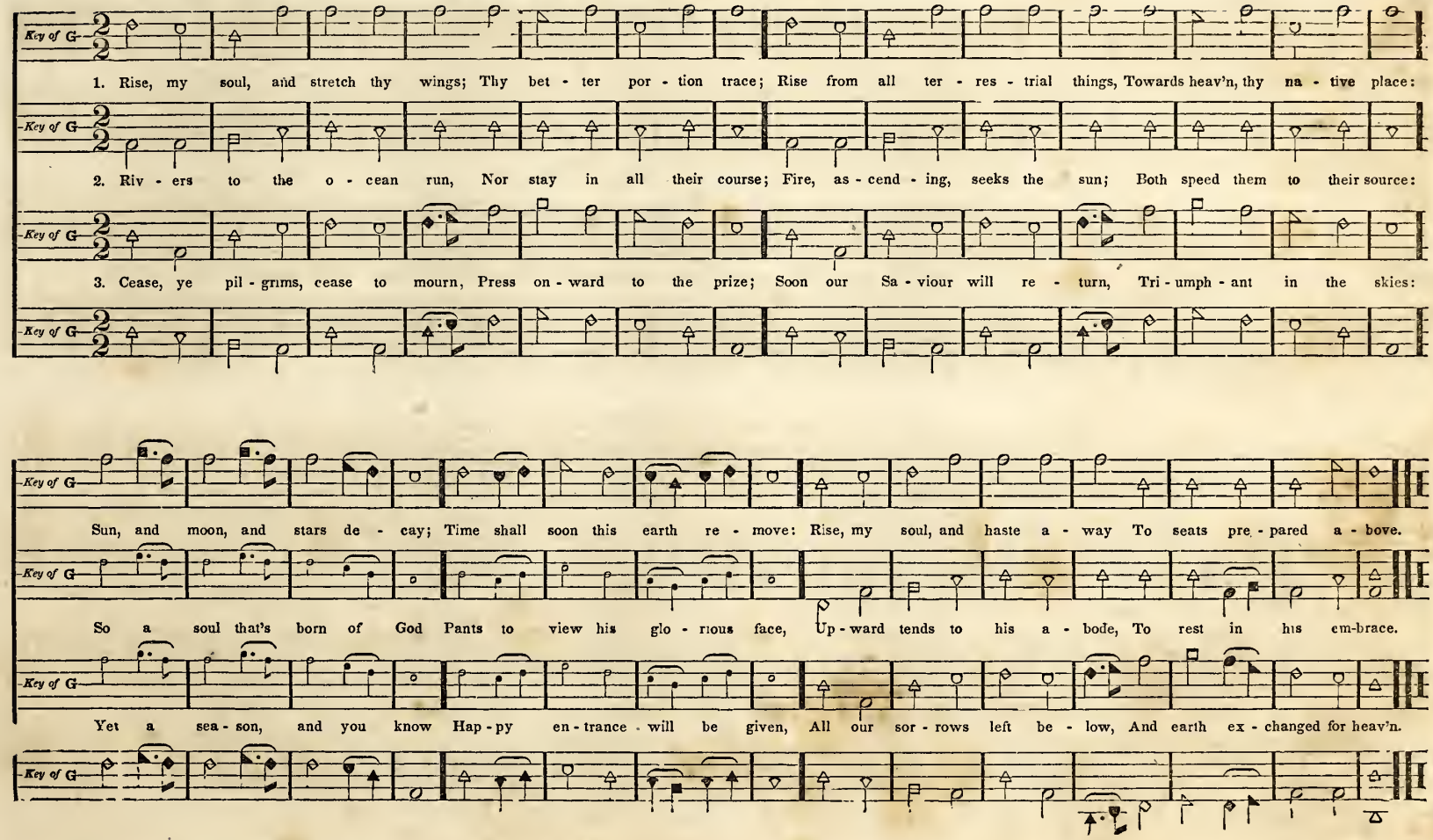
Key of A
1. "Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor" While youth's fair spring is bright, Be - fore thy cares are great - er, Be fore comes age's night;
2. "Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor" Ere life re - signs its trust, Ere sinks dis - solv - ing na - ture, And dust re - turns to dust;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee, While stars the dark - ness cheer, While life is all be - fore thee, Thy great Cre - a - tor fear.
Be - fore with God, who gave it, The spi - rit shall ap - pear: He cries, who died to save it, "Thy great Cre - a - tor fear."

* A new collection of Psalms and Hymns for the use of the Baptist Churches.

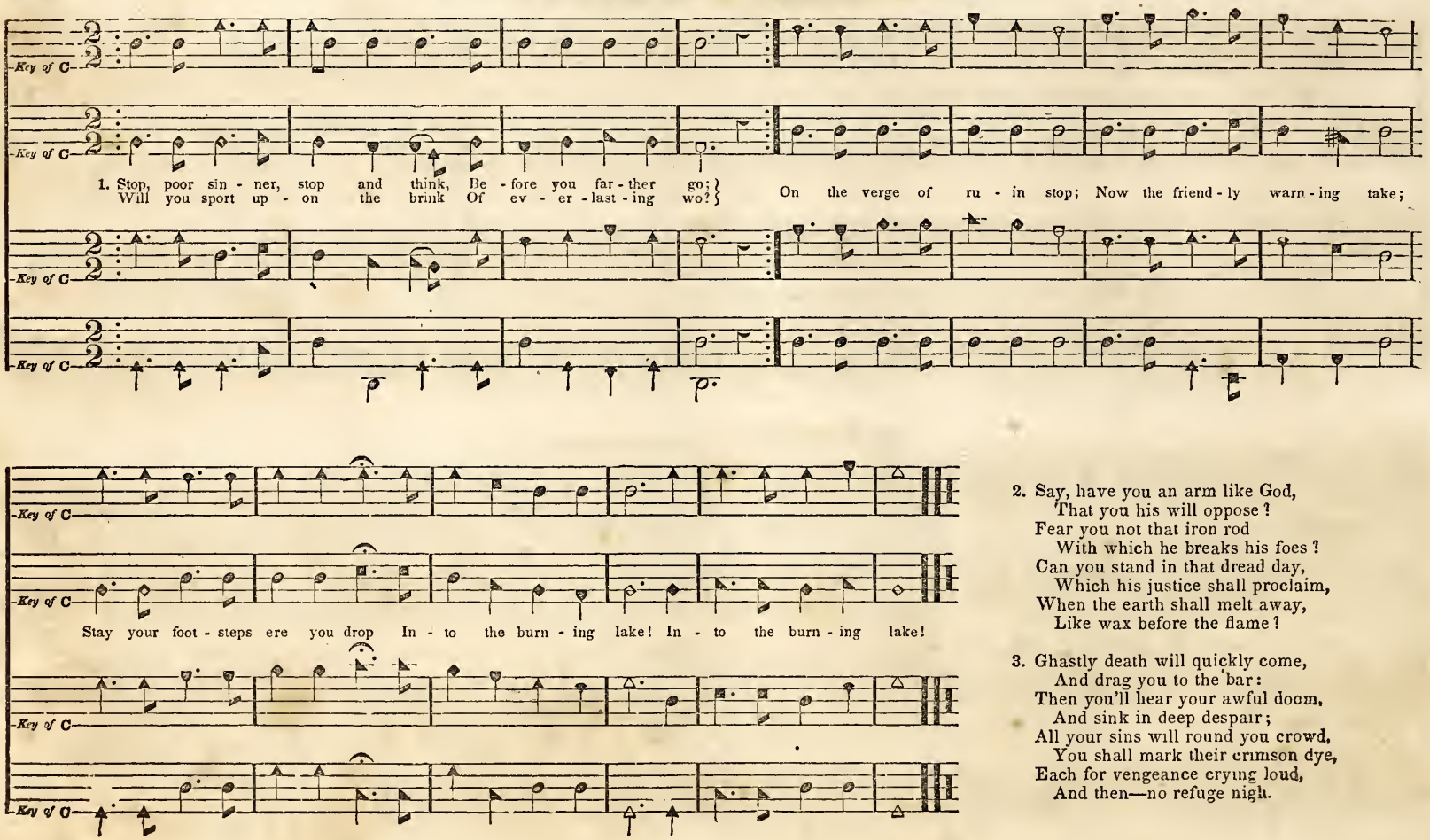
OUR OFFERINGS.

M. W. WILSON.

LIVELY
Key of C
1. To - day we come with sing - ing And glad - ness in our breast, Our bloom - ing off' - rings bring - ing For chil - dren in the west. We
2. We come with ex - ul - ta - tion, A joy - ful, hap - py band, Pro - claim - ing free sal - va - tion For all our west - ern land. Loud
3. Our souls be fill'd with glad - ness! Let rap - ture swell the breast! Ten thou - sand hearts are beat - ing For children in the west. Shout,
spread our flow - ing ban - ners, And lift our voi - ces high; Our hymns and glad ho - san - nas Re - sound - ing through the sky.
ring the glow - ing an - them! Oh! shout, "A Sa - viour slain!" And let the moun - tains e - cho The glo - ries of his name.
shout, ye saints in tri - umph! The con - qu'ror comes to reign, Let earth ex - alt her Sa - viour, And bless Im - ma - nuel's name.


Key of G
1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings; Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; Rise from all ter - res - trial things, Towards heav'n, thy na - tive place:
2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire, as - cend - ing, seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source:
3. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize; Soon our Sa - viour will re - turn, Tri - umph - ant in the skies:
Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move: Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.
So a soul that's born of God Pants to view his glo - rious face, Up - ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em-brace.
Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will be given, All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex - changed for heav'n.

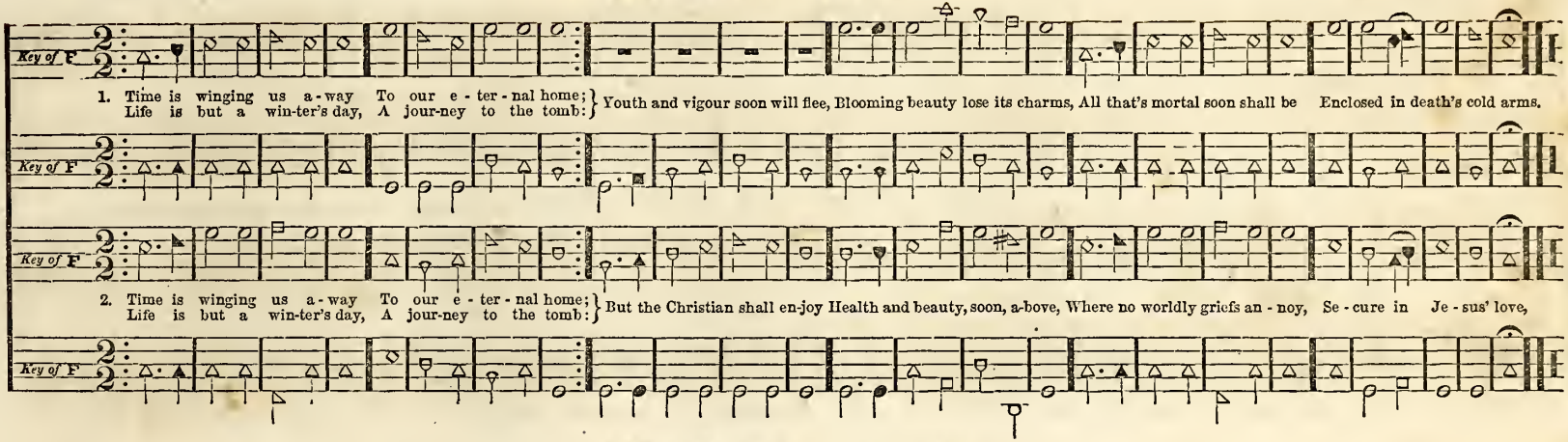
EXPOSTULATION. 7s & 6s. (Peculiar.)


Key of C
1. Stop, poor sin - ner, stop and think, Be - fore you far - ther go;
Will you sport up - on the brink Of ev - er - last - ing wo?
On the verge of ru - in stop; Now the friend - ly warn - ing take;
Stay your foot - steps ere you drop In - to the burn - ing lake! In - to the burn - ing lake!

2. Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

3. Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar:
Then you'll hear your awful doom,
And sink in deep despair;
All your sins will round you crowd,
You shall mark their crimson dye,
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And then—no refuge nigh.

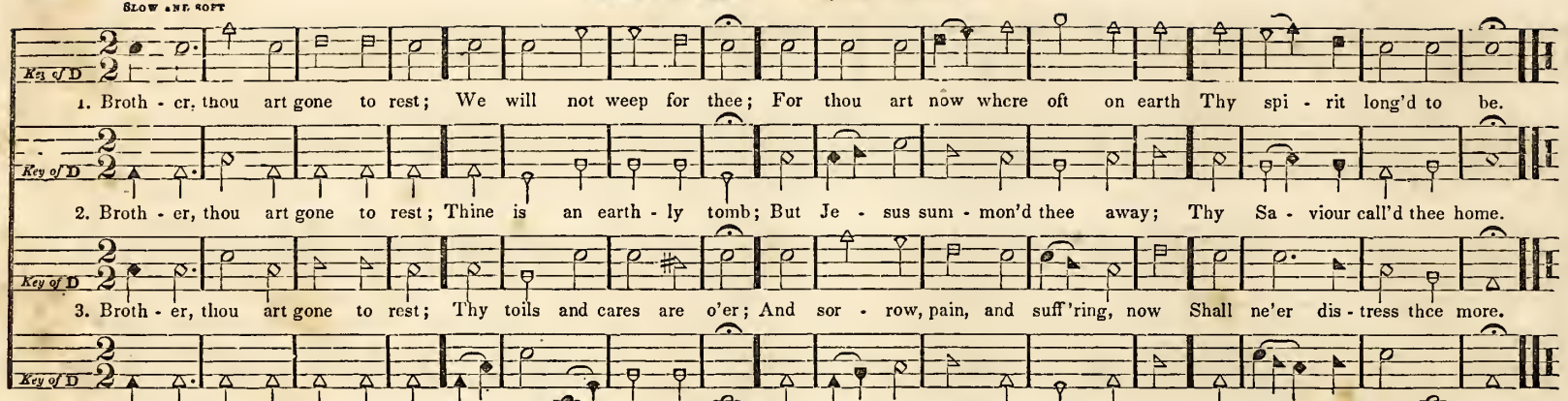
ARBURY. 7s & 6s.


Key of F
1. Time is winging us a-way To our e-ter-nal home; } Youth and vigour soon will flee, Blooming beauty lose its charms, All that's mortal soon shall be Enclosed in death's cold arms.
Life is but a win-ter's day, A jour-ney to the tomb: }
2. Time is winging us a-way To our e-ter-nal home; } But the Christian shall en-joy Health and beauty, soon, a-bove, Where no worldly griefs an-noy, Se-cure in Je-sus' love,
Life is but a win-ter's day, A jour-ney to the tomb: }

BROOKLYN. 7s & 6s.

Key of G
D. C.
Praise the Lord, who reigns a-bove, And keeps his courts be-low; }
Praise him for his bound-less love, And all his great-ness show. } Praise him for his no-ble deeds; Praise him for his match-less pow'r;
Him, from whom all good pro-ceeds, Let earth and heav'n a-dore.
D. C.

RELFORD. 7s, 6s & 8s.


SLOW AND SOFT
Key of D
1. Broth - er, thou art gone to rest; We will not weep for thee; For thou art now where oft on earth Thy spi - rit long'd to be.
2. Broth - er, thou art gone to rest; Thine is an earth - ly tomb; But Je - sus sum - mon'd thee away; Thy Sa - viour call'd thee home.
3. Broth - er, thou art gone to rest; Thy toils and cares are o'er; And sor - row, pain, and suff'ring, now Shall ne'er dis - tress thee more.
4. Broth - er, thou art gone to rest; Thy sins are all forgiv'n; And saints in light have welcomed thee To share the joys of heav'n.

ZALMONAH. 7s, 6s & 8s.

D. C.
Key of G
1. Je - sus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep; False to thee, like Peter, I Would fain, like Pe - ter weep. Turn, and look on me, O Lord! And break my heart of stone. Let me be by grace re - stored; On me be all long - suffering shown;
D. C.
2. Sa - viour, Prince, enthroned above, Repent - ance to im - part, Give me, through thy dying love, The hum - ble, contrite heart. Turn, and look on me, O Lord! And break my heart of stone. Give, what I have long im - plored, A por - tion of thy grief unknown.

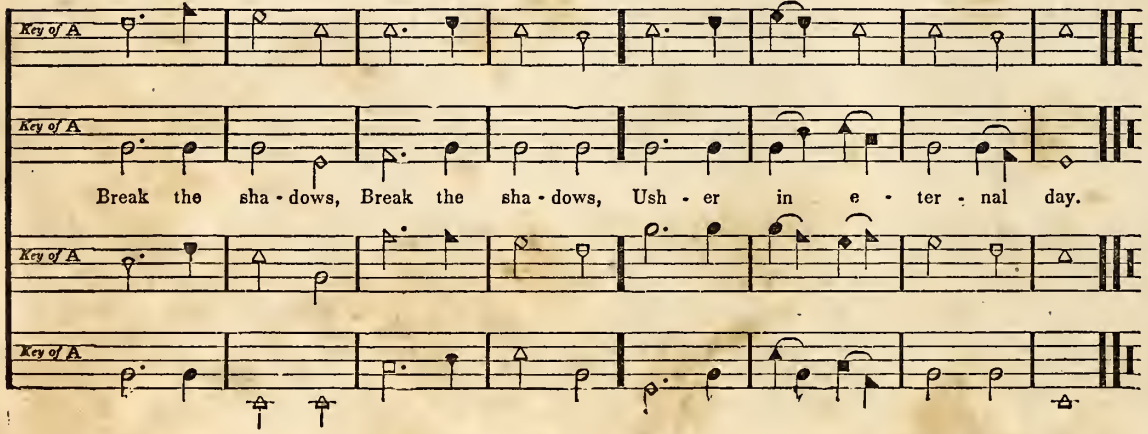
WITH TENDERNESS

Key, B♭
1. Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep; False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.
2. Sa-viour, Prince, en - throned a - bove, Re - pen-tance to im - part, Give me, through thy dy - ing love, The hum - ble, con - trite heart:
Let me be by grace re - stored: On me be all long-suffering shown; Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Give, what I have long im-plored, A por - tion of thy grief un-known: Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Key of F
1. Lamb of God, whose dy - ing love We now re - call to mind; Send the an - swer from a - bove And let us mer - cy find.
2. By thine a - go - niz - ing pain, And bloody sweat, we pray; By thy dy - ing love to man, Take all our sins a - way.
3. Let thy blood, by faith ap - plied, The sin - ner's par - don seal, Speak us free - ly jus - ti - fied, And all our sick - ness heal.
4. Never will we hence de - part, Till thou our wants re - lieve: Write for - give - ness on our heart, And all thine image give.
Think on us, who think on thee, And ev'-ry struggling soul re - lease! Oh re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.
Burst our bonds and set us free, From all in - i - qui - ty re - lease; Oh re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.
By thy pas - sion on the tree, Let all our griefs and troubles cease; Oh re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.
Still our souls shall cry to thee, Till per-fect - ed in ho - li - ness; Oh re - mem - ber Cal va - ry, And bid us go in peace.

Key of F
1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sa - viour deigns to die, What me - lo - dious sounds we hear, Burst - ing on the
2. "Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why be - neath thy bur - dens groan? On my pierc - ed bo - dy laid, Jus - tice owns the
3. "Spread for thee, the fes - tal board See with rich - est dain - ties stored; To thy Fa - ther's bo - som press'd, Yet a - gain a
4. "Soon the days of life shall end; Lo, I come, your Sa - viour, Friend, Safe your spi - rits to con - vey To the realms of
ra - vish'd ear! "Love's re - deem - ing work is done: Come and wel - come, Come and wel - come, Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come.
ran - som paid; Bow the knee, em - brace the Son; Come and wel come, Come and wel - come, Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come.
child con - fess'd. Nev - er from his house to roam, Come and wel - come, Come and wel - come, Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come.
end - less day, Up to my e - ter - nal home; Come and wel - come, Come and wel - come, Come, and wel - come. sin - ner, come.'

Key of A
1. When the vale of death ap - pears, Faint and cold this mor - tal clay, Kind Fore - run - ner, soothe my fears, Light me through the darksome way;



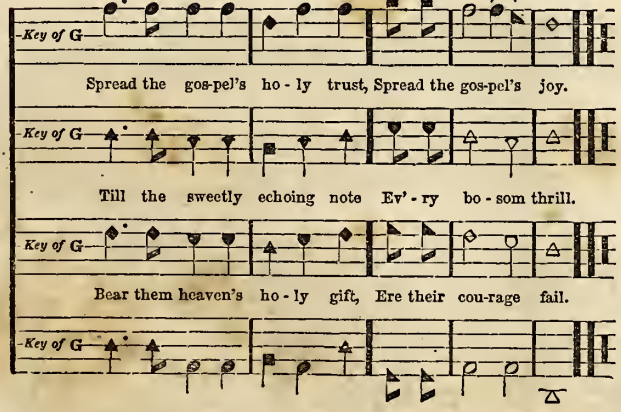
2. Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire;
Open thou thy crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre:
Dwell for ever—
Dwell on each immortal wire.

3. When the mighty trumpet blown
Shall the judgment dawn proclaim,
From the central, burning throne,
'Mid creation's final flame,
With the ransom'd,
Judge and Saviour, own my name.

ROCKVALE. 7s & 5s.

Key of G
1. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight; An - gel, onward speed; Cast a - broad thy radiant light, Bid the shades re - cede; Tread the i - dols in the dust, Heathen fanes de-stroy,
2. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight; An - gel, onward haste: Quick-ly on each mountain's height Be thy standard placed; Let the blissful tidings float Far o'er vale and hill,
3. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight; An - gel, onward fly: Long has been the reign of night; Bring the morning nigh: 'Tis to thee the heathen lift Their im - plor-ing wail;
4. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight; An - gel, onward speed; Morning burst up - on the sight, 'Tis the time de-creed: Je-sus now his kingdom takes, Thrones and empires fall,

BERLIN. 7s & 5s.


Key of G
Spread the gos-pel's ho - ly trust, Spread the gos-pel's joy.
Till the sweetly echoing note Ev' - ry bo - som thrill.
Bear them heaven's ho - ly gift, Ere their cou-rage fail.
And the joy-ous song a - wakes, "God is all in all."

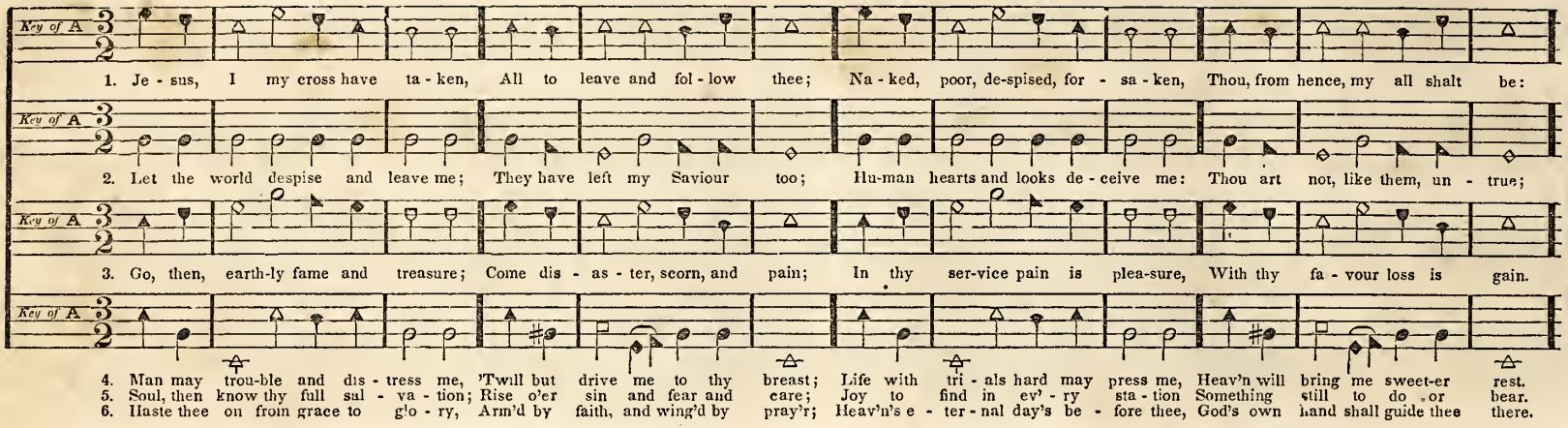
Key of G
1. Lord, I am not proud in heart, Nor of lofty eye; Nor as - pire beyond my part Af - ter things too high.
2. Like an in-fant meek and mild, I have learn'd to rest; Like a gen - tle, humble child, On his mother's breast.
3. Thus, O Is-rael, trust the Lord, Trust him and a-dore: He shall be thy full reward, Now and ev - er-more.

Key, E♭
1. Lift not thou the wail - ing voice; Weep not; 'tis a Chris - tian di - eth:
Up, where bless - ed saints re - joice, Ran - som'd now, the spir - it fli - eth:
High in heaven's own light she dwell - eth;
2. They who die in Christ are blest: Ours be, then, no thought of griev - ing:
Sweet - ly with their God they rest, All their toils and trou - bles leav - ing:
So be ours the faith that sav eth,
Full the song of tri - umph swell - eth: Freed from earth, and earth - ly fail - ing, Lift for her no voice of wail - ing.
Hope that ev' - ry tri - al bra - veth, Love that to the end en - dur - eth, And through Christ, the crown se - cur - eth.

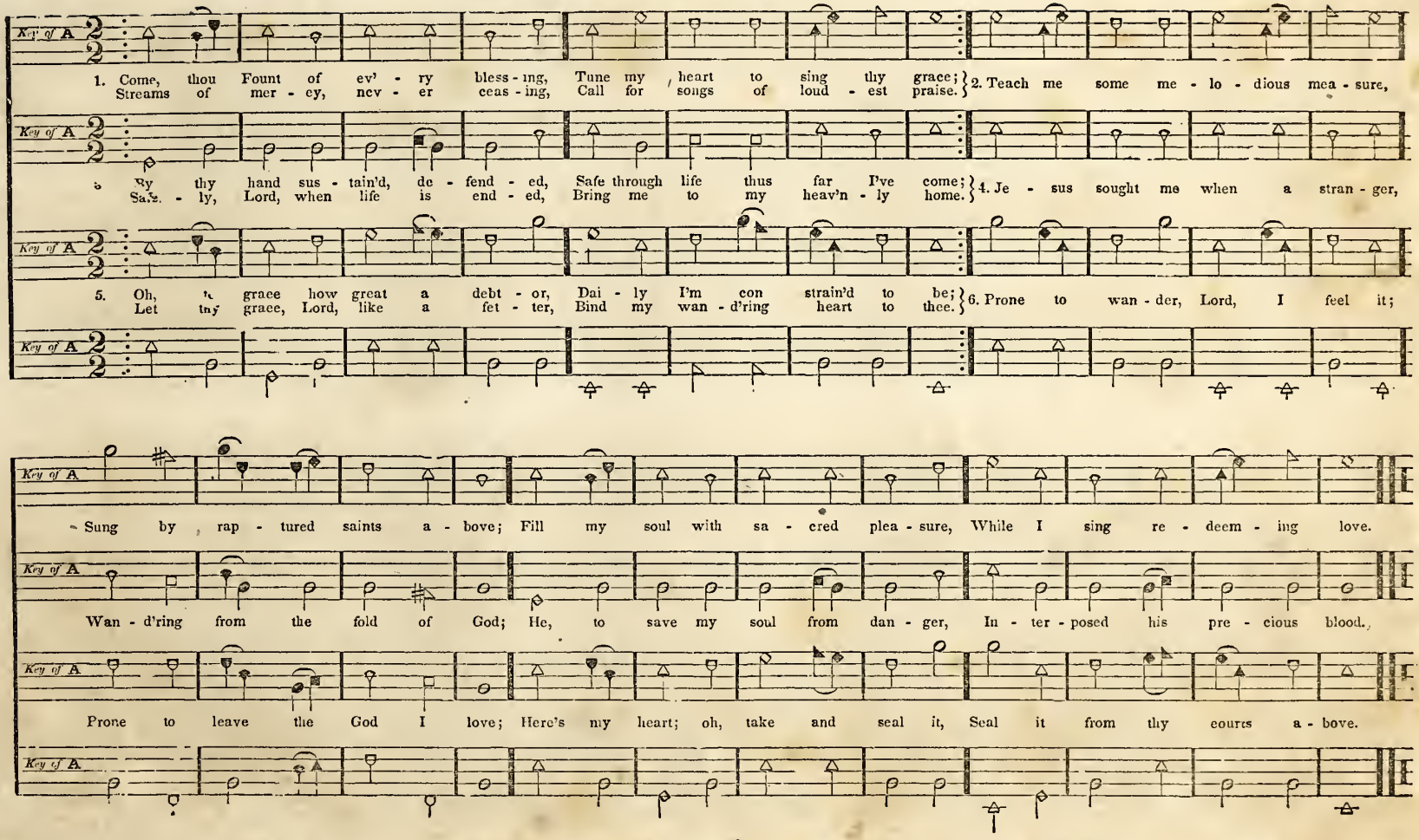
Lively
Key of A
1. Burst, ye eme - rald gates, and bring, To my rap - tured vi - sion, All th'ec - sta - tic joys that spring, Round the bright Ely - si - an:
2. Hark! the thrill - ing sym - pho - nies Seem, me - thinks, to seize us; Join we too the ho - ly lays, Sing of him who saves us;
Lo! we lift our long - ing eyes, Break, ye in - ter - ven - ing skies, Sons of right - eous - ness a - rise, Ope the gates of par - a - dise.
Sweet - est sound in se - raph's song, Sweet - est sound on mor - tal's tongue, Sweet-est ca - rol ev - er sung, Let its ech - oes flow a - long.

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. (Double.)

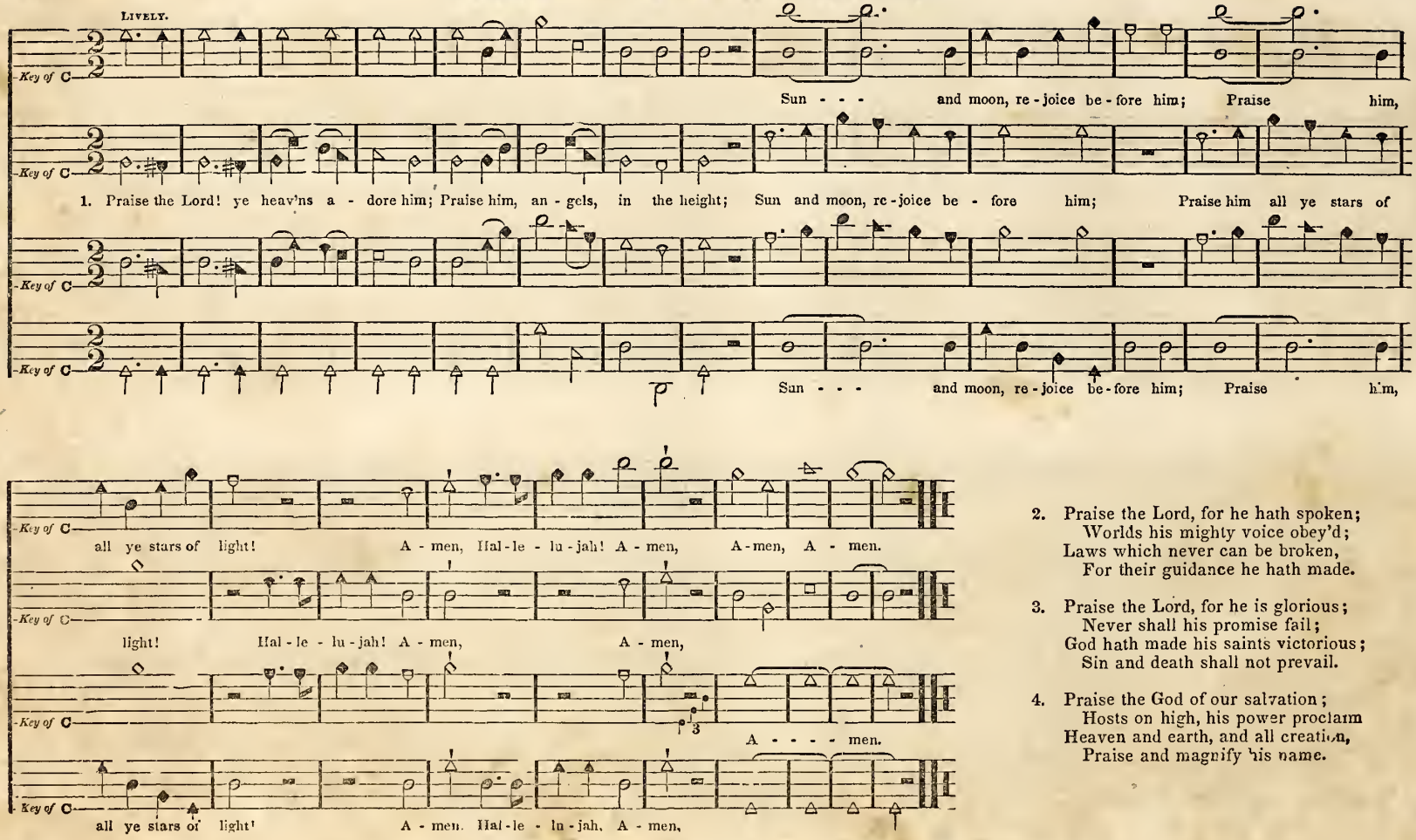
German Air.


Key of A
1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low thee; Na - ked, poor, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
2. Let the world despise and leave me; They have left my Saviour too; Hu-man hearts and looks de - ceive me: Thou art not, like them, un - true;
3. Go, then, earth-ly fame and treasure; Come dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain; In thy ser-vice pain is plea-sure, With thy fa - vour loss is gain.
4. Man may trou-ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast; Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er rest.
5. Soul, then know thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin and fear and care; Joy to find in ev' - ry sta - tion Something still to do or bear.
6. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r; Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Key of A
Per - ish ev' - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
And while thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might; Foes may hate, and friends dis - own me, Show thy face, and all is bright.
I have call'd thee Ab - ba, Fa - ther, I have set my heart on thee; Storms may howl, and clouds may ga-ther, All must work for good for me.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me; Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmix'd with thee.
Think what spi - rit dwells with - in thee; Think what Fa-ther's smiles are thine, Think that Je - sus died to win thee: Child of heav'n, canst thou re pine?
Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis-sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days. Hope shall change to glad fru - i tion. Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.


Key of A
1. Come, thou Fount of ev' - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
2. Teach me some me - lo - dious mea - sure,
By thy hand sus - tain'd, de - fend - ed, Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe - ly, Lord, when life is end - ed, Bring me to my heav'n - ly home.
4. Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger,
5. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm con strain'd to be;
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee.
6. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it;
Sung by rap - tured saints a - bove; Fill my soul with sa - cred plea - sure, While I sing re - deem - ing love.
Wan - d'ring from the fold of God; He, to save my soul from dan - ger, In - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it, Seal it from thy courts a - bove.

PEREZ. 8s & 7s. With Hallelujah.

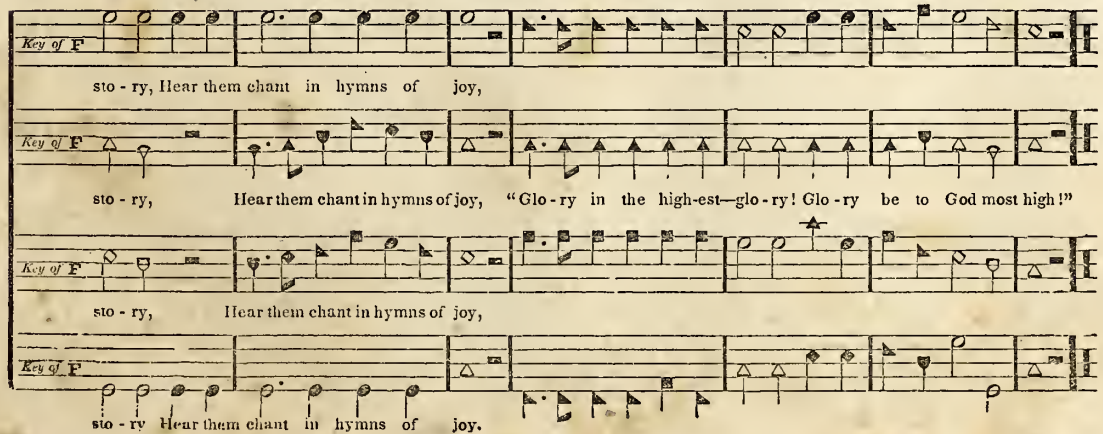

LIVELY.
Key of C
Sun - - - and moon, re-joice be-fore him; Praise him,
1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns a - dore him; Praise him, an - gels, in the height; Sun and moon, re-joice be - fore him; Praise him all ye stars of
Sun - - - and moon, re-joice be-fore him; Praise him,
all ye stars of light! A - men, Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men, A-men, A - men.
light! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, A - men,
3
A - - - - men.
all ye stars of light! A - men. Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men,

2. Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3. Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4. Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

Key of F
Hear them tell the wondrous
1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th'an-ge-lic host re - joic - es; Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs rise. Hear them tell the wondrous
Hear them tell the wondrous
Hear them tell the wondrous

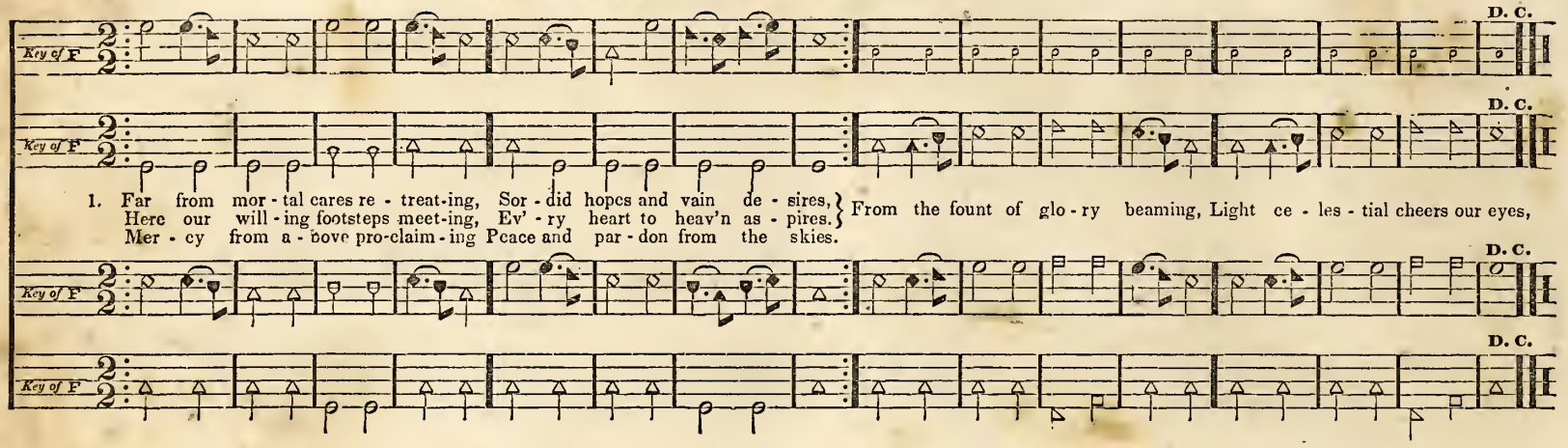

Key of F
sto - ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
sto - ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy, "Glo - ry in the high-est—glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!"
sto - ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
sto - ry Hear them chant in hymns of joy.

2. "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
"Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
Oh, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

3. Sinners, learn that song of glory;
Hail the heavenly kingdom nigh:
Spread abroad the wondrous story,
Shout in praise to God most high.
Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

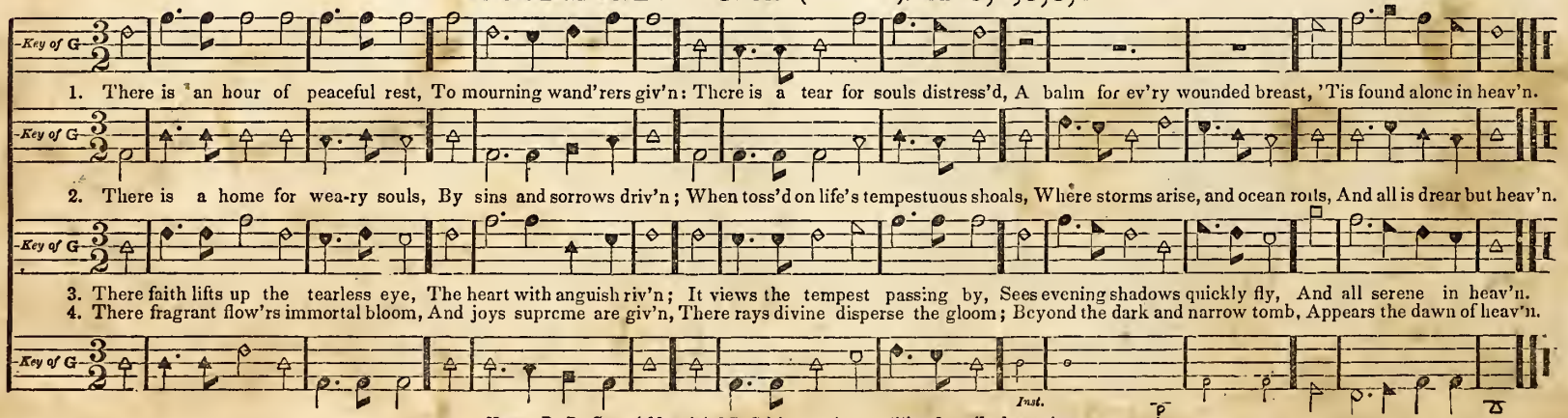
GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE.)

ROUSSEAU.


D. C.
Key of F
D. C.
Key of F
1. Far from mor - tal cares re - treat-ing, Sor - did hopes and vain de - sires,
Here our will - ing footsteps meet-ing, Ev' - ry heart to heav'n as - pires.
Mer - cy from a - bove pro-claim - ing Peace and par - don from the skies.
From the fount of glo - ry beaming, Light ce - les - tial cheers our eyes,
D. C.
Key of F
D. C.
Key of F

WOODLAND. C. M. (PECULIAR), or 8,6,8,8,6.

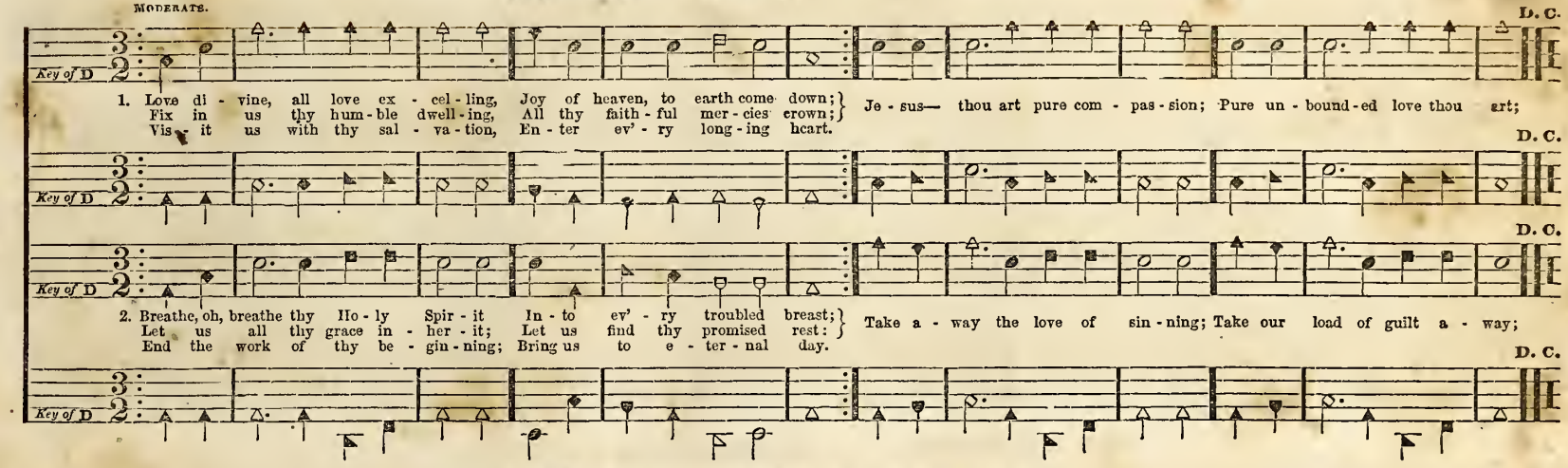
D. N. GOULD.


Key of G
1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers giv'n: There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heav'n.
Key of G
2. There is a home for wea-ry souls, By sins and sorrows driv'n; When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heav'n.
Key of G
3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye, The heart with anguish riv'n; It views the tempest passing by, Sees evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene in heav'n.
4. There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom, And joys supreme are giv'n, There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the dark and narrow tomb, Appears the dawn of heav'n.
Key of G
Inst.

NOTE.—By DA CAPO, (abbreviated D. C.,) is meant a repetition from the beginning.

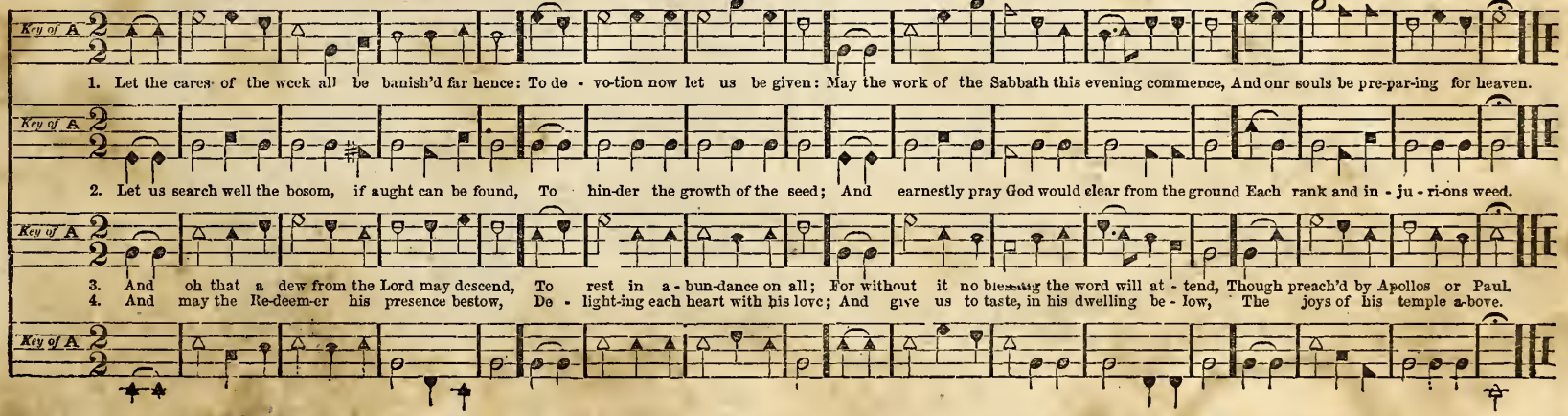
RIPLEY. 8s & 7s. (Double.)

MODERATE.

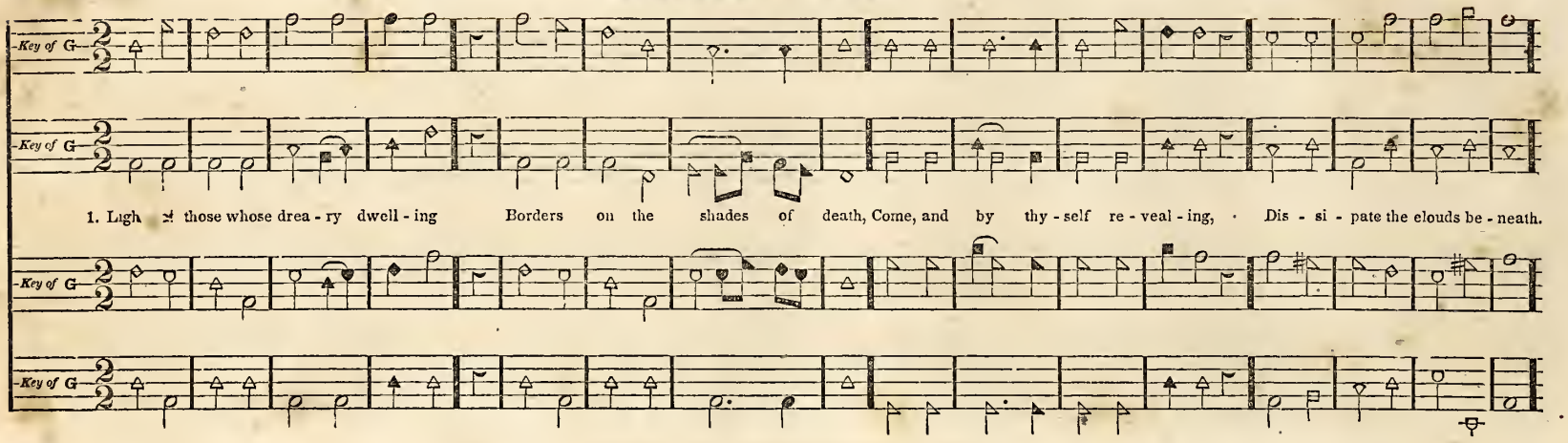

D. C.
Key of D
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down; Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown; Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev' - ry long - ing heart.
Je - sus— thou art pure com - pas - sion; Pure un - bound - ed love thou art;
2. Breathe, oh, breathe thy Ho - ly Spir - it In - to ev' - ry troubled breast; Let us all thy grace in - her - it; Let us find thy promised rest: End the work of thy be - gin - ning; Bring us to e - ter - nal day.
Take a - way the love of sin - ning; Take our load of guilt a - way;

VERNON. 12s & 9s, or 11s & 8s.

Composed for this Hymn, by E. HERITAGE, expressly for this work.


Key of A
1. Let the cares of the week all be banish'd far hence: To de - vo-tion now let us be given: May the work of the Sabbath this evening commence, And our souls be pre-par-ing for heaven.
2. Let us search well the bosom, if aught can be found, To hin-der the growth of the seed; And earnestly pray God would clear from the ground Each rank and in - ju - ri-ous weed.
3. And oh that a dew from the Lord may descend, To rest in a - bun-dance on all; For without it no blessing the word will at - tend, Though preach'd by Apollos or Paul.
4. And may the Re-deem-er his presence bestow, De - light-ing each heart with his love; And give us to taste, in his dwelling be - low, The joys of his temple a-bove.

NINEVEH. 8s & 7s.


Key of G
1. Light those whose drea - ry dwell - ing Borders on the shades of death, Come, and by thy - self re - veal - ing, Dis - si - pate the clouds be - neath.

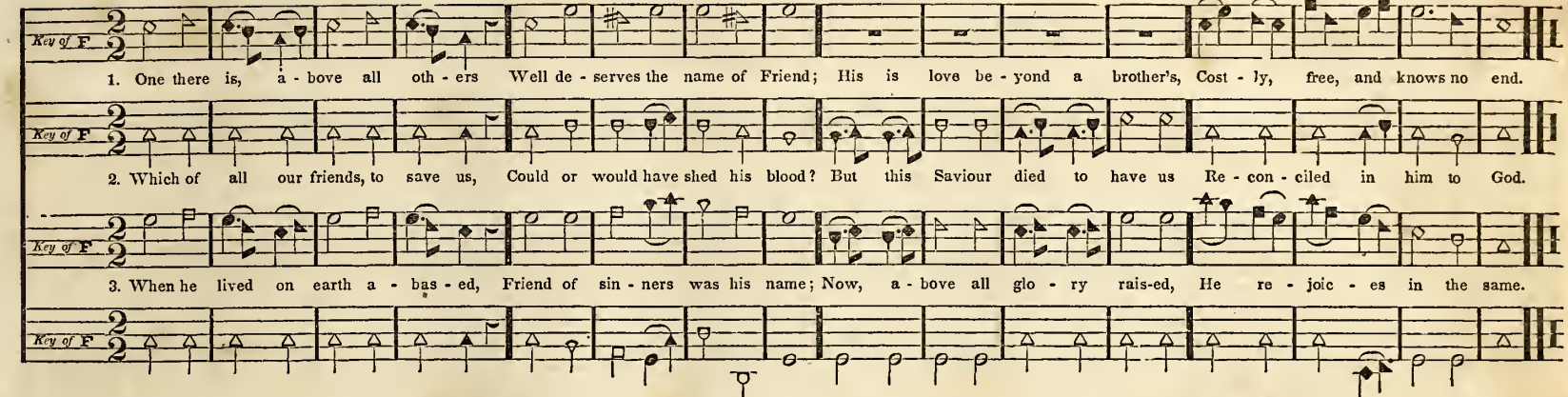
2. Thou new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

3. Still we wait for thy appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

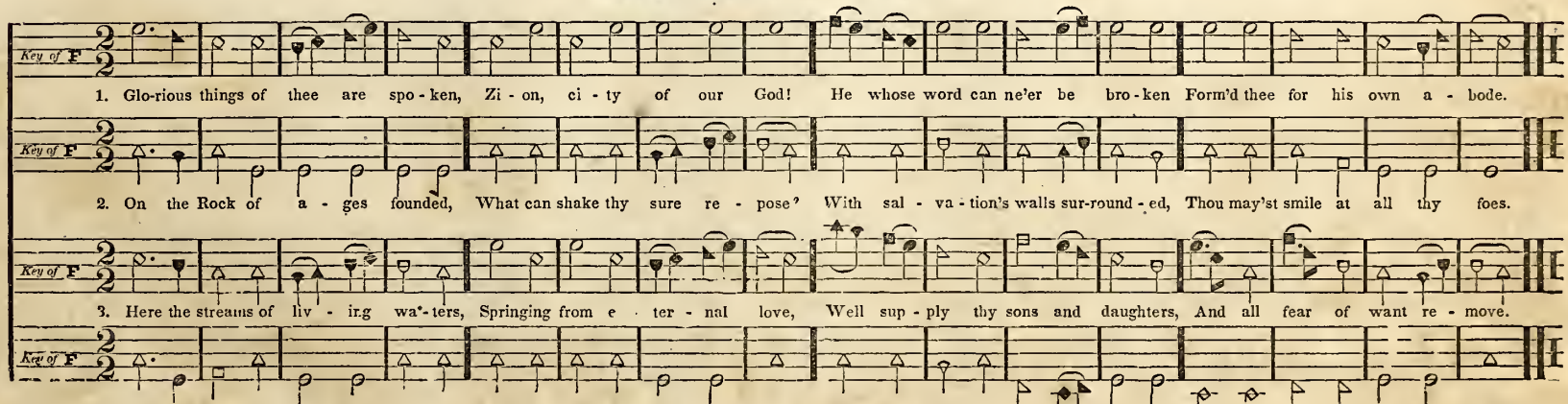
4. Come, extend thy wonted favour
To our ruin'd, guilty race;
Come, thou blest, exalted Saviour,
Come, apply thy saving grace.

5. By thine all-atoning merit
Every burden'd soul release,
By the teachings of thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace.

SICILY. 8s & 7s.


Key of F
1. One there is, a - bove all oth - ers Well de - serves the name of Friend; His is love be - yond a brother's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.
2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood? But this Saviour died to have us Re - con - ciled in him to God.
3. When he lived on earth a - bas - ed, Friend of sin - ners was his name; Now, a - bove all glo - ry rais-ed, He re - joic - es in the same.
4. Oh for grace our hearts to soft - en; Teach us, Lord, at length to love; We, a - las, for - get too oft - en What a Friend we have a - bove.

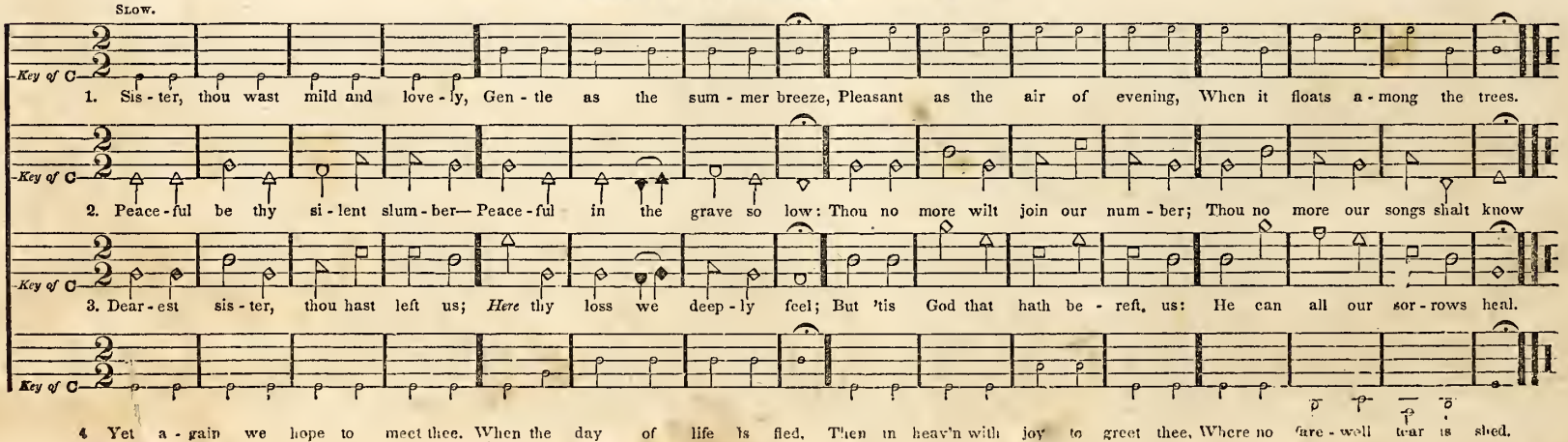
WORTHING. 8s & 7s.


Key of F
1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! He whose word can ne'er be bro - ken Form'd thee for his own a - bode.
2. On the Rock of a - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
3. Here the streams of liv - ing wa'-ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love, Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move.
4. Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'as - suage— Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age?

CESAREA. 8s & 7s

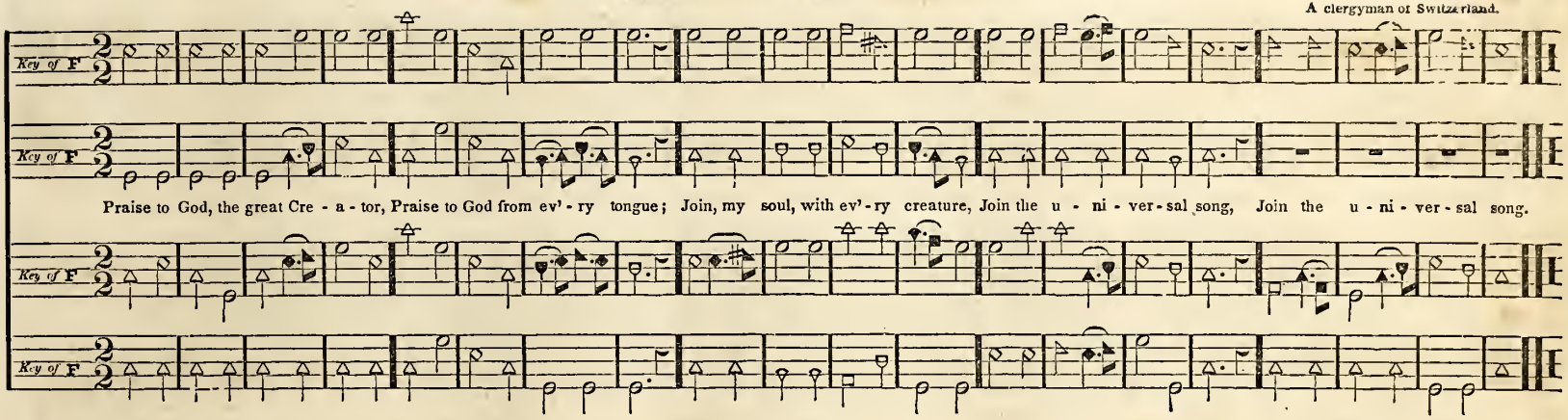
Key of D
1. God is love; his mer - cy bright - ens All the path in which we rove; Bliss he wakes, and wo he lightens; God is wis - dom, God is love.
Key of D
2. Chance and change are bu - sy ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move; But his mer-cy waneth nev-er; God is wis - dom, God is love.
Key of D
3. E'en the hour that dark - est seemeth Will his changeless good - ness prove; From the gloom his brightness streameth; God is wis - dom, God is love.
Key of D
4. He with earthly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove: Ev'-ry where his glo - ry shineth; God is wis - dom, God is love.

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

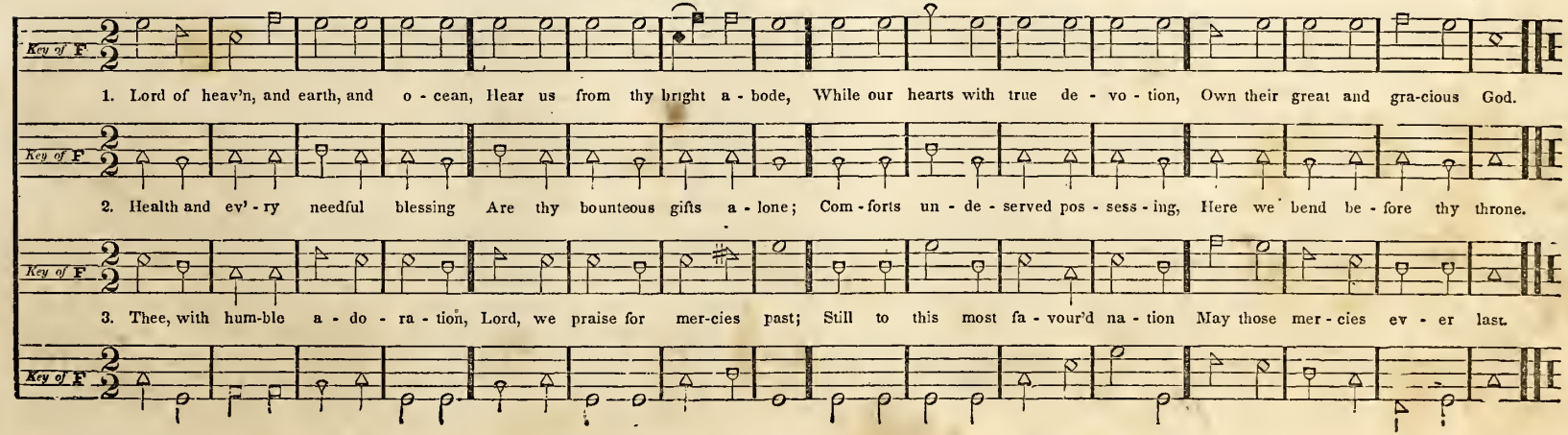

Slow.
Key of C
1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze, Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats a - mong the trees.
Key of C
2. Peace - ful be thy si - lent slum - ber— Peace - ful in the grave so low: Thou no more wilt join our num - ber; Thou no more our songs shalt know
Key of C
3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us; *Here* thy loss we deep - ly feel; But 'tis God that hath be - reft, us: He can all our sor - rows heal.
Key of C
4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee. When the day of life is fled, Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no fare - well tear is shed.

ZELL. 8s & 7s.

BOST.
A clergyman of Switzerland.


Key of F
Praise to God, the great Cre - a - tor, Praise to God from ev' - ry tongue; Join, my soul, with ev' - ry creature, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.

MESSINA. 8s & 7s.


Key of F
1. Lord of heav'n, and earth, and o - cean, Hear us from thy bright a - bode, While our hearts with true de - vo - tion, Own their great and gra-cious God.
2. Health and ev' - ry needful blessing Are thy bounteous gifts a - lone; Com - forts un - de - served pos - sess - ing, Here we bend be - fore thy throne.
3. Thee, with hum-ble a - do - ra - tion, Lord, we praise for mer-cies past; Still to this most fa - vour'd na - tion May those mer - cies ev - er last.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.

Slow.

Key of F

1. "Mer - cy, O thou son of Da - vid!" Thus the blind Bar - ti - meus pray'd: "O - thers by thy word are sav - ed, Now to me af - ford thine aid."

2. Ma - ny for his cry - ing chid him, But he call'd the loud - er still; Till the gracious Saviour bid him, "Come, and ask me what you will."

3. Mo - ney was not what he want - ed, Though by beg - ging used to live; But he ask'd, and Je - sus grant - ed Alms which none but he could give.

4. "Lord, re - move this grievous blindness, Let my eyes be - hold the day"—Straight he saw, and, won by kindness, Follow'd Je - sus in the way
5. Oh, me-thinks I hear him praising, Pub - lish - ing to all a - round—"Friends, is not my case a - ma - zing? What a Sa - viour I have found!
6. "Oh that all the blind but knew him, And would be ad - vised by me; Sure - ly they would has - ten to him, He would cause them all to see."

FREEPORT. 8s & 7s. (PECULIAR.)

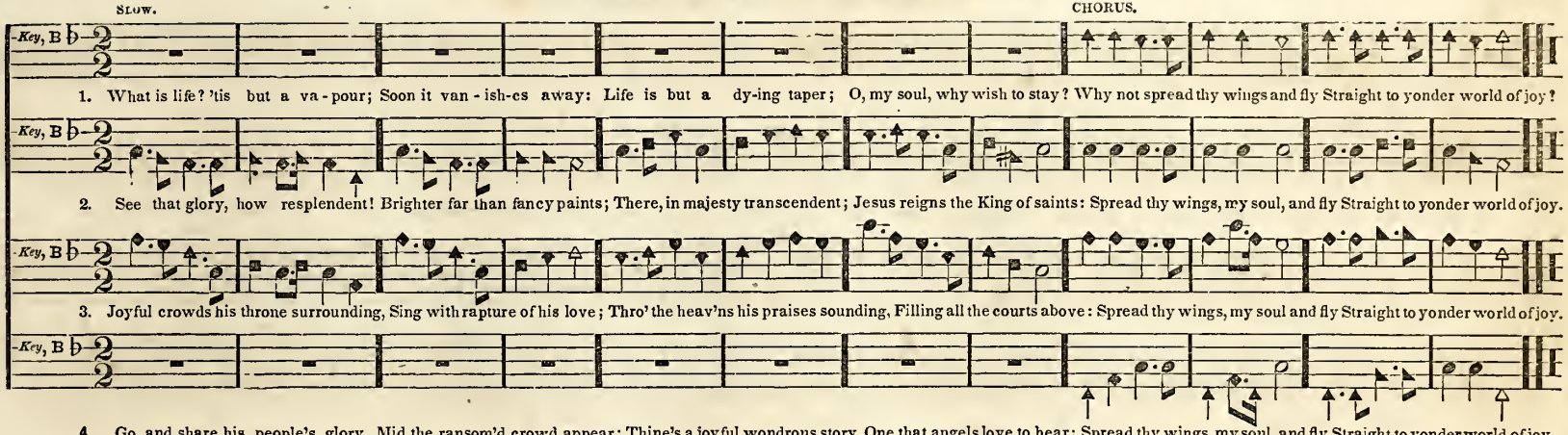
Key of G

1. When thy bar-vest yields thee plea - sure, Thou the gold - en sheaf shalt bind; } This thy God or - dains to bless The wi - dow and the fa - ther - less.
   To the poor be - longs the trea - sure Of the scat - ter'd ears be - hind: }

2. When thine o - live - plants, in - creas - ing, Pour their plen - ty o'er the plain, } This thy God or - dains to bless The wi - dow and the fa - ther - less.
   Grate - ful thou shalt take the bless - ing, But not search the boughs a - gain: }

3. When thy favour'd vin - tage, flow - ing, Glad - dens thine au - tum - nal scene, } So thy God or - dains to bless The wi - dow and the fa - ther - less.
   Own the bounteous band be - stow - ing, But the vines the poor shall glean: }

CHADWICK. 8s & 7s.

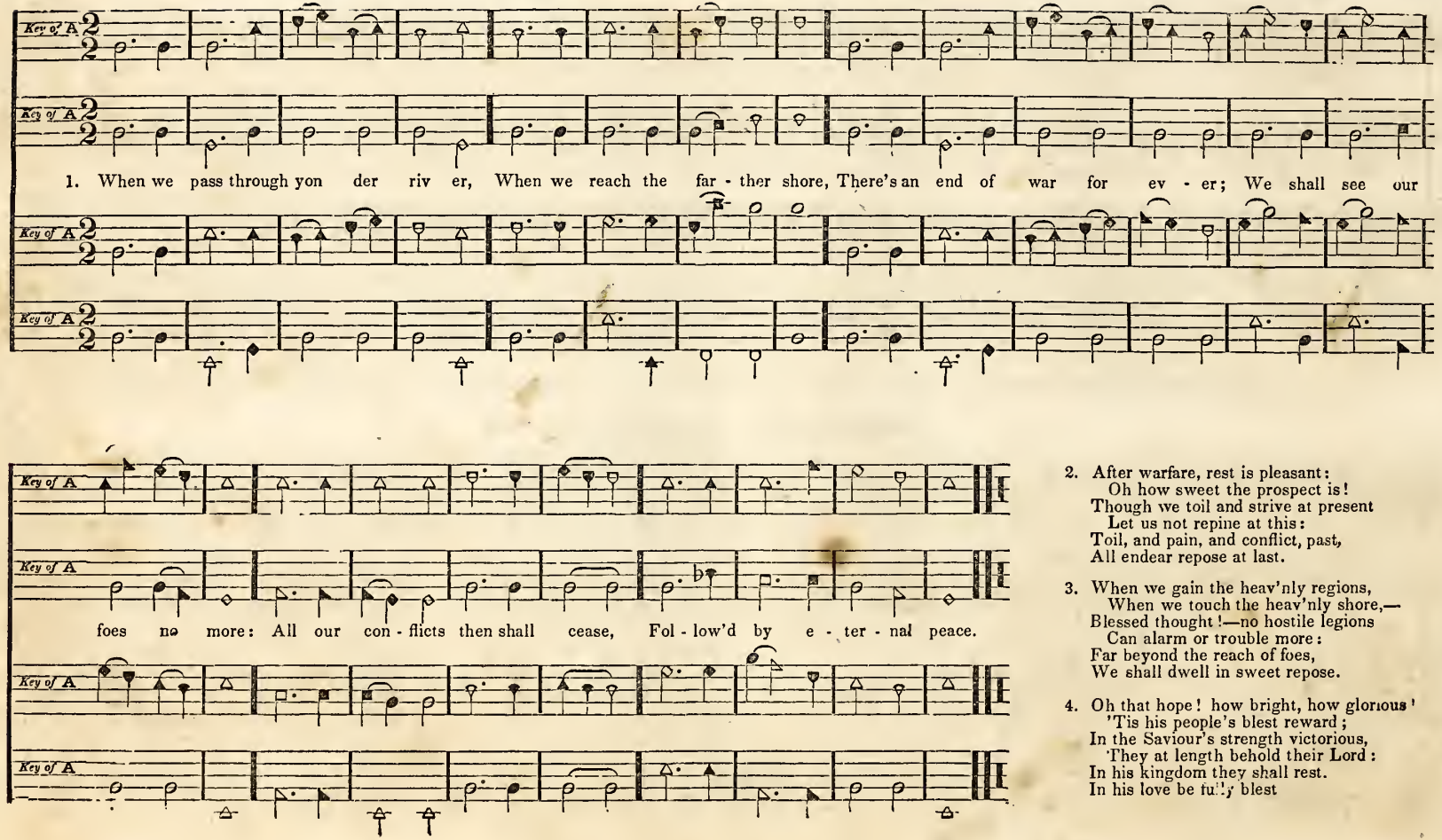

Slow.
CHORUS.
Key, B♭
1. What is life? 'tis but a va-pour; Soon it van-ish-es away: Life is but a dy-ing taper; O, my soul, why wish to stay? Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy?
2. See that glory, how resplendent! Brighter far than fancy paints; There, in majesty transcendent; Jesus reigns the King of saints: Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yonder world of joy.
3. Joyful crowds his throne surrounding, Sing with rapture of his love; Thro' the heav'ns his praises sounding, Filling all the courts above: Spread thy wings, my soul and fly Straight to yonder world of joy.
4. Go and share his people's glory, Mid the ransom'd crowd appear; Thine's a joyful wondrous story, One that angels love to hear: Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yonder world of joy.

KINGSTON. 8s & 7s. (PECULIAR.)

Key, E♭
1. Oh lay not up up-on this earth Your hope, your joy, your trea-sure; Here sor-row clouds the pil-grim's path, And blights each open-ing plea-sure.
2. Earth's joys, like dew-drops, fade a-way; Like clouds its vi-sions van-ish; A-bove, no night can chase the day; Those joys no change can ban-ish.
3. All, all be-low must fade and die; The dear-est hopes we cher-ish, Scenes touch'd with brightest ra-dian-cy, Are all de-creed to per-ish.
4. Then, man, be wise; thy con-stant care To purer joys be giv-en, Nor let de-lu-sive ob-jects share The place of bliss and hea-ven.

P

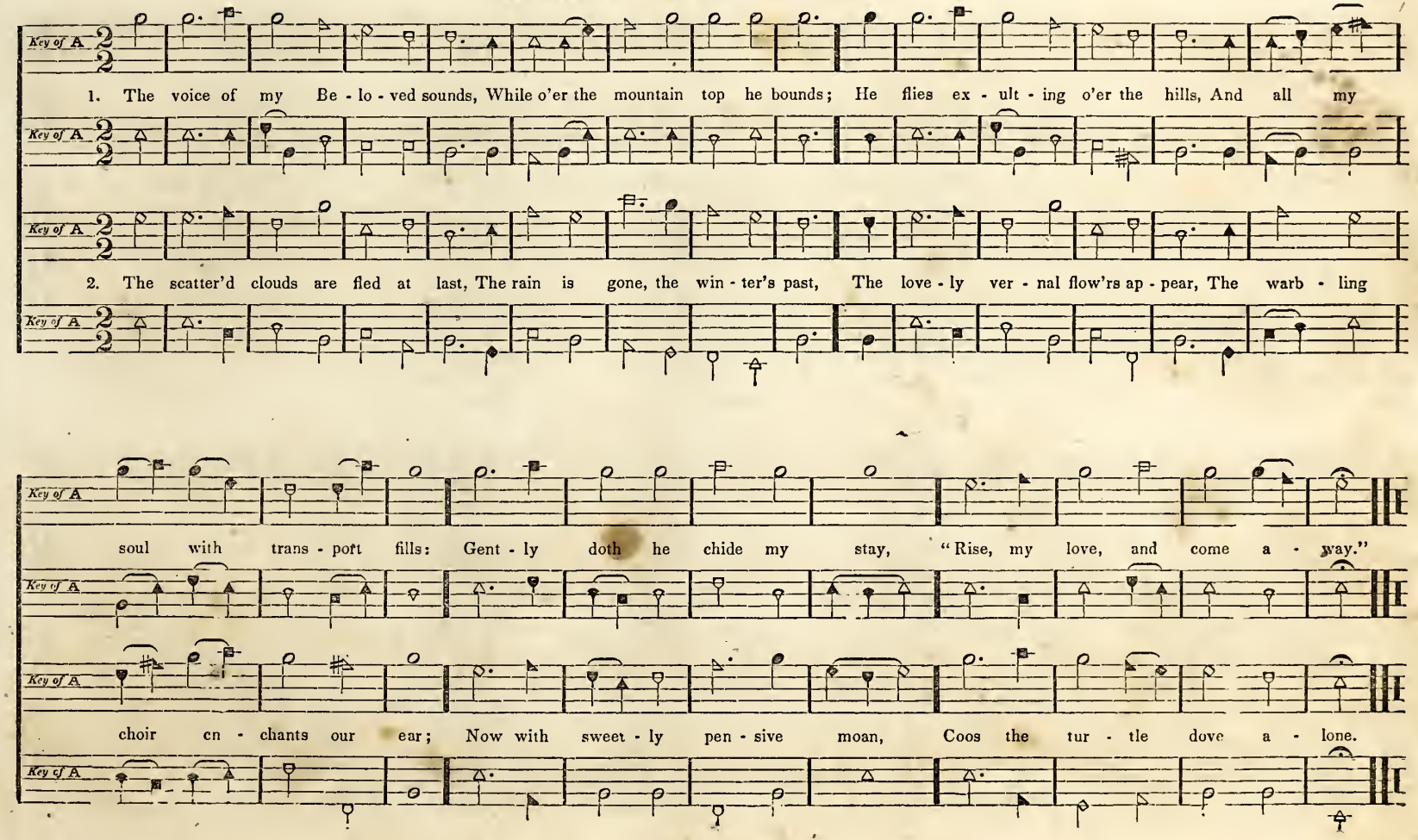
TORRINGTON. 8s & 7s. (6 LINES.)


Key of A
1. When we pass through yon der riv er, When we reach the far - ther shore, There's an end of war for ev - er; We shall see our
foes no more: All our con - flicts then shall cease, Fol - low'd by e - ter - nal peace.

2. After warfare, rest is pleasant:
Oh how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present
Let us not repine at this:
Toil, and pain, and conflict, past,
All endear repose at last.

3. When we gain the heav'nly regions,
When we touch the heav'nly shore,—
Blessed thought!—no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more:
Far beyond the reach of foes,
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

4. Oh that hope! how bright, how glorious!
'Tis his people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
In his kingdom they shall rest.
In his love be fully blest


Key of A
1. The voice of my Be - lo - ved sounds, While o'er the mountain top he bounds; He flies ex - ult - ing o'er the hills, And all my
2. The scatter'd clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the win - ter's past, The love - ly ver - nal flow'rs ap - pear, The warb - ling
soul with trans - port fills: Gent - ly doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come a - way."
choir en - chants our ear; Now with sweet - ly pen - sive moan, Coos the tur - tle dove a - lone.

CLARK. 8s & 7s.

Key of D
1. Je - sus, hail! enthroned in glo - ry, There for ev - er to a - bide; All the heav'nly host a - dore thee, Seat-ed at thy Father's side, Seated at thy Father's side.
2. There for sin-ners thou art pleading; There thou dost our place pre-pare; Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.
3. Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing, Thou art worthy to re - ceive: Loudest praises, without ceasing, Meet it is for us to give, Meet it is for us to give.
4. Help, ye bright, an - gel - ic spi-rits: Bring your sweetest, noblest lays; Help to sing our Saviour's merits, Help to chant Im-man-uel's praise, Help to chant Im-man-uel's praise.

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s & 4s.

LOCKHART.

Key of F
1. Yes, we trust the day is breaking; Joy-ful times are near at hand; God, the might-y God, is speaking, By his word, in ev' - ry land; When he choos-es, When he choos-es, Darkness flies at his com - mand.
2. While the foe becomes more dar - ing, While he en - ters like a flood. God, the Sa-viour, is pre - par - ing Means to spread his truth a - broad: Ev' - ry lan - guage, Ev' - ry lan - guage Soon shall tell the love of God.
3. Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis re - viv - ing To our hearts, to hear, each day, Joy-ful news, from far ar - riv - ing, How the gos - pel wins its way. Those en - light' - ning, Those en - light' - ning, Who in death and darkness lay
4. God of Ja - cob, high and glorious, Let thy peo - ple see thy hand; Let the gos - pel be vic - to - rious, Through the world, in ev' - ry land; Then shall i - dols, Then shall i - dols Per - ish, Lord, at thy com - mand

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. (6 LINES, PECULIAR.)

LIVELY.

Key of G
1. Hark, ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the note of praise above; Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices: Je-sus reigns the God of love: See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world a-lone. Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.
2. Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens All above, and gives it worth; Lord of life, thy smile enlightens, Cheers and charms thy saints on earth: When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love di-vine. Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! A-men.
3. King of glory, reign for ev-er, Thine an ever-last-ing crown: Nothing from thy love shall sever Those whom thou hast made thine own: Happy objects of thy grace, Destined to behold thy face. Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! A-men.
4. Saviour, hasten thine appearing; Bring, oh bring the glorious day, When, the gospel summons hearing, Heathen nations will o-bey: Then with gold-en harps, we'll sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King. Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lujah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

OSGOOD. 8s, 7s & 4s.

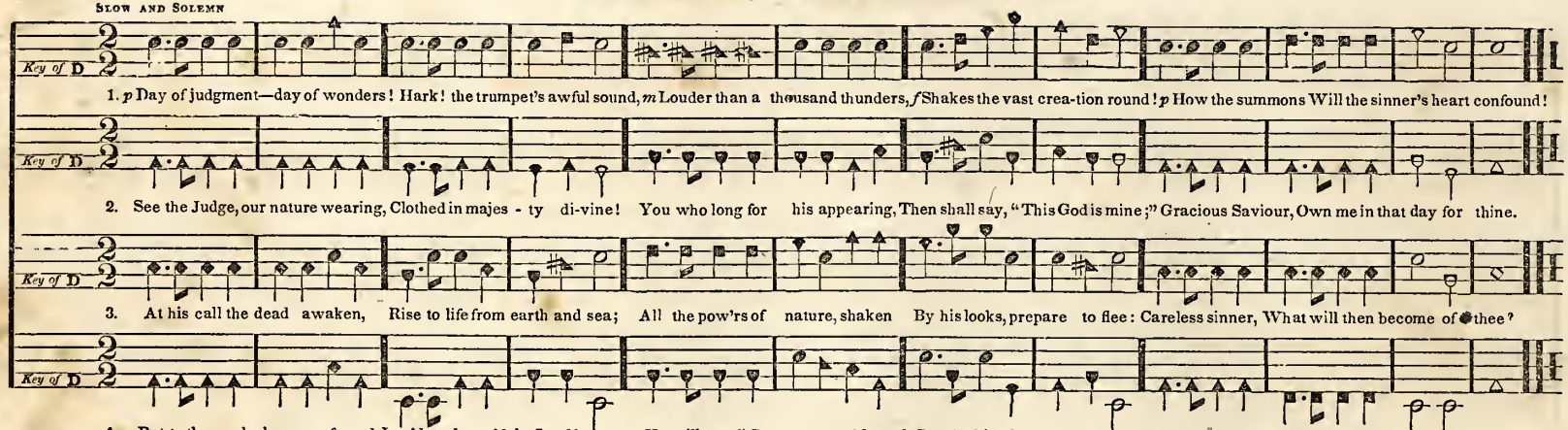
WITH TENDERNESS AND FEELING.

Arranged from RITTER.

Key, E♭
1. Hear, O sin-ner! mer-cy hails you, Now with sweetest voice she calls, Bids you haste to seek the Sa-viour, Ere the hand of jus-tice falls; Hear, O sinner, Hear, O sin-ner, 'Tis the voice of mer-cy calls, 'Tis the voice of mer-cy calls.
Ritard.
2. Haste! O sin-ner! to the Saviour, Seek his mer-cy while you may, Soon the day of grace is o-ver; Soon your life will pass a-way; Haste, O sin-ner, Haste, O sin-ner! You must perish— if you stay, You must perish— if you stay

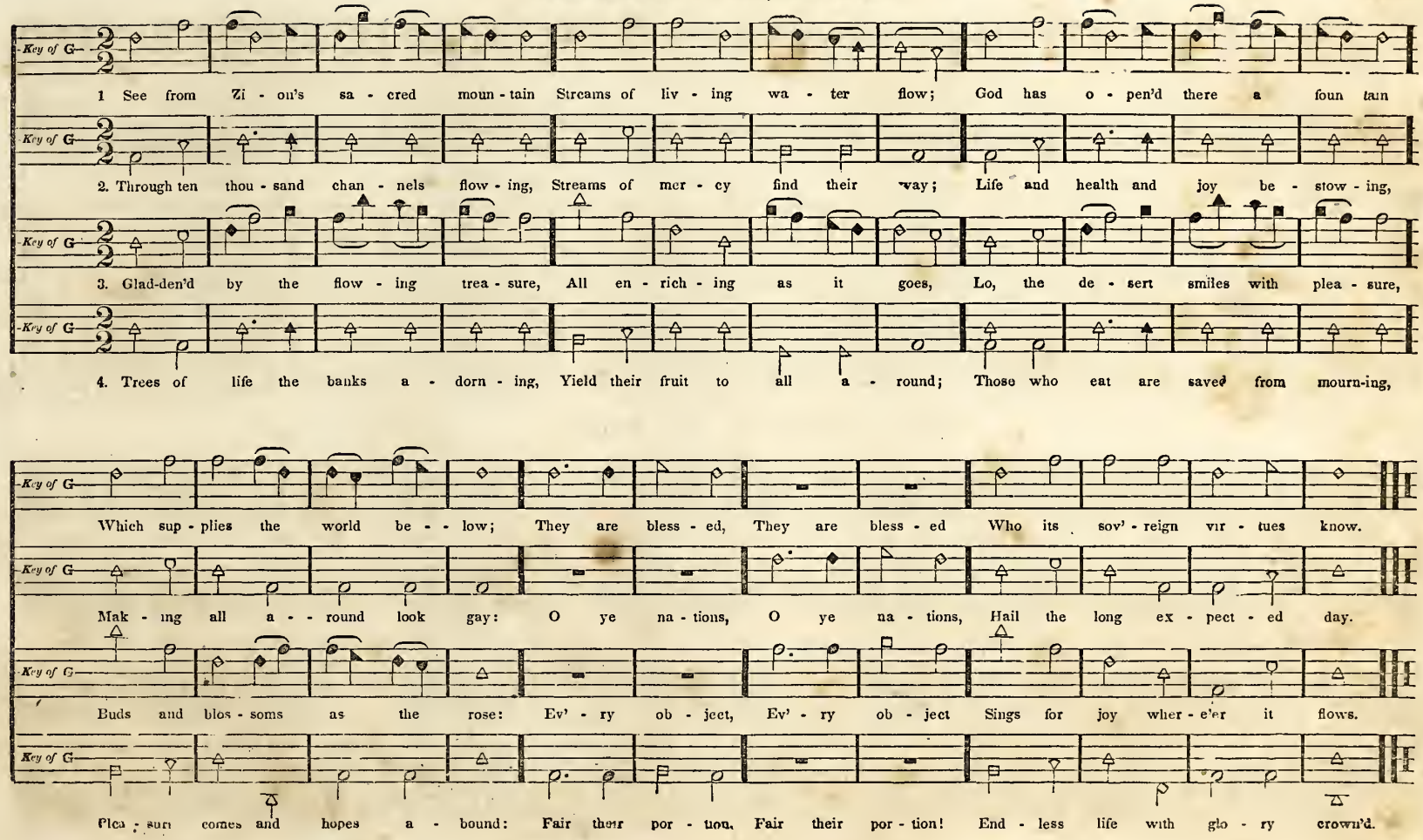
BREST. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Slow and Solemn


Key of D
1. p Day of judgment—day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's awful sound, m Louder than a thousand thunders, f Shakes the vast crea-tion round! p How the summons Will the sinner's heart confound!
2. See the Judge, our nature wearing, Clothed in majes - ty di-vine! You who long for his appearing, Then shall say, "This God is mine;" Gracious Saviour, Own me in that day for thine.
3. At his call the dead awaken, Rise to life from earth and sea; All the pow'rs of nature, shaken By his looks, prepare to flee: Careless sinner, What will then become of thee?
4. But to those who have confessed, Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below, He will say, "Come near, ye blessed, See the kingdom I bestow: You for ever Shall my love and glo - ry know."

WAYNSVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Key of F
1. Songs a - new of hon - our fram - ing, Sing ye to the Lord a - lone, / All his won-drous works pro - claim - ing— Je - sus won - drous works hath done! Glo - rious vic - t'ry His right hand and arm hath won.
2. Now he bids his great sal - va - tion Through the hea - then lands be told; / Ti - dings spread through ev' - ry na - tion, And his acts of grace un - fold; All the hea - then Shall his right - eous - ness be - hold.
3. Shout a - loud—and hail the Sa - viour; Je - sus, Lord of all pro - claim! / As ye tri - umph in his fa - vour, All ye lands de - clare his fame: Loud re - joic - ing— Shout the hon - ours of his name!


Key of G
1 See from Zi - on's sa - cred moun - tain Streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow; God has o - pen'd there a foun tain
2. Through ten thou - sand chan - nels flow - ing, Streams of mer - cy find their way; Life and health and joy be - stow - ing,
3. Glad-den'd by the flow - ing trea - sure, All en - rich - ing as it goes, Lo, the de - sert smiles with plea - sure,
4. Trees of life the banks a - dorn - ing, Yield their fruit to all a - round; Those who eat are saved from mourn-ing,
Which sup - plies the world be - - low; They are bless - ed, They are bless - ed Who its sov' - reign vir - tues know.
Mak - ing all a - - round look gay: O ye na - tions, O ye na - tions, Hail the long ex - pect - ed day.
Buds and blos - soms as the rose: Ev' - ry ob - ject, Ev' - ry ob - ject Sings for joy wher - e'er it flows.
Plea - sure comes and hopes a - bound: Fair their por - tion, Fair their por - tion! End - less life with glo - ry crown'd.

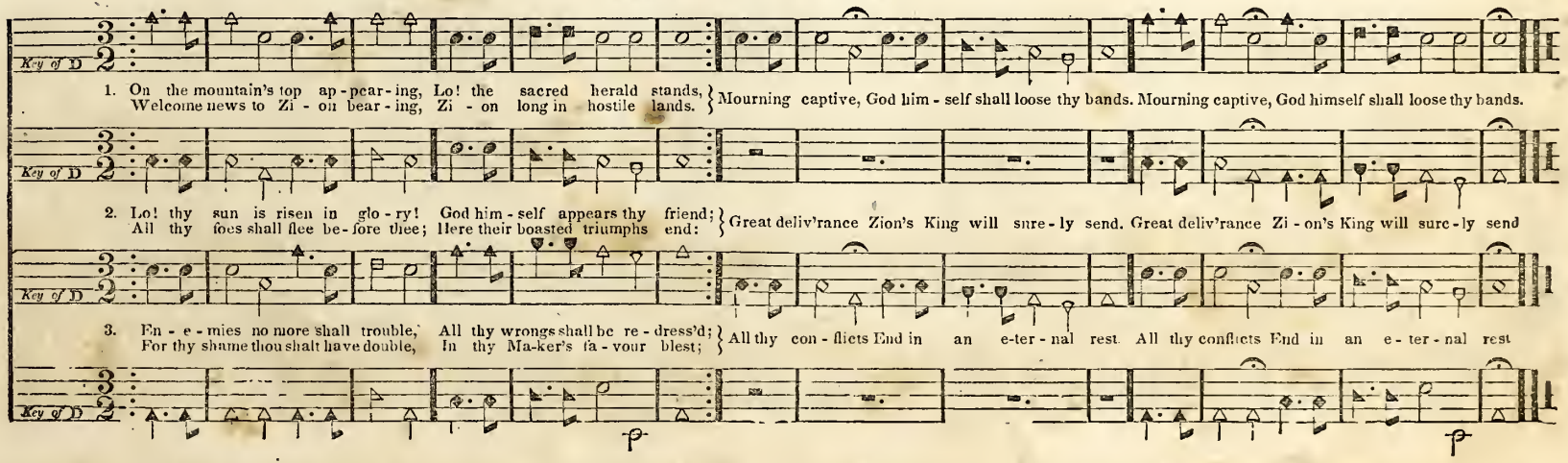
OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Key of D
1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land; I am weak, but thou art migh - ty; Hold me with thy powerful hand:
2. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side; Bear me through the swell - ing cur - rent; Land me safe on Canaan's side.
3. O - pen now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the heal - ing streams do flow; Let the fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through.
Bread of hea - ven, Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to thee, I will ev er give to thee.
Strong de - liv - 'rer, Strong de - liv - 'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield.

COBURN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Key of G
1. Sinners, will you scorn the message Sent in mercy from above? Ev'ry sentence, oh, how tender, Ev'ry line is full of love: Listen to it; Listen to it; Ev'ry line is full of love.
2. Hear the heralds of the gospel News from Zion's King proclaim: "Pardon to each rebel sinner; Free forgiveness in his name:" How important! How important! "Free forgiveness in his name"
3. Tempted souls, they bring you succour; Fearful hearts, they quell your fears; And, with news of consolation, Chase away the falling tears; Tender heralds! Tender heralds! Chase away the falling tears
4. Who hath our report be - liev-ed? Who received the joyful word? Who embraced the news of pardon Offer'd to you by the Lord? Can you slight it? Can you slight it? Offer'd to you by the Lord?
5. Oh, ye angels, hov'ring round us, Waiting spirits, speed your way; Haste ye to the court of heaven; Tidings bear without delay; Rebel sinners, Re - bel sinners, Glad the message will o - bey

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.


Key of D
1. On the mountain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, Welcome news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on long in hostile lands. } Mourning captive, God him - self shall loose thy bands. Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands.
2. Lo! thy sun is risen in glo - ry! God him - self appears thy friend; All thy foes shall flee be - fore thee; Here their boasted triumphs end: } Great deliv'rance Zion's King will sure - ly send. Great deliv'rance Zi - on's King will sure - ly send
3. En - e - mies no more shall trouble, All thy wrongs shall be re - dress'd; For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Ma-ker's fa - vour blest; } All thy con - flicts End in an e-ter - nal rest. All thy conflicts End in an e - ter - nal rest

WESTBOROUGH. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Key of F
1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth.

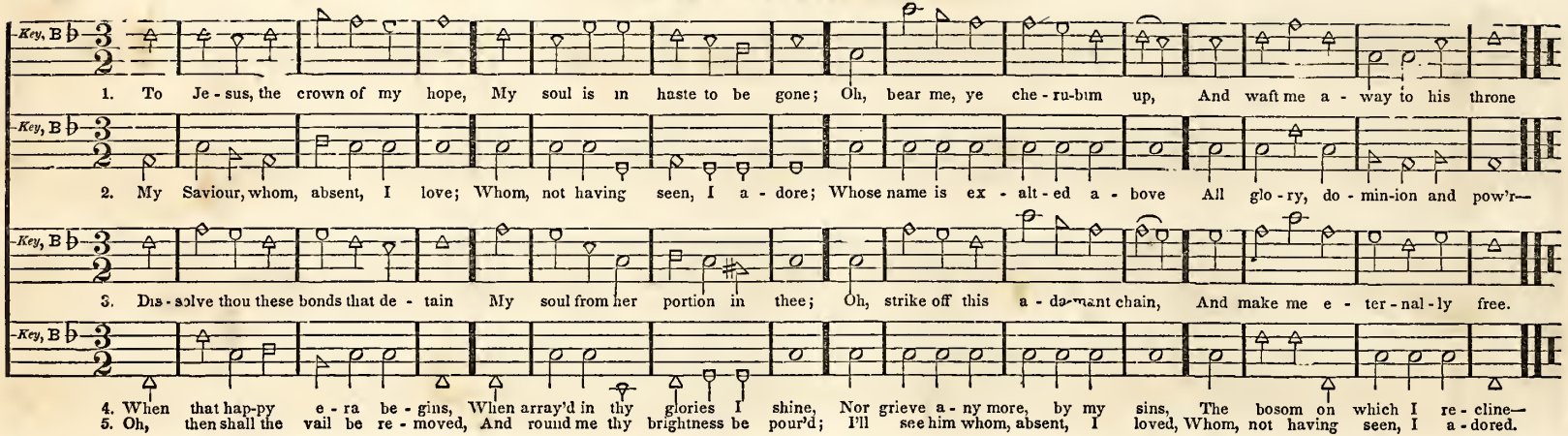
2. Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the heavenly light:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3. Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly, the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear!
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

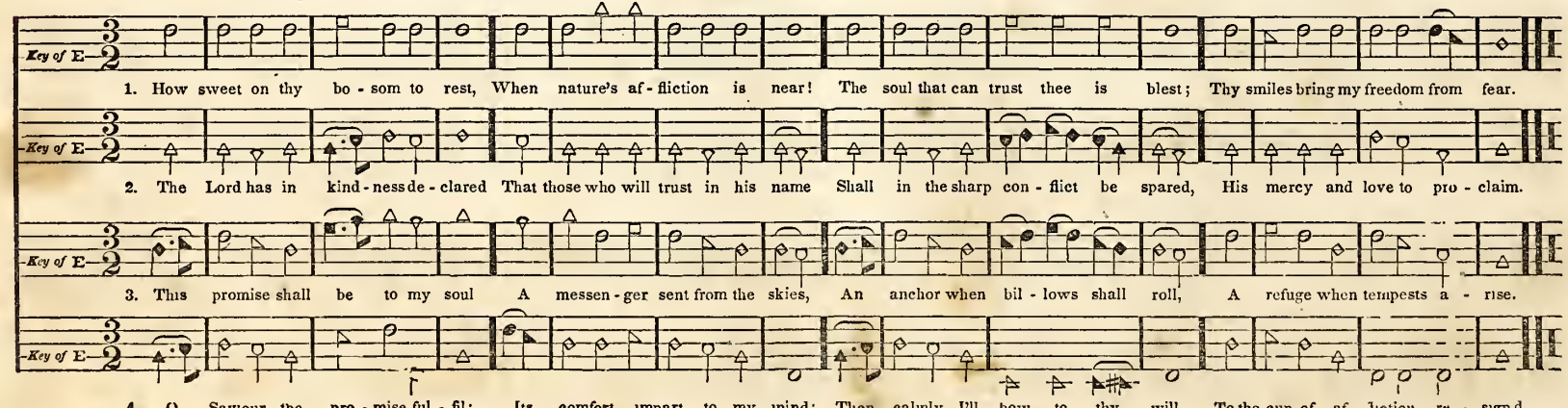
4. Sinners, bowed in true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you; break your chains:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King

Key of C
1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry! See! it rends the rocks a - sun - der—
2. "It is fin - ish'd!"— oh, what plea - sure Do these pre - cious words af - ford? Heav'n - ly bless - ings with - out mea - sure,
3. Tune your harps a - new, ye se - raphs; Join to sing the pleas - ing theme: All in earth, And all in hea - ven,
Shakes the earth, and vails the sky! "It is fin - ish'd!" "It is fin - ish'd!" Hear the dy - ing Sa - viour cry.
Slow.
Flow to us through Christ the Lord. "It is fin - ish'd" "It is fin - ish'd!" Saints the dy - ing words re - cord.
Slow.
Join to praise Im - ma - nuel's name: f Ha - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb.

WILWORTH. 8s.

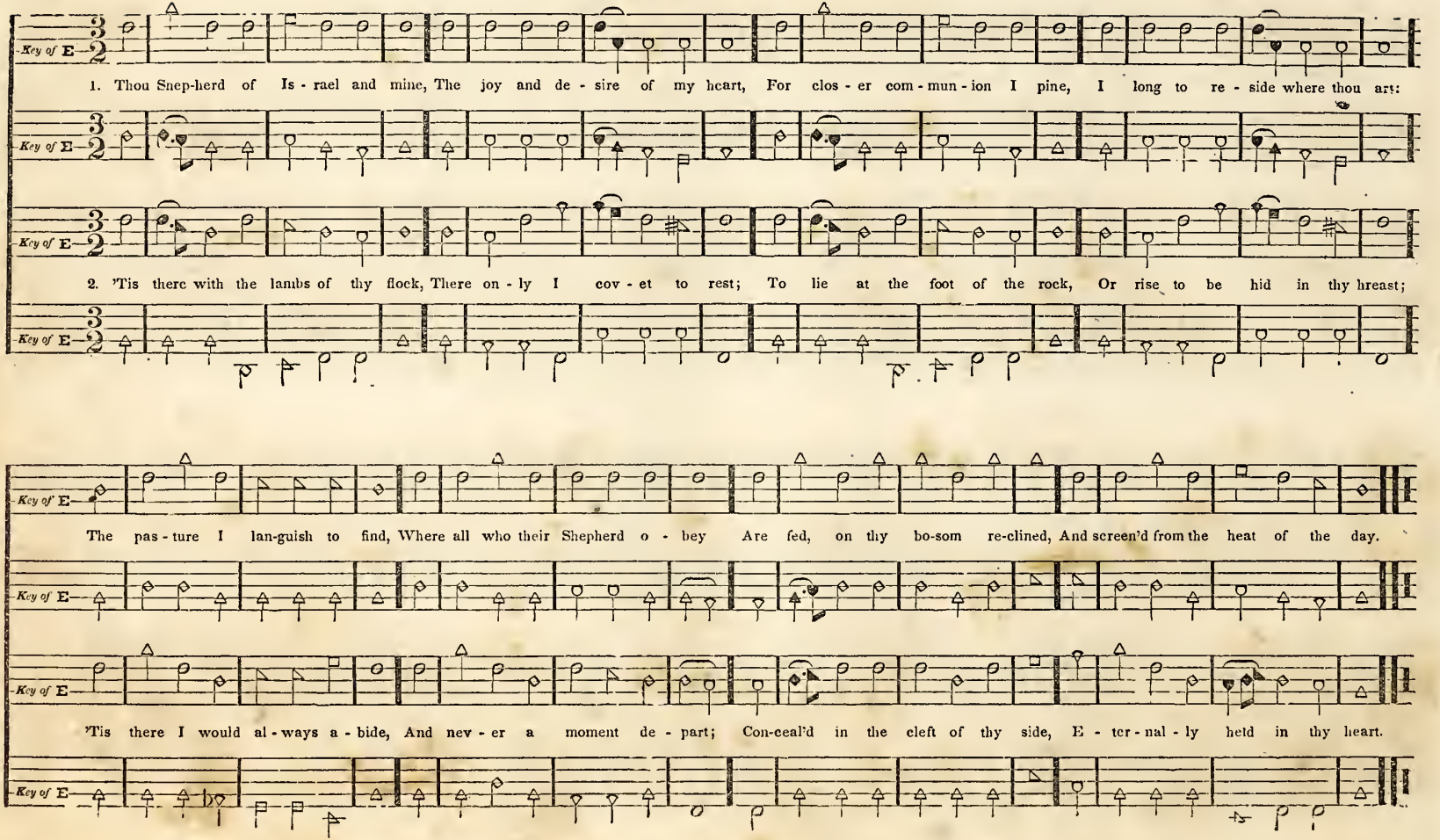

Key, B♭
1. To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone; Oh, bear me, ye che - ru-bim up, And waft me a - way to his throne
2. My Saviour, whom, absent, I love; Whom, not having seen, I a - dore; Whose name is ex - alt - ed a - bove All glo - ry, do - min-ion and pow'r—
3. Dis - solve thou these bonds that de - tain My soul from her portion in thee; Oh, strike off this a - da-mant chain, And make me e - ter - nal - ly free.
4. When that hap-py e - ra be - gins, When array'd in thy glories I shine, Nor grieve a - ny more, by my sins, The bosom on which I re - cline—
5. Oh, then shall the vail be re - moved, And round me thy brightness be pour'd; I'll see him whom, absent, I loved, Whom, not having seen, I a - dored.

GALENA. 8s.


Key of E
1. How sweet on thy bo - som to rest, When nature's af - fliction is near! The soul that can trust thee is blest; Thy smiles bring my freedom from fear.
2. The Lord has in kind - ness de - clared That those who will trust in his name Shall in the sharp con - flict be spared, His mercy and love to pro - claim.
3. This promise shall be to my soul A messen - ger sent from the skies, An anchor when bil - lows shall roll, A refuge when tempests a - rise.
4. O Saviour, the pro - mise ful - fil; Its comfort impart to my mind; Then calmly I'll bow to thy will, To the cup of af - fliction re - signd.

Key of G
1. My gracious Re - deem-er I love, His praises a - loud I'll pro - claim, And join with the armies a - bove, To shout his a - do - ra - ble name:
2. He free - ly re-deem'd, with his blood, My soul from the confines of hell, To live on the smiles of my God, And in his sweet pre - sence to dwell;
3. Ye pal - a - ces, sceptres, and crowns, Your pride with dis - dain I sur - vey; Your pomps are but shadows and sounds, And pass in a mo - ment a - way;
To gaze on his glo-ries di - vine, Shall be my e - ter - nal em - ploy; To see them in - ces-sant-ly shine, My boundless, in - ef - fa - ble joy.
To shine with the angels in light, With saints and with seraphs to sing, To view, with e - ter - nal de - light, My Je - sus, my Sa - viour, my King.
The crown that my Saviour be - stows, Yon per - manent sun shall out-shine; My joy ev - - last-ing-ly flows— My God, my Re - deem - er is mine.

WAITLAND. 8s. (Double.)


Key of E
1. Thou Shep-herd of Is - rael and mine, The joy and de - sire of my heart, For clos - er com - mun - ion I pine, I long to re - side where thou art:
2. 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock, There on - ly I cov - et to rest; To lie at the foot of the rock, Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
The pas - ture I lan-guish to find, Where all who their Shepherd o - bey Are fed, on thy bo-som re-clined, And screen'd from the heat of the day.
'Tis there I would al - ways a - bide, And nev - er a moment de - part; Con-ceal'd in the cleft of thy side, E - ter - nal - ly held in thy heart.

Key of D
1. Oh when shall we sweet-ly re - move, And en - ter our hea - ven - ly rest; Re - turn to the Zi - on a - bove, And join in the songs of the bless'd
2. Our Sa-viour, thou knowest our pray'r; We long thy ap - pear - ing to see; Re-sign'd to the bur-den we bear, But hop - ing to tri - umph with thee:
Oh when shall we dwell with our King, Where sor - row and pain are no more, Where saints our Im - man - u - el sing, And cher - ub and seraph a - dore?
To mourn for thy com-ing is sweet, To weep at thy lon - ger de - lay; But thou whom we has - ten to meet, Wilt chase all our sor - rows a - way.

GREENFIELDS. 8s. (Double.)

Inserted by particular request

Key of G
1. How te - dious and taste-less the hours, When Je - sus no lon - ger I see;
Sweet pros-pects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me:
The mid - sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in
2. His name yields the rich - est per - fume, And sweet - er than mu - sic his voice;
His pre-sence dis - per - ses my gloom, And makes all with - in me re - joice;
I should, were he al - ways thus nigh, Have no - thing to
vain to look gay; But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleasant as May.
wish or to fear, No mor - tal so hap - py as I, My sum-mer would last all the year.

3. Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

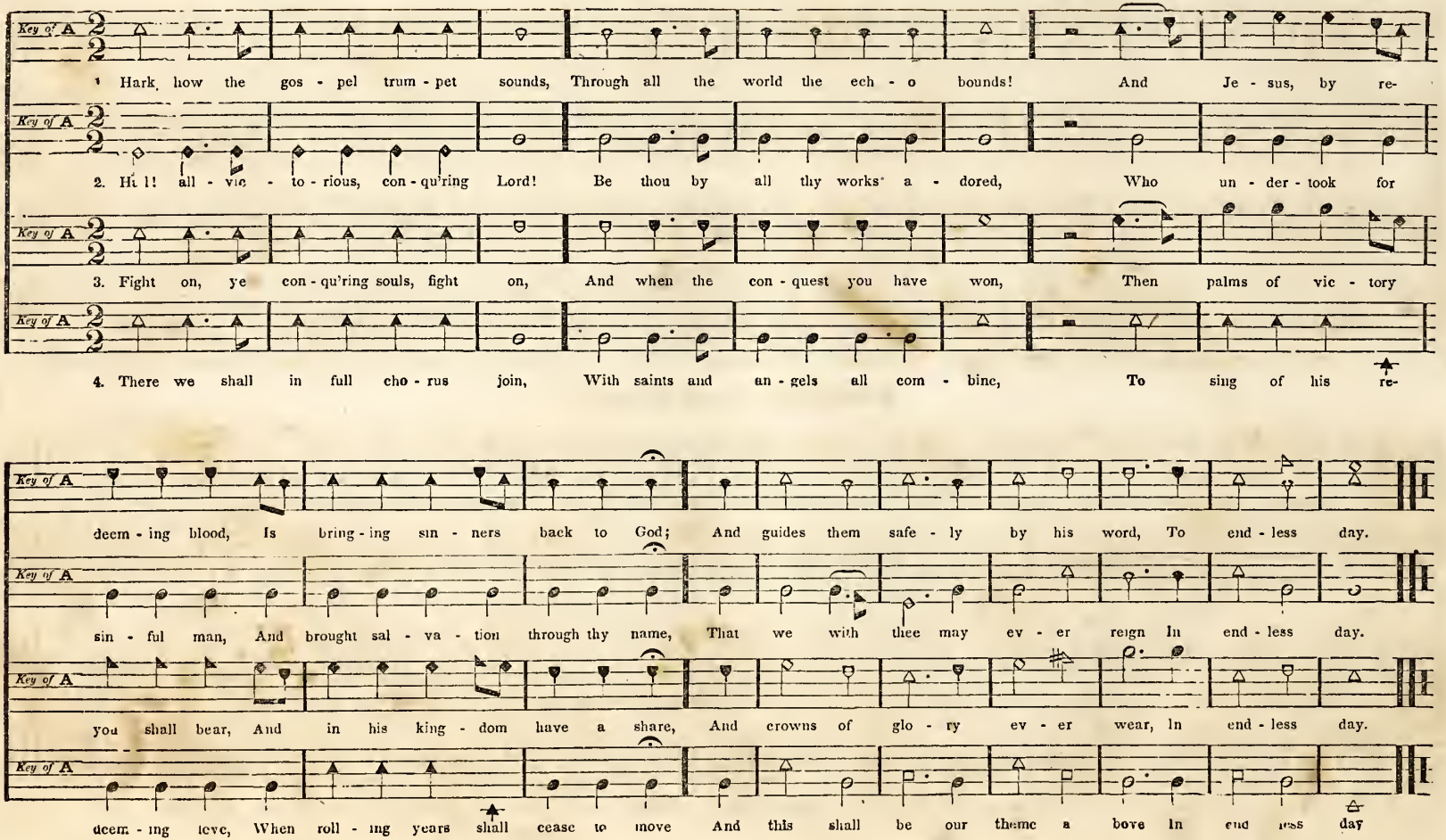
4. Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
Oh drive these dark clouds from my sky
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

Key of A
1. This God is the God we a - dore, Our faith-ful, un - change-a - ble Friend, Whose love is as large as his pow'r, And nei - ther knows measure nor end.
Key of A
Key of A
2. 'Tis Je - sus, the first and the last, Whose Spi - rit shall guide us safe home; We'll praise him for all that is past, And trust him for all that's to come.
Key of A

XENIA. 8s. (PECULIAR.)

CODA, AFTER THE 2D VERSE.
Key of F
1. Blessed be thy name for ev - er, Thou of life the glo - rious Giver: Thou canst guard thy creatures, sleeping; Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
Key of F
Thy name for ev-er.
Key of F
2. Thou who slumber'st not, nor sleepest, Blest are they thou kind - ly keepest: Thou of ev'-ry good the Giv-er, Blessed be thy name for ev - er.
Key of F

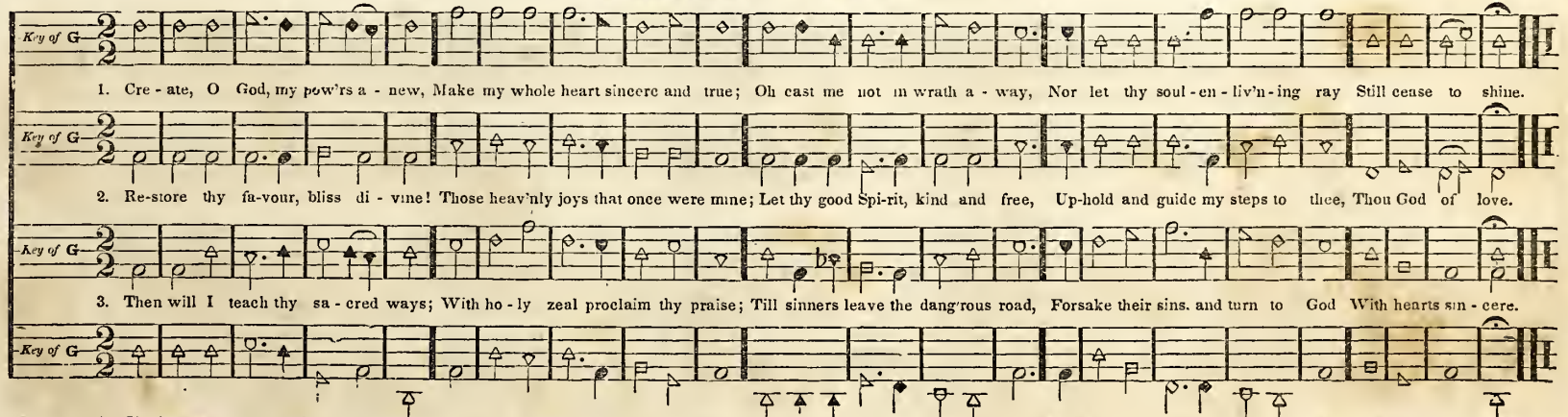
URMUND. 8s & 4s.


Key of A
1. Hark, how the gos - pel trum - pet sounds, Through all the world the ech - o bounds! And Je - sus, by re-
2. Hail! all - vic - to - rious, con - qu'ring Lord! Be thou by all thy works a - dored, Who un - der - took for
3. Fight on, ye con - qu'ring souls, fight on, And when the con - quest you have won, Then palms of vic - tory
4. There we shall in full cho - rus join, With saints and an - gels all com - bine, To sing of his re-
deem - ing blood, Is bring - ing sin - ners back to God; And guides them safe - ly by his word, To end - less day.
sin - ful man, And brought sal - va - tion through thy name, That we with thee may ev - er reign In end - less day.
you shall bear, And in his king - dom have a share, And crowns of glo - ry ev - er wear, In end - less day.
deem - ing love, When roll - ing years shall cease to move And this shall be our theme a bove In end less day

ELVAH. 8s & 4s. (PECULIAR.)

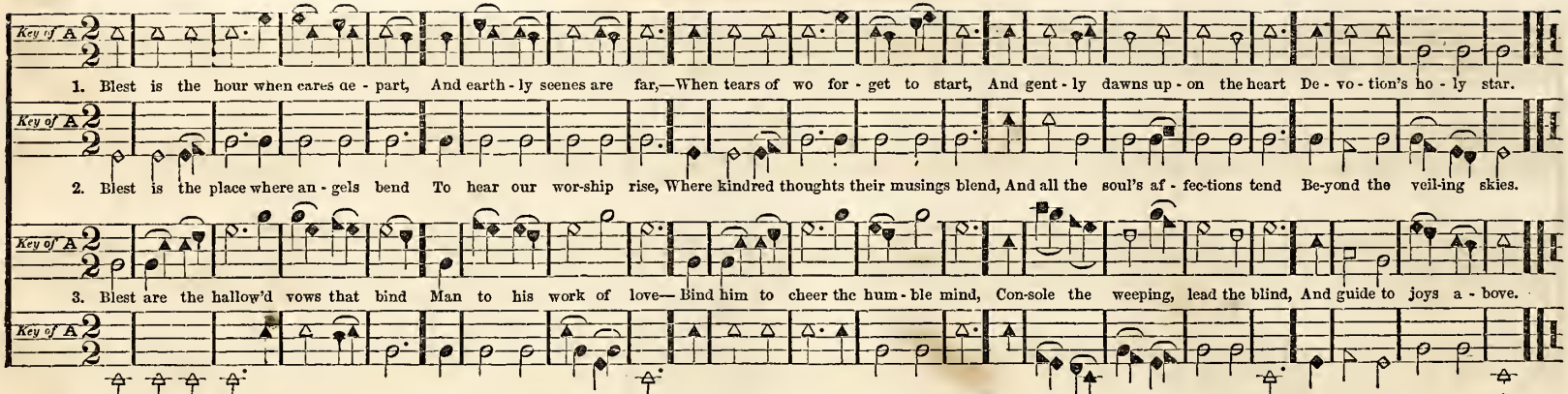
Slow
Key, B♭
1. A - las! how poor and lit - tle worth Are all those glitt'ring toys of earth That lure us here! Dreams of a sleep that death must break: Alas! before it bids us wake, They dis - ap - pear.
Key, B♭
2. Where is the strength that spurn'd decay, The step that roll'd so light and gay, The heart's blithe tone? The strength is gone, the step is slow, And joy grows weariness and wo When age comes on.
Key, B♭
3. Our birth is but a starting-place; Life is the running of the race, And death the goal: There all those glitt'ring toys are brought; That path alone, of all unsought, Is found of all.
Key, E♭
4. Oh let the soul its slumbers break, A-rouse its senses, and awake To see how soon Life, like its glo-ries, glides a - way, And the stern footsteps of de - cay Come stealing on.

CARTER. 8s & 4s.


Key of G
1. Cre - ate, O God, my pow'rs a - new, Make my whole heart sincere and true; Oh cast me not in wrath a - way, Nor let thy soul - en - liv'n - ing ray Still cease to shine.
Key of G
2. Re-store thy fa-vour, bliss di - vine! Those heav'nly joys that once were mine; Let thy good Spi-rit, kind and free, Up-hold and guide my steps to thee, Thou God of love.
Key of G
3. Then will I teach thy sa - cred ways; With ho - ly zeal proclaim thy praise; Till sinners leave the dang'rous road, Forsake their sins, and turn to God With hearts sin - cere.
Key of G
4 Oh cleanse my guilt, and heal my pain; Remove the blood-pol - lu - ted stain: Then shall my heart a - dor-ing trace, My Saviour God, the boundless grace That flows from thee.

JEWELL. 8s & 6s.

SLOW IN A CLOSE AND GLIDING STYLE.


Key of A
1. Blest is the hour when cares de - part, And earth - ly scenes are far,—When tears of wo for - get to start, And gent - ly dawns up - on the heart De - vo - tion's ho - ly star.
2. Blest is the place where an - gels bend To hear our wor-ship rise, Where kindred thoughts their musings blend, And all the soul's af - fec-tions tend Be-yond the veil-ing skies.
3. Blest are the hallow'd vows that bind Man to his work of love— Bind him to cheer the hum - ble mind, Con-sole the weeping, lead the blind, And guide to joys a - bove.
4. Sweet shall the song of glo - ry swell, Spi - rit di - vine, to thee, When they, whose work is fin - ish'd well, In thy own courts of rest shall dwell. Blest through e-ter - ni - ty!

LORTON. 8s & 4s.

IN MODERATE TIME.

Key of A
1. Cre - ate, O God, my powers a - new; Make my whole heart sincere and true; Oh cast me not in wrath a - way, Nor let thy soul-enliv'ning ray Still cease to shine.
2. Re - store thy fa - vour, bliss di - vine! Those heav'nly joys that once were mine; Let thy good Spi - rit, kind and free, Up-hold and guide my steps to thee, Thou God of love.
3 Then will I teach thy sa-cred ways; With ho - ly zeal pro - claim thy praise; Till sin - ners leave the dang'rous road, For-sake their sins, and turn to God With hearts sincere.
4. Oh cleanse my guilt, and heal my pain; Re-move the blood-pol - lu - ted stain; Then shall my heart a - dor - ing trace. My Saviour God, the boundless grace That flows from thee.
Treble and Alto sing small notes
Slow.

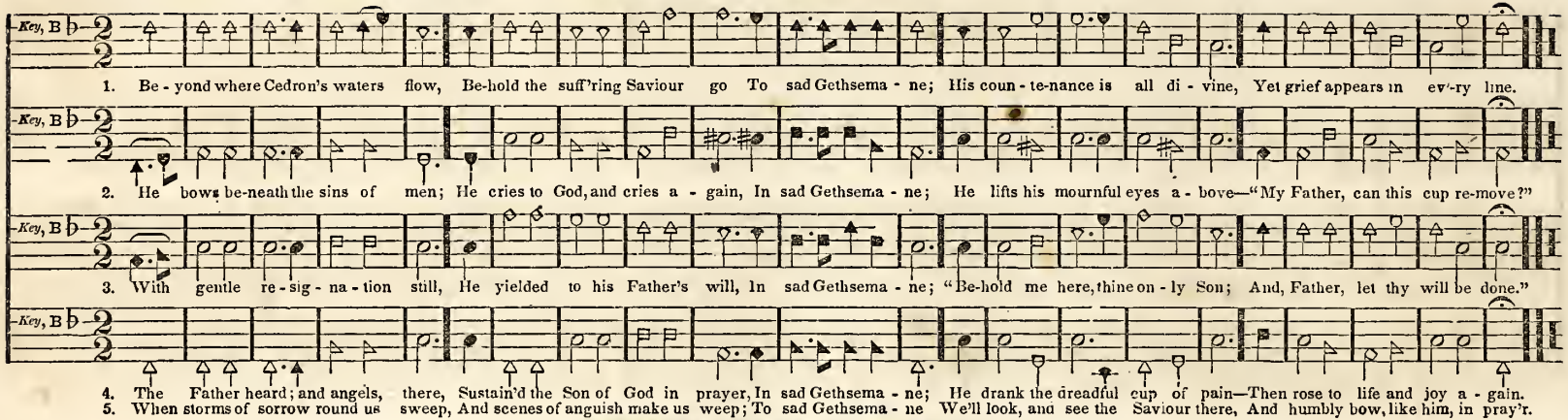
Slow.
Key of C
1. There is an hour of peace - ful rest, To mourning wand'rers given: There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for ev' - ry

2. There is a home for weary souls
By sins and sorrows driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—'tis heaven.

3. There faith lifts up the cheerful eye,
The heart no longer riven,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given,
There rays divine disperse the gloom·
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven

GETHSEMANE. 8s & 6s.


Key, B♭
1. Be - yond where Cedron's waters flow, Be-hold the suff'ring Saviour go To sad Gethsema - ne; His coun - te-nance is all di - vine, Yet grief appears in ev'-ry line.
2. He bows be-neath the sins of men; He cries to God, and cries a - gain, In sad Gethsema - ne; He lifts his mournful eyes a - bove—"My Father, can this cup re-move?"
3. With gentle re - sig - na - tion still, He yielded to his Father's will, In sad Gethsema - ne; "Be-hold me here, thine on - ly Son; And, Father, let thy will be done."
4. The Father heard; and angels, there, Sustain'd the Son of God in prayer, In sad Gethsema - ne; He drank the dreadful cup of pain—Then rose to life and joy a - gain.
5. When storms of sorrow round us sweep, And scenes of anguish make us weep; To sad Gethsema - ne We'll look, and see the Saviour there, And humbly bow, like him, in pray'r.

RESIGNATION. 8s & 6s. (PECULIAR.)

GENTLE STYLE.
Key, E♭
1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way, Oh teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will, my God, be done."
2. Though dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be still, and mur - mur not, And breathe the pray'r di - vine - ly taught, "Thy will, my God, be done."
3. What though in lone - ly grief I sigh For friends be - loved no lon - ger nigh; Sub - mis - sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will, my God, be done."
4. If thou shouldst call me to re - sign What most I prize,— it ne'er was mine,— I on - ly yield thee what is thine; "Thy will, my God, be done."

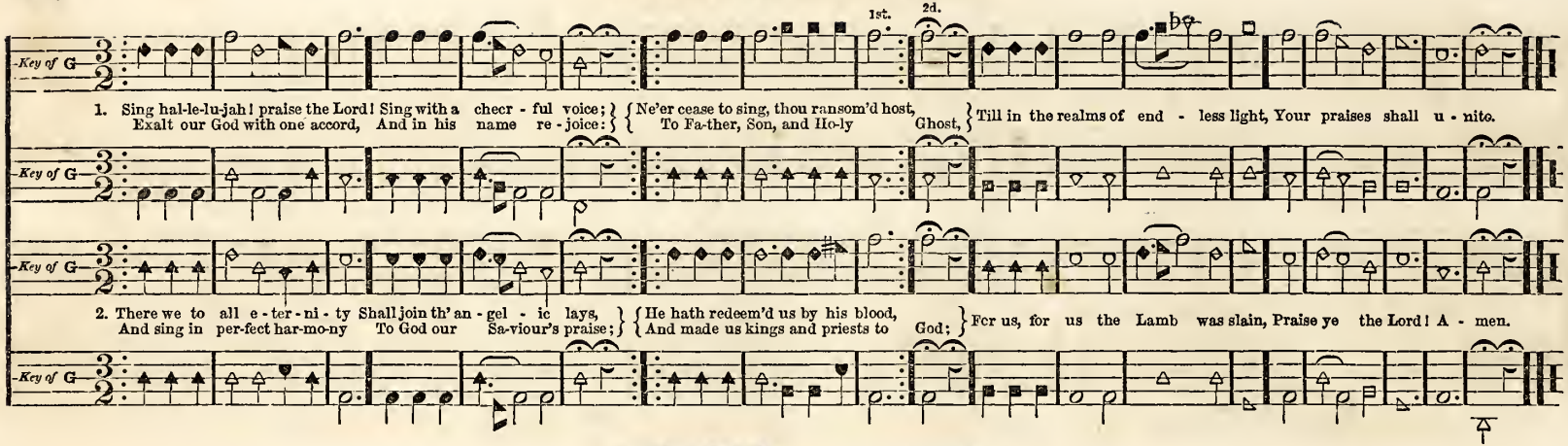
Key of A
1. Je - sus, thou soul of all our joys, For whom we now lift up our voice, And all our strength ex - ert; Vouch-safe the grace we
2. While in the heav'n-ly work we join, Thy glo - ry be our whole de - sign; Thy glo - ry, not our own: Still let us keep our

Key of A
hum-bly claim; Com - pose in - to a thank - ful frame, And tune thy peo - ple's heart.
end in view, And still the pleasing task pur - sue, To please our God a - lone.

3. The secret pride, the subtle sin,
Oh let it never more steal in,
T' offend thy glorious eyes!
To desecrate our hallow'd strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice.

4. To magnify thy awful name.
To spread the honours of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raise;
Our souls' and bodies' powers unite,
Regardless of our own delight,
And dead to human praise.

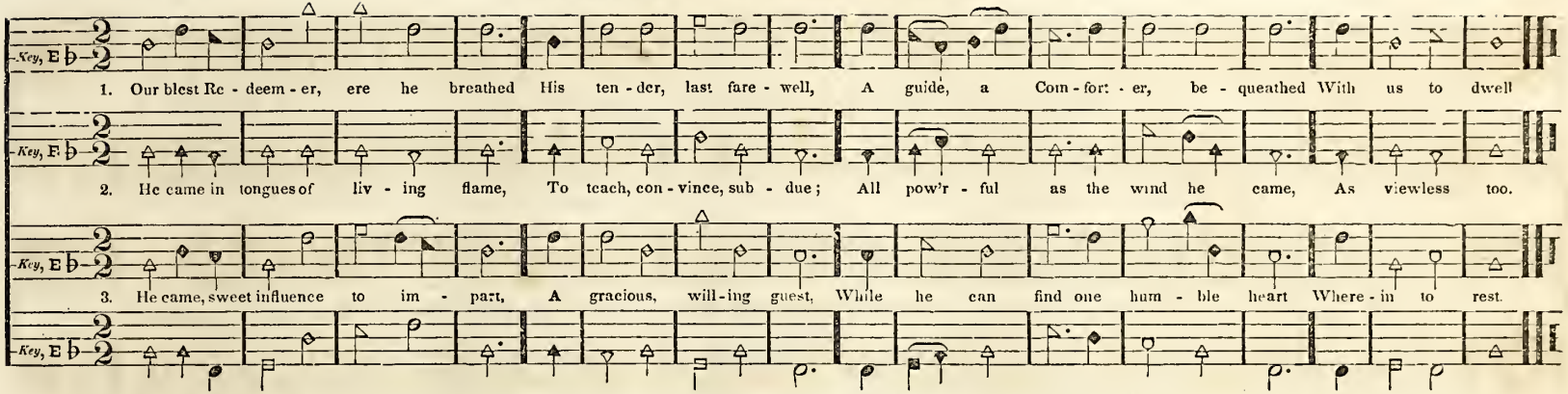
KEYSBURG. 8s & 6s.


Key of G
1st.
2d.
1. Sing hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lord! Sing with a cheer - ful voice; Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd host, Till in the realms of end - less light, Your praises shall u - nite.
Exalt our God with one accord, And in his name re - joice: To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost,
2. There we to all e - ter - ni - ty Shall join th' an - gel - ic lays, He hath redeem'd us by his blood, For us, for us the Lamb was slain, Praise ye the Lord! A - men.
And sing in per-fect har-mo-ny To God our Sa-viour's praise; And made us kings and priests to God;

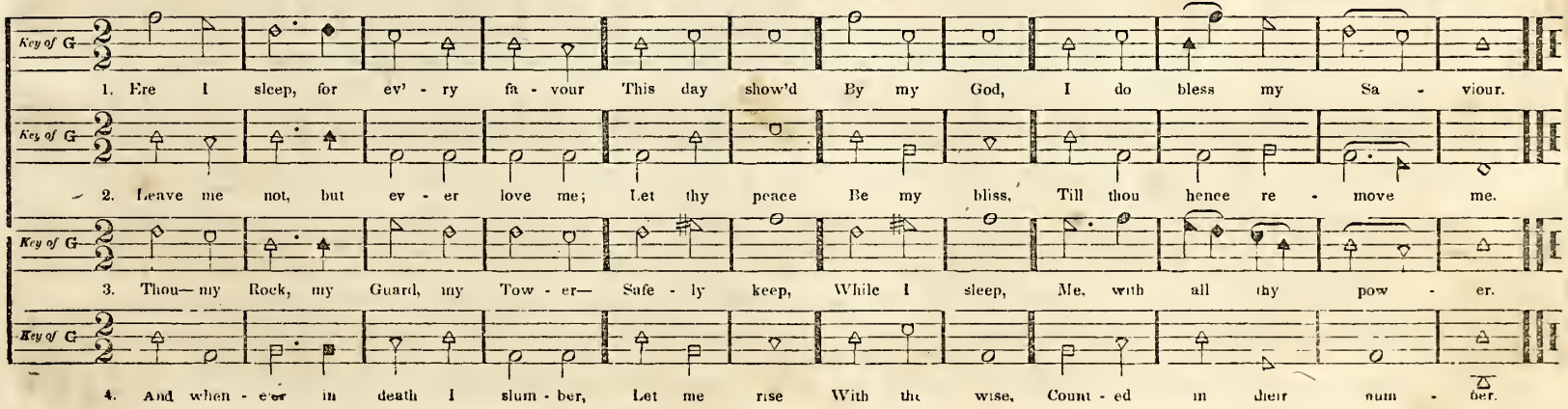
LANGDON. 8s, 7s & 6s.

Key of G
1. Watchmen, onward to your stations, Blow the trumpet long and loud; See, the day is breaking; See the saints awaking, No more in sadness bow'd, No more in sadness bow'd.
Preach the gospel to the nations, Speak to ev'ry gath-'ring crowd;
2. Watchmen, hail the rising glo-ry Of the great Mes - si - ah's reign, See his love re-veal-ing; See the Spirit stealing; 'Tis life among the slain! 'Tis life among the slain!
Tell the Saviour's bleeding story, Tell it to the list'-ning train:
3. Watchmen, as the clouds are flying, As the doves in haste re - turn, All their sighs and sadness Turn to joy and gladness, When they his grace discern, When they his grace dis - cern.
Thousands from amid the dy - ing, Flee to Christ his love to learn:

GREENWOOD. 8s, 6s & 4s.


Key, E♭
1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere he breathed His ten - der, last fare - well, A guide, a Com - fort - er, be - queathed With us to dwell
Key, E♭
2. He came in tongues of liv - ing flame, To teach, con - vince, sub - due; All pow'r - ful as the wind he came, As viewless too.
Key, E♭
3. He came, sweet influence to im - part, A gracious, will - ing guest, While he can find one hum - ble heart Where - in to rest.
Key, E♭
4. He breathes that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft as the breeze of even, That checks each fault, that calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n.
5. And ev'-ry vir - tue we pos sess, And ev'-ry vic - t'ry won, And ev' - ry thought of ho - li - ness, Are his a - lone.
6. Spi - rit of pu - ri - ty and grace, Our weakness, pity - ing, see; Oh, make our hearts thy dwell - ing - place, And worthier thee.

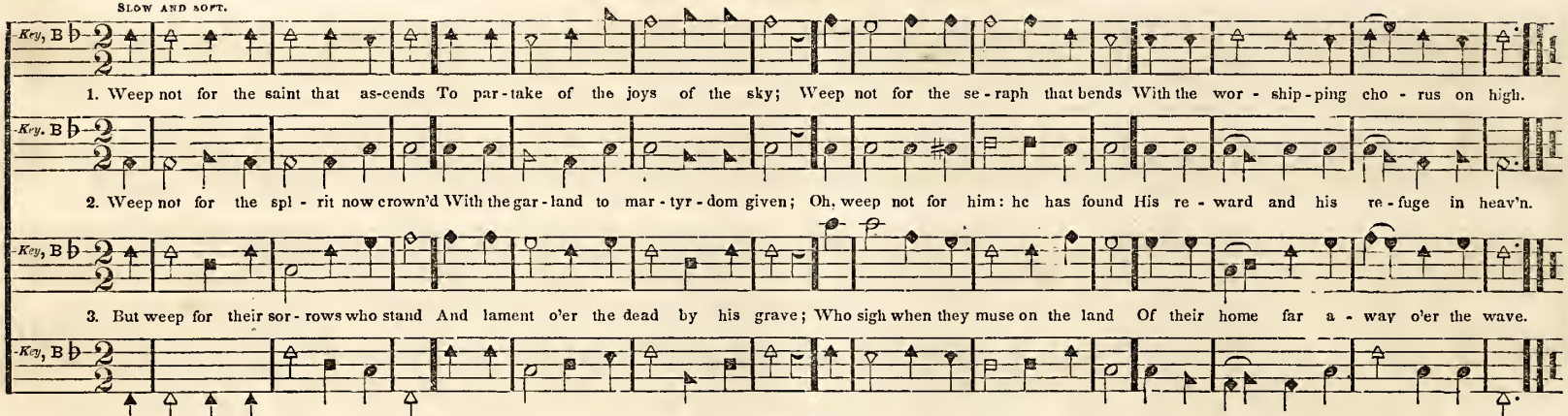
AUBURN. 8s, 3s & 6s.


Key of G
1. Ere I sleep, for ev' - ry fa - vour This day show'd By my God, I do bless my Sa - viour.
Key of G
2. Leave me not, but ev - er love me; Let thy peace Be my bliss, Till thou hence re - move me.
Key of G
3. Thou— my Rock, my Guard, my Tow - er— Safe - ly keep, While I sleep, Me, with all thy pow - er.
Key of G
4. And when - e'er in death I slum - ber, Let me rise With the wise, Count - ed in their num - ber.

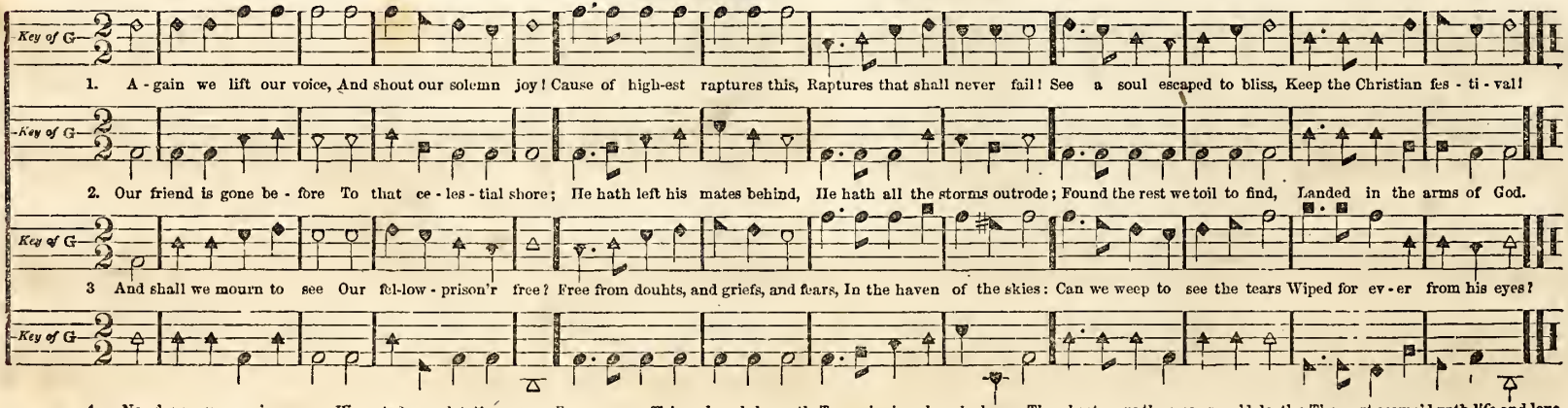
SAINTS' REST. 8s & 9s.

M. W. WILSON.

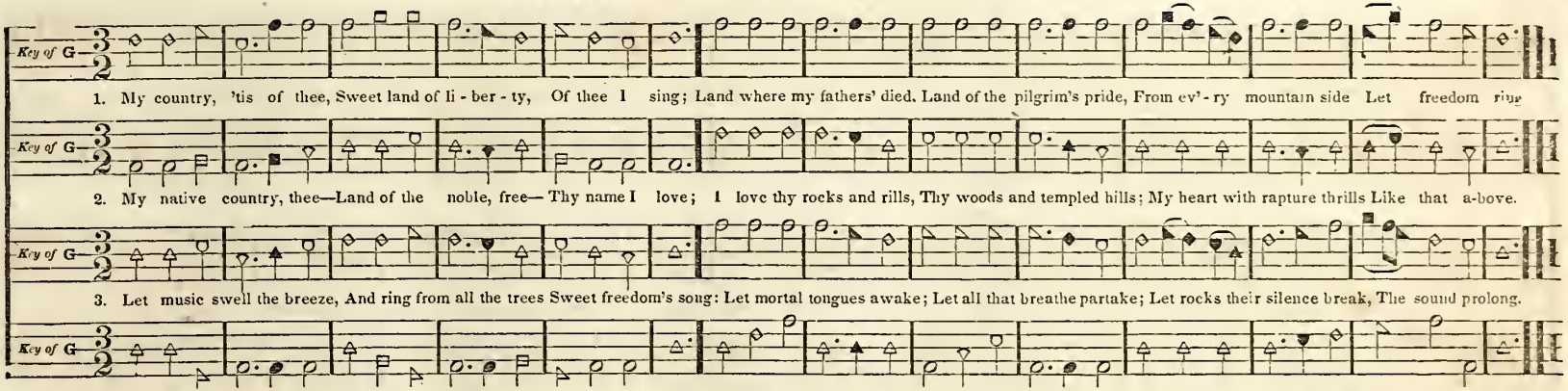
SLOW AND SOFT.


Key, B♭
1. Weep not for the saint that as-cends To par-take of the joys of the sky; Weep not for the se-raph that bends With the wor-ship-ping cho-rus on high.
Key, B♭
2. Weep not for the spi-rit now crown'd With the gar-land to mar-tyr-dom given; Oh, weep not for him: he has found His re-ward and his re-fuge in heav'n.
Key, B♭
3. But weep for their sor-rows who stand And lament o'er the dead by his grave; Who sigh when they muse on the land Of their home far a-way o'er the wave.
Key, B♭
4. And weep for the na-tions that dwell Where the light of the truth nev-er shone, Where anthems of peace nev-er swell, And the love of the Lord is un-known.

LANE. 6s & 7s.

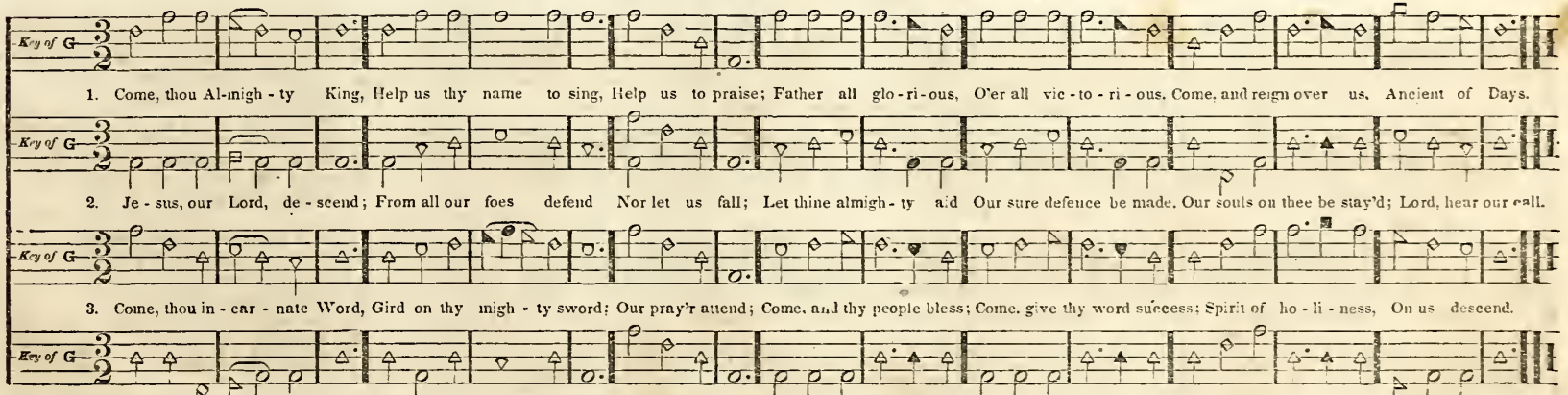

Key of G
1. A-gain we lift our voice, And shout our solemn joy! Cause of high-est raptures this, Raptures that shall never fail! See a soul escaped to bliss, Keep the Christian fes-ti-val!
Key of G
2. Our friend is gone be-fore To that ce-les-tial shore; He hath left his mates behind, He hath all the storms outrode; Found the rest we toil to find, Landed in the arms of God.
Key of G
3 And shall we mourn to see Our fel-low-prison'r free? Free from douhts, and griefs, and fears, In the haven of the skies: Can we weep to see the tears Wiped for ev-er from his eyes?
Key of G
4. No, dear com-pan-ion, no. We glad-ly let thee go, From a suff'ring church beneath, To a reigning church above: Thou hast more than conquer'd death; Thou art crown'd with life and love

AMERICA. 6s & 4s. (NATIONAL HYMN.)


Key of G
1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li - ber - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers' died. Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'-ry mountain side Let freedom ring
2. My native country, thee—Land of the noble, free— Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
4. Our fathers' God, to thee, Author of li - ber - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

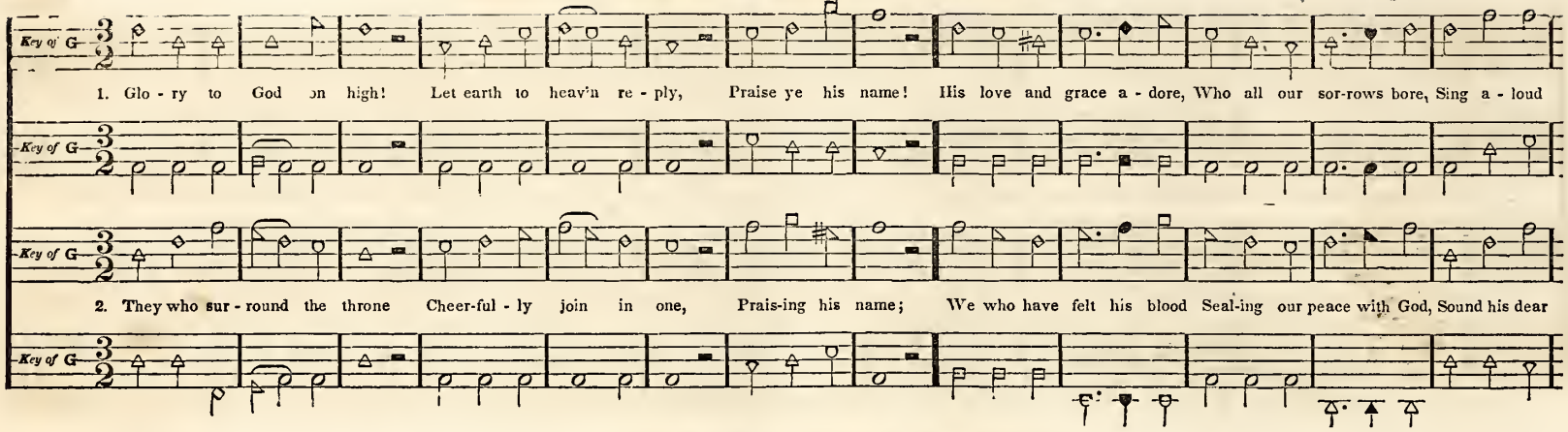
ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

GIARDINI.


Key of G
1. Come, thou Al-migh - ty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days.
2. Je - sus, our Lord, de - scend; From all our foes defend Nor let us fall; Let thine almigh - ty aid Our sure defence be made. Our souls on thee be stay'd; Lord, hear our call.
3. Come, thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on thy migh - ty sword; Our pray'r attend; Come, and thy people bless; Come, give thy word success; Spirit of ho - li - ness, On us descend.
4. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sacred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour! Thou, who almighty art, Now rule in ev'-ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spi - rit of pow'r.
5. To thee, great One in Three, The highest prais - es be, Hence ev-er-more! His sov'reign ma-jes-ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

WICKHAM. 6s & 4s.

English Theme.

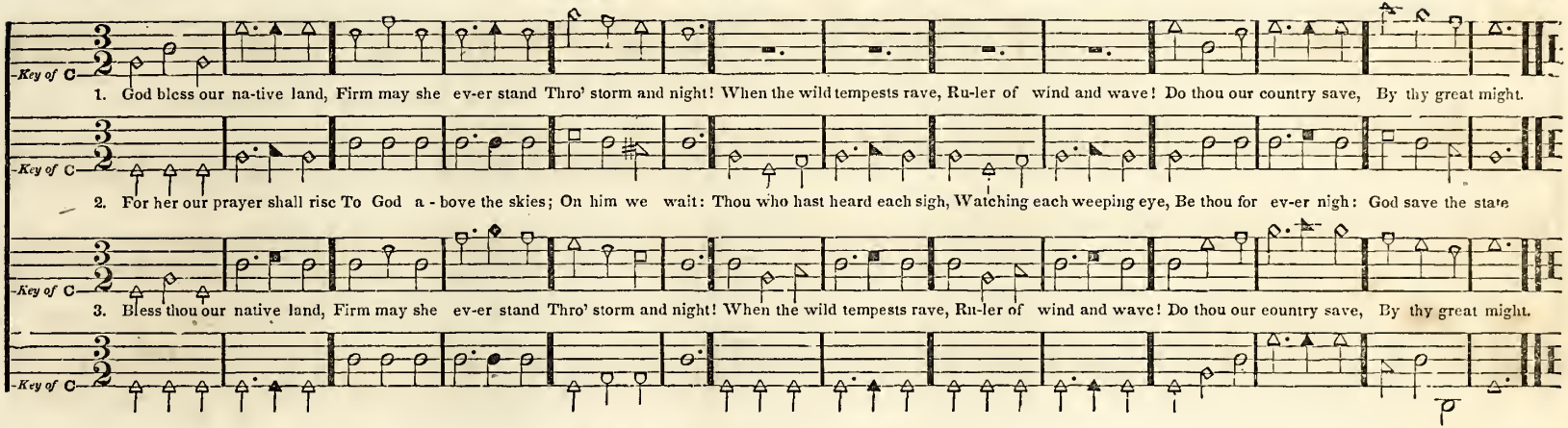

Key of G
1. Glo - ry to God on high! Let earth to heav'n re - ply, Praise ye his name! His love and grace a - dore, Who all our sor-rows bore, Sing a - loud
2. They who sur - round the throne Cheer-ful - ly join in one, Prais-ing his name; We who have felt his blood Seal-ing our peace with God, Sound his dear

Key of G
ev - er - more, "Wor - thy the Lamb," Sing a - loud ev - er - more, "Wor - thy the Lamb."
name a - broad "Wor - thy the Lamb," Sound his dear name a - broad, "Wor - thy the Lamb."

3. Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless:
Praise ye his name;
On him we fix our choice,
In him we will rejoice,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."

4. Soon we shall reach the place,
Where we shall never cease
Praising his name;
Then richer songs we'll bring
Hail him our gracious King:
And thus for ever sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

DORT. 6s & 4s. (PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.)


Key of C
1. God bless our na-tive land, Firm may she ev-er stand Thro' storm and night! When the wild tempests rave, Ru-ler of wind and wave! Do thou our country save, By thy great might.
2. For her our prayer shall rise To God a-bove the skies; On him we wait: Thou who hast heard each sigh, Watching each weeping eye, Be thou for ev-er nigh: God save the state
3. Bless thou our native land, Firm may she ev-er stand Thro' storm and night! When the wild tempests rave, Ru-ler of wind and wave! Do thou our country save, By thy great might.

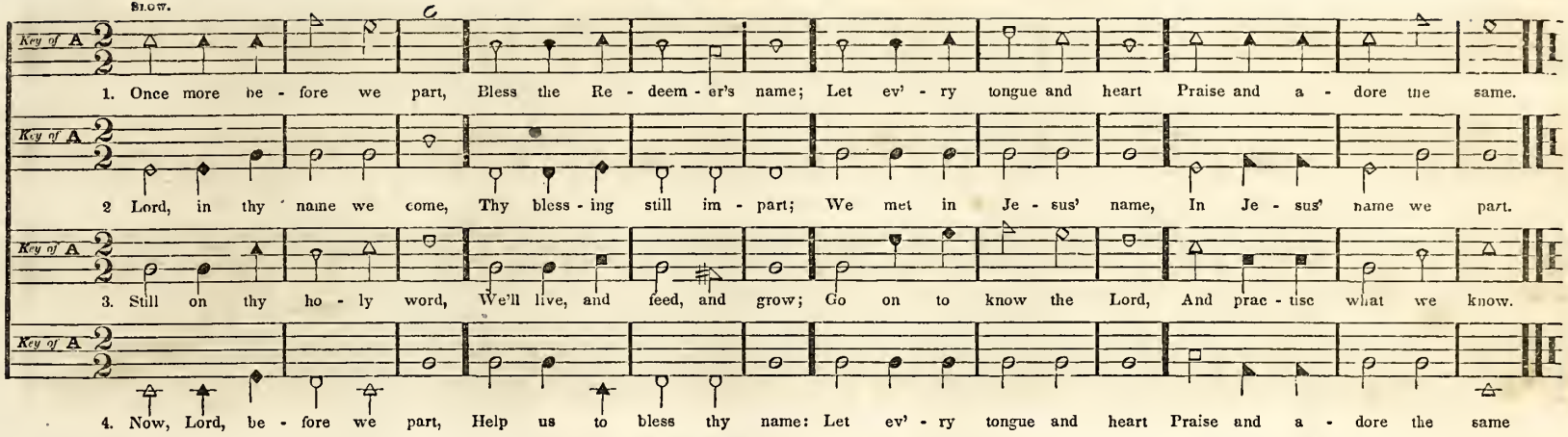
TO-DAY. 6s & 4s. (PECULIAR.)

Key of G
1. To - day the Sa - viour calls: Ye wand'rers, come; O ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
2. To - day the Sa - viour calls: O, hear him now; With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
3 To - day the Sa - viour calls: For re - fuge fly; The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spi - rit calls to - day: Yield to his pow'r: Oh, grieve him not a - way; 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

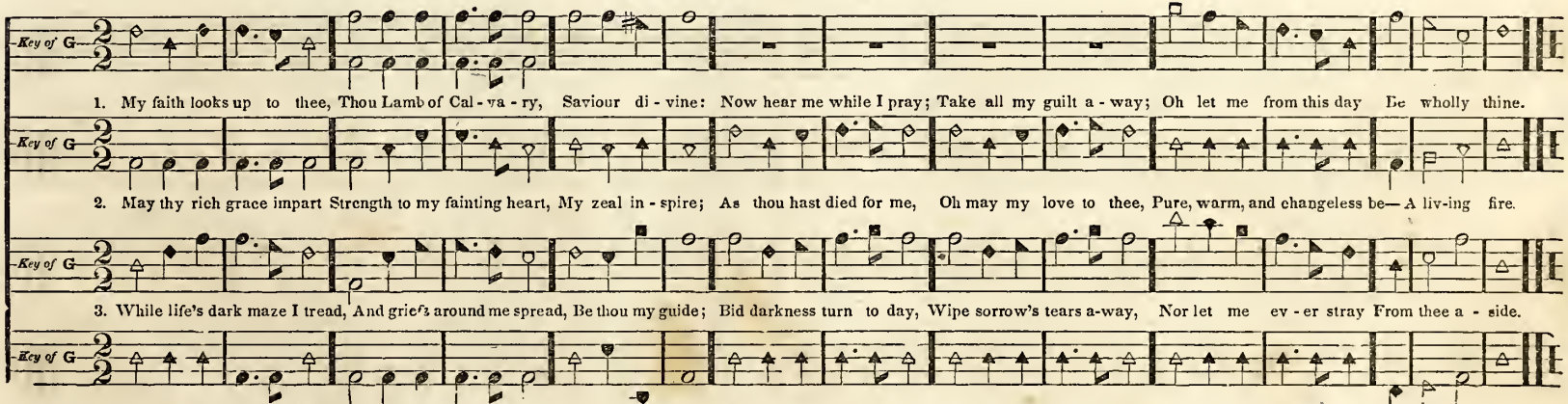
BARRINGTON. 6s & 4s. (PECULIAR.)

WITH TENDERNESS
Key, E♭
1. Child of sin and sor - row, Fill'd with dis - may, Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day;
2. Child of sin and sor - row, Why wilt thou die? Come, while thou canst bor - row Help from on high
Heav'n bids thee come, While yet there's room; Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.
Grieve not that love, Which from a - bove, Child of sin and sor - row, Would bring thee nigh.

ALPS. 6s.


Slow.
Key of A
1. Once more be - fore we part, Bless the Re - deem - er's name; Let ev' - ry tongue and heart Praise and a - dore the same.
Key of A
2 Lord, in thy name we come, Thy bless - ing still im - part; We met in Je - sus' name, In Je - sus' name we part.
Key of A
3. Still on thy ho - ly word, We'll live, and feed, and grow; Go on to know the Lord, And prac - tise what we know.
Key of A
4. Now, Lord, be - fore we part, Help us to bless thy name: Let ev' - ry tongue and heart Praise and a - dore the same

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.


Key of G
1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Saviour di - vine: Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; Oh let me from this day Be wholly thine.
Key of G
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire; As thou hast died for me, Oh may my love to thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be— A liv-ing fire.
Key of G
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And grief's around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
Key of G
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Bless'd Saviour, then, in love, Fear and distress remove; Oh bear me safe a-bove — A ransom'd soul.

LORD'S PRAYER.

T. HASTINGS.

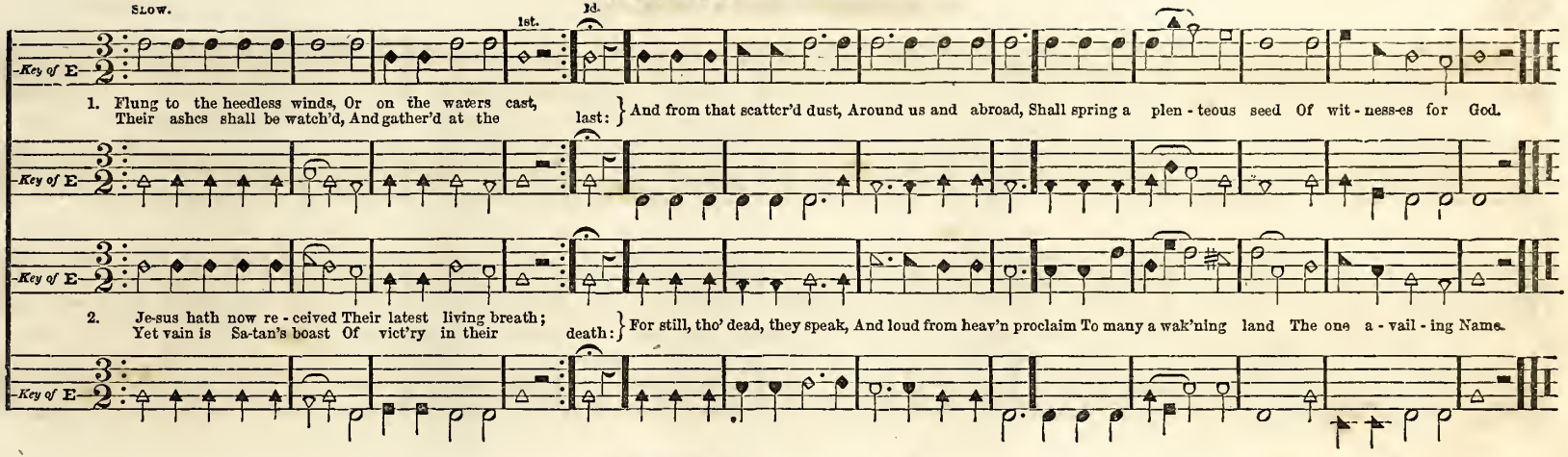
Key of C
1. Our Father, our Father in heav'n, Be hallow'd thy glo - ri - ous name, To thee let the kingdom be given, Thy will we acknowledge su-preme.
Key of C
2. We would by thy boun - ty be fed, By in - fi - nite mercy forgiv'n, Nor in - to temp - ta - tion be led, Nor in - to sad e - vils be driv'n.
Key of C
3. For thine is the kingdom, O Lord, The pow'r and the glo - ry are thine; Be for ev - er and ev - er a - dored, On earth as in hea - ven di - vine.
Key of C

MARSTON. 6s.

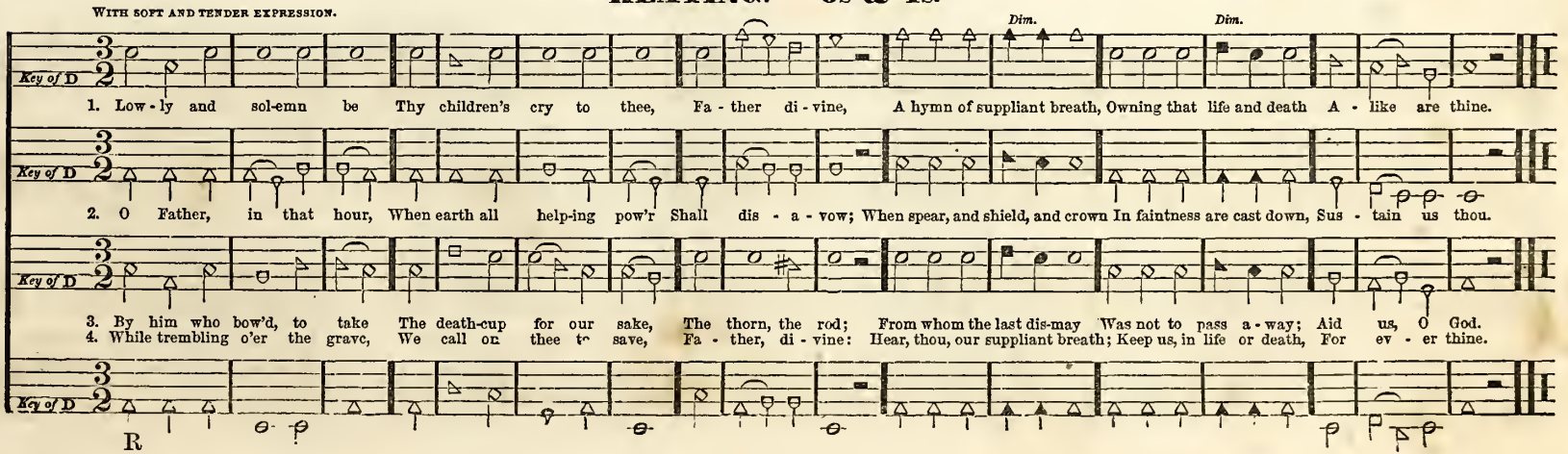
COLLIER.

Key of G
1. O gra - cious Lord of all! Thy lit - tle chil - dren see, And mer - ci - ful - ly call Our wand' - ring hearts to thee.
Key of G
2. O let thy pow'r - ful grace, Our souls' at - ten - tion draw, And on our mem'ries trace Thy nev - er - chang - ing law.
Key of G
3. Let faith, and hope, and love, To dwell in us, u - nite; Then raise our souls a bove, To live in end - less light.
Key of G

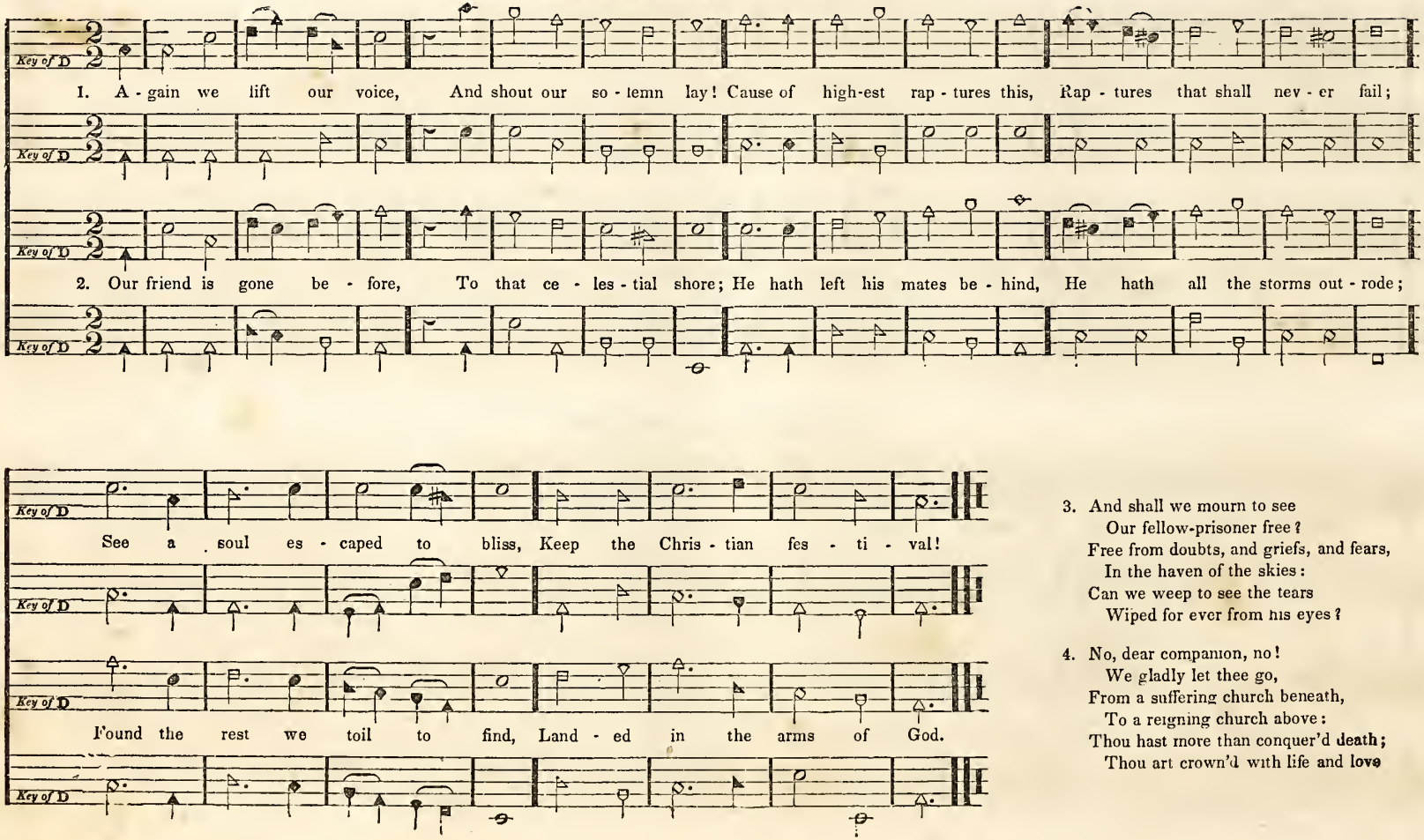
BETHEL. 6s.


Slow.
1st.
2d.
Key of E
1. Flung to the heedless winds, Or on the waters cast, Their ashes shall be watch'd, And gather'd at the last: } And from that scatter'd dust, Around us and abroad, Shall spring a plen - teous seed Of wit - ness-es for God.
2. Je-sus hath now re - ceived Their latest living breath; Yet vain is Sa-tan's boast Of vict'ry in their death: } For still, tho' dead, they speak, And loud from heav'n proclaim To many a wak'ning land The one a - vail - ing Name.

KEATING. 6s & 4s.

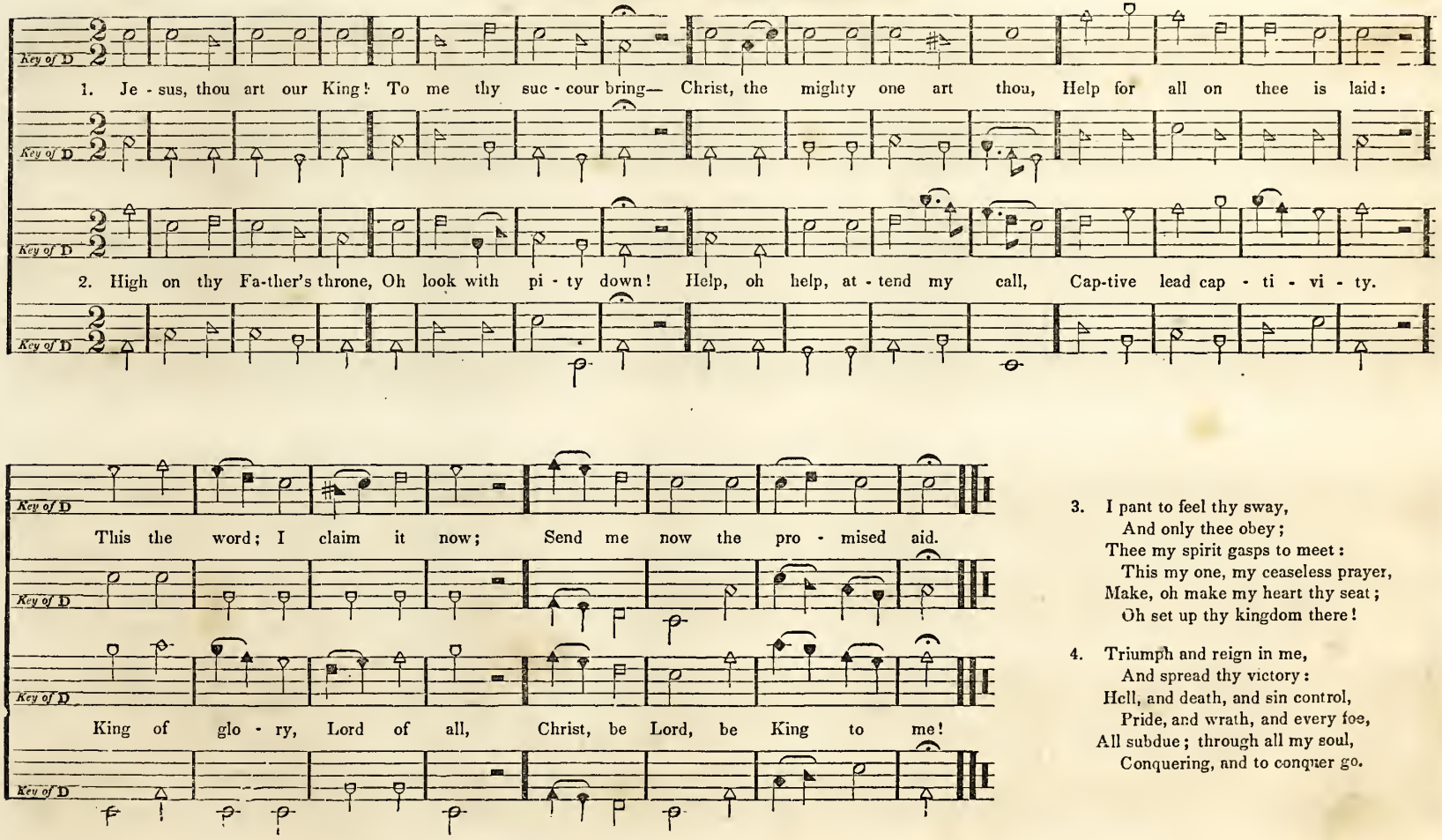

With soft and tender expression.
Dim.
Dim.
Key of D
1. Low - ly and sol-emn be Thy children's cry to thee, Fa - ther di - vine, A hymn of suppliant breath, Owning that life and death A - like are thine.
2. O Father, in that hour, When earth all help-ing pow'r Shall dis - a - vow; When spear, and shield, and crown In faintness are cast down, Sus - tain us thou.
3. By him who bow'd, to take The death-cup for our sake, The thorn, the rod; From whom the last dis-may Was not to pass a - way; Aid us, O God.
4. While trembling o'er the grave, We call on thee to save, Fa - ther, di - vine: Hear, thou, our suppliant breath; Keep us, in life or death, For ev - er thine.

R


Key of D
1. A - gain we lift our voice, And shout our so - lemn lay! Cause of high-est rap - tures this, Rap - tures that shall nev - er fail;
2. Our friend is gone be - fore, To that ce - les - tial shore; He hath left his mates be - hind, He hath all the storms out - rode;
See a soul es - caped to bliss, Keep the Chris - tian fes - ti - val!
Found the rest we toil to find, Land - ed in the arms of God.

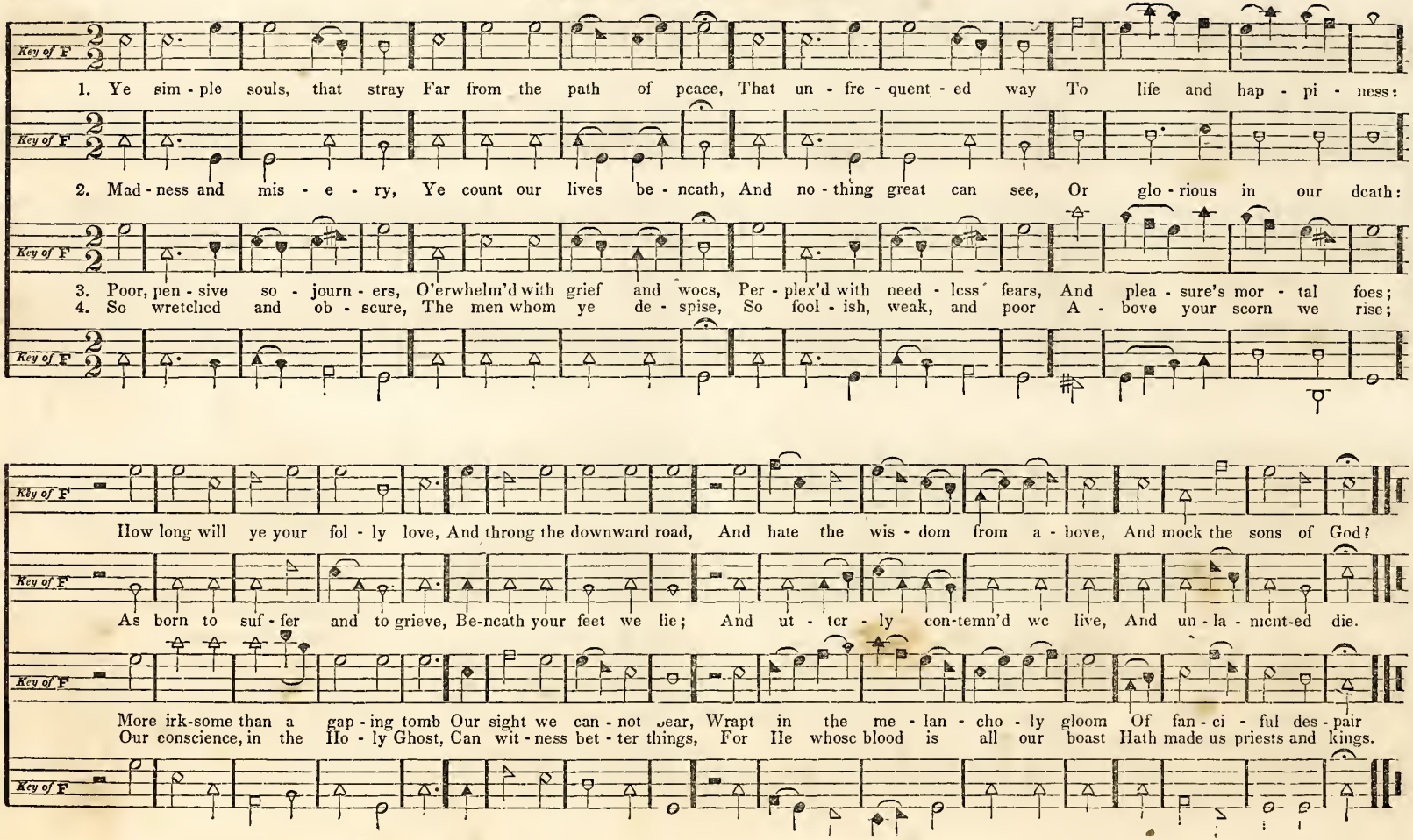
3. And shall we mourn to see
Our fellow-prisoner free?
Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
In the haven of the skies:
Can we weep to see the tears
Wiped for ever from his eyes?

4. No, dear companion, no!
We gladly let thee go,
From a suffering church beneath,
To a reigning church above:
Thou hast more than conquer'd death;
Thou art crown'd with life and love


Key of D
1. Je - sus, thou art our King! To me thy suc - cour bring— Christ, the mighty one art thou, Help for all on thee is laid:
2. High on thy Fa-ther's throne, Oh look with pi - ty down! Help, oh help, at - tend my call, Cap-tive lead cap - ti - vi - ty.
This the word; I claim it now; Send me now the pro - mised aid.
King of glo - ry, Lord of all, Christ, be Lord, be King to me!

3. I pant to feel thy sway,
   And only thee obey;
Thee my spirit gasps to meet:
   This my one, my ceaseless prayer,
Make, oh make my heart thy seat;
   Oh set up thy kingdom there!

4. Triumph and reign in me,
   And spread thy victory:
Hell, and death, and sin control,
   Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
All subdue; through all my soul,
   Conquering, and to conquer go.


Key of F
1. Ye sim - ple souls, that stray Far from the path of peace, That un - fre - quent - ed way To life and hap - pi - ness:
2. Mad - ness and mis - e - ry, Ye count our lives be - neath, And no - thing great can see, Or glo - rious in our death:
3. Poor, pen - sive so - journ - ers, O'erwhelm'd with grief and woes, Per - plex'd with need - less fears, And plea - sure's mor - tal foes;
4. So wretched and ob - scure, The men whom ye de - spise, So fool - ish, weak, and poor A - bove your scorn we rise;
How long will ye your fol - ly love, And throng the downward road, And hate the wis - dom from a - bove, And mock the sons of God?
As born to suf - fer and to grieve, Be - neath your feet we lie; And ut - ter - ly con - temn'd we live, And un - la - ment - ed die.
More irk-some than a gap - ing tomb Our sight we can - not bear, Wrapt in the me - lan - cho - ly gloom Of fan - ci - ful des - pair
Our conscience, in the Ho - ly Ghost, Can wit - ness bet - ter things, For He whose blood is all our boast Hath made us priests and kings.

Key of F
1. No war nor bat - tle sound Was heard the earth around, No hos - tile chiefs to fu - rious com - bat ran; But peace - ful was the night,
2. No conqu'ror's sword he bore, Nor war - like ar - mour wore, Nor haugh - ty pas - sions roused to con - test wild. In peace and love he came,

Key of F
In which the Prince of light His reign of peace up - on the earth be - gan.
And gen - tle was his reign, Which o'er the earth he spread by influence mild.

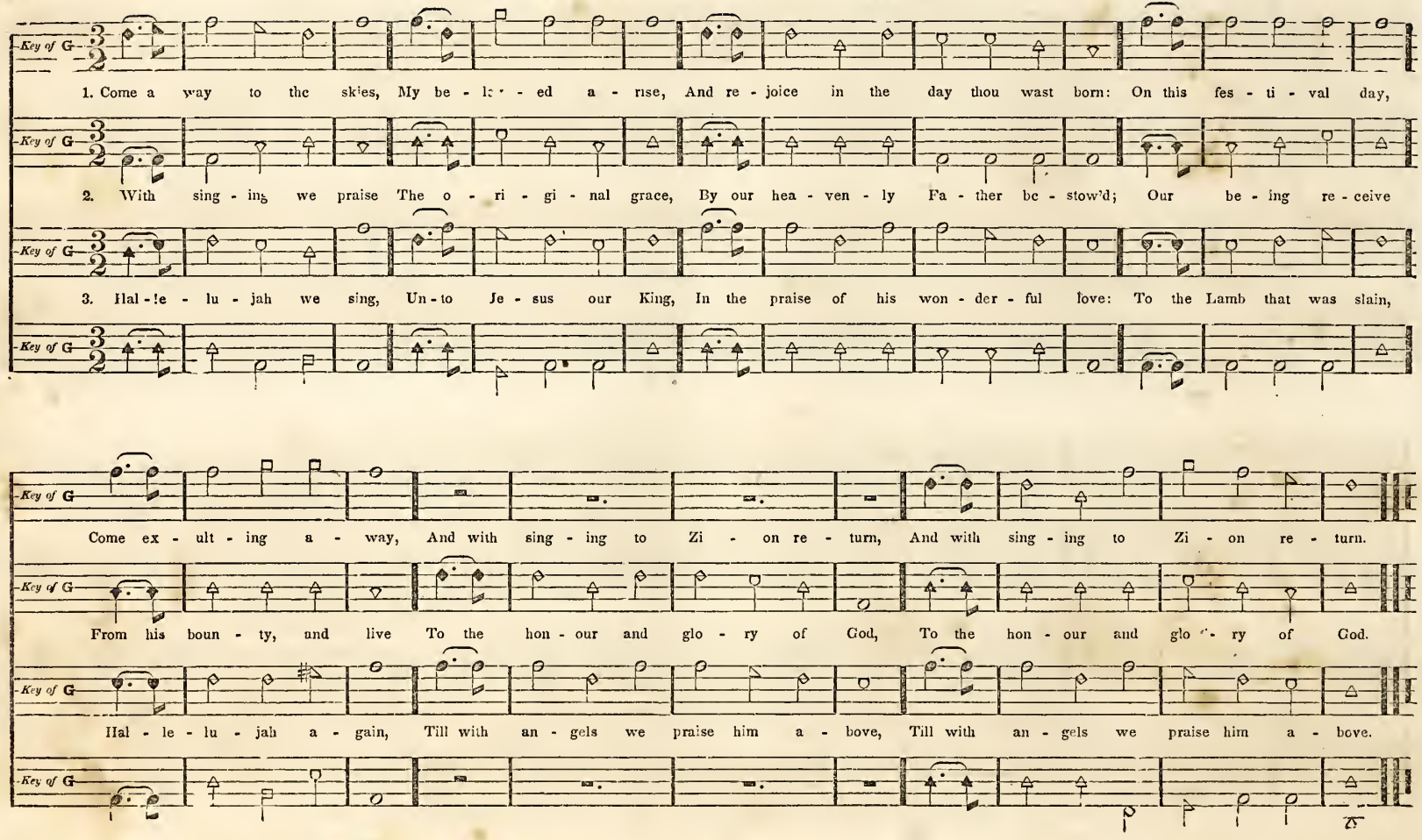
3. Unwilling kings obeyed,
   And sheathed the battle-blade,
And call'd their bloody legions from the field.
   In silent awe they wait,
   And close the warrior's gate,
Nor know to whom their homage thus they yield.

4. The peaceful conqueror goes,
   And triumphs o'er his foes,
His weapons drawn from armories above.
   Behold the vanquish'd sit
   Submissive at his feet,
And strife and hate are changed to peace and love

The 2d, 3d, and 4th stanzas added by H. G. O. Dwight, Missionary, in Constantinople.

* By omitting the slurs, this tune will answer for the hymn "The God of Abraham praise."—Methodist Hymn Book, Hy 236

ROWLEY. 6s & 9s, or 5s & 8s.


Key of G
1. Come a way to the skies, My be - lo - ved a - rise, And re - joice in the day thou wast born: On this fes - ti - val day,
2. With sing - ing we praise The o - ri - gi - nal grace, By our hea - ven - ly Fa - ther be - stow'd; Our be - ing re - ceive
3. Hal - le - lu - jah we sing, Un - to Je - sus our King, In the praise of his won - der - ful love: To the Lamb that was slain,
Come ex - ult - ing a - way, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn.
From his boun - ty, and live To the hon - our and glo - ry of God, To the hon - our and glo - ry of God.
Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain, Till with an - gels we praise him a - bove, Till with an - gels we praise him a - bove.

Poor, wilder'd, weeping heart! 6s & 5s.

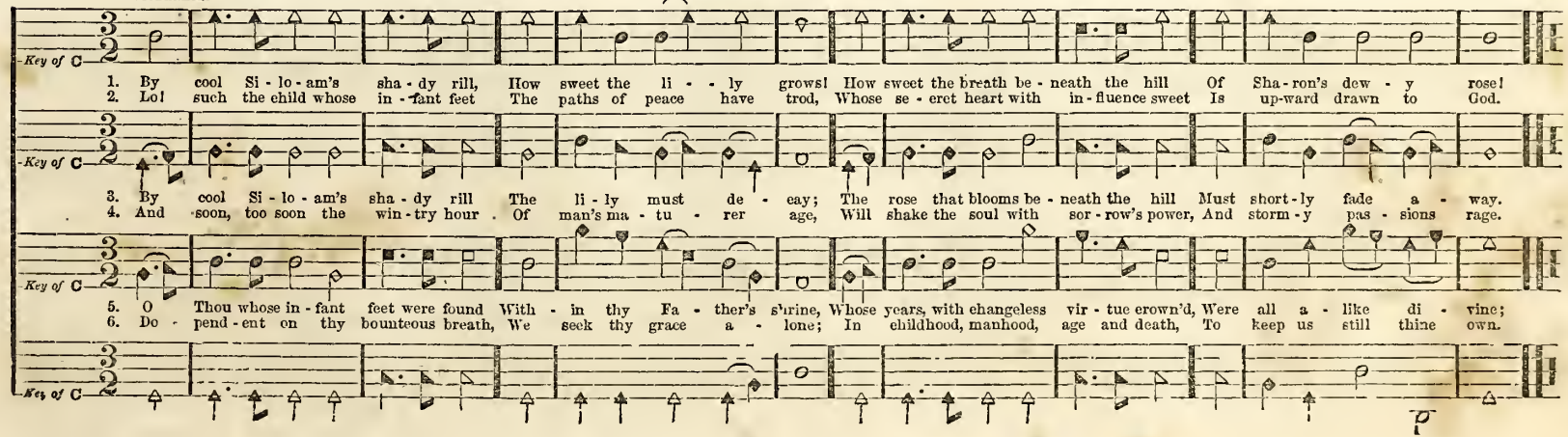
VERY SLOW.

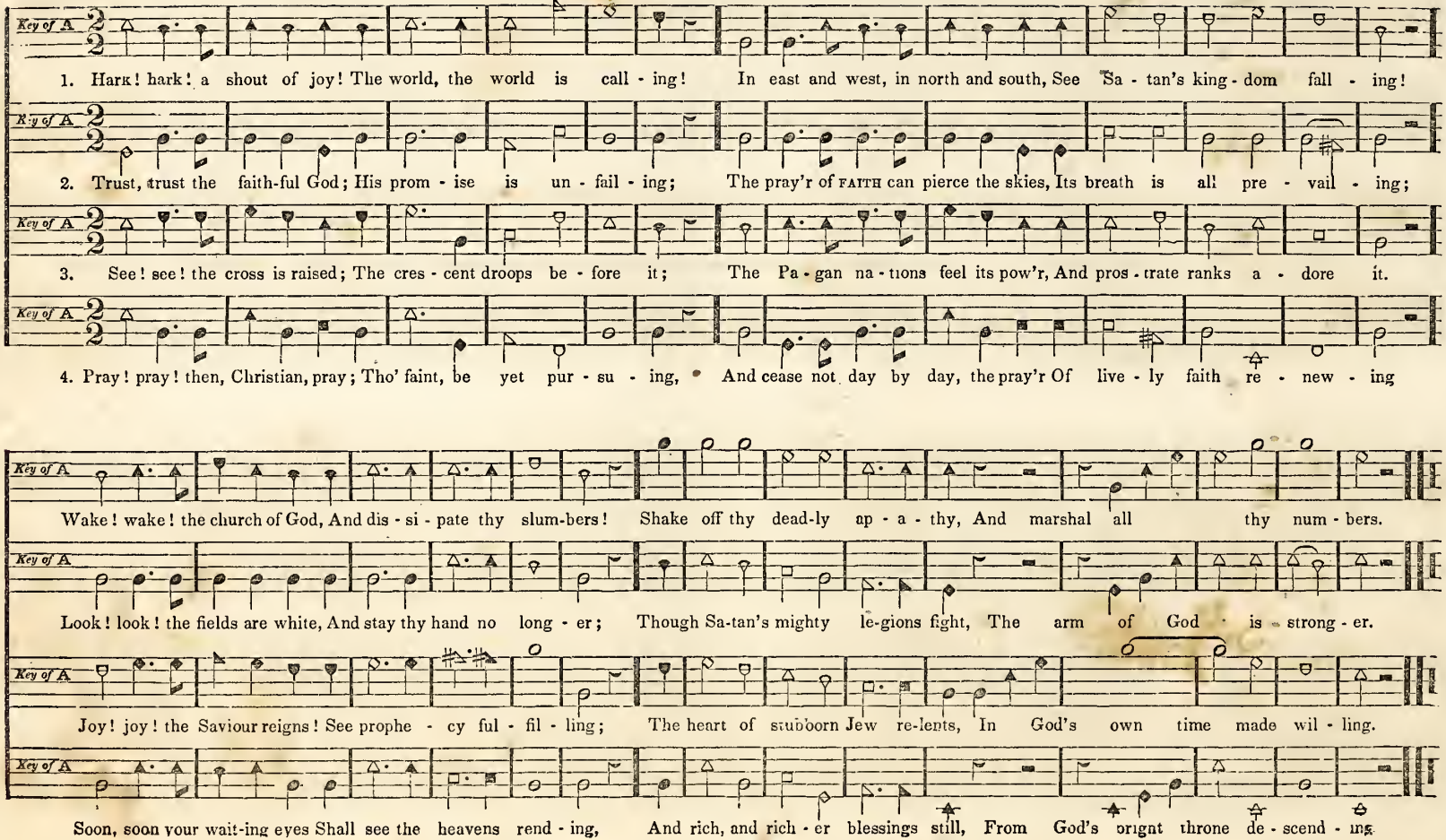
From the Spanish

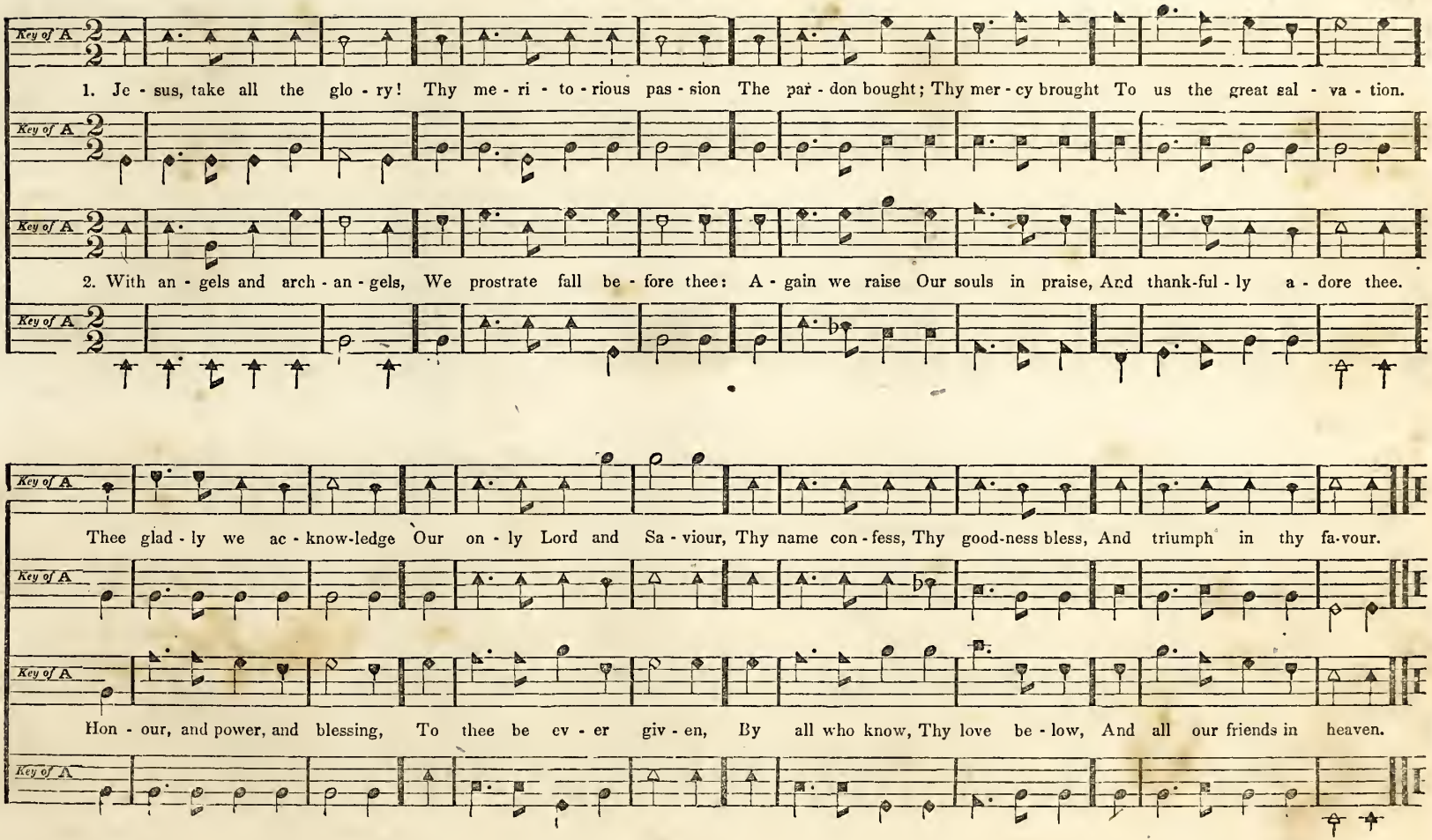
Key of A
1. Poor, wilder'd, weeping, heart! What can re - lieve thee? Come, sin - ful as thou art, Christ will re - ceive thee: } Come, tho' with wo oppress'd, Soft is the Saviour's breast, There mayst thou sweetly rest, There nanght shall grieve thee.
2. Come, trembling, ti - mid soul, Why this de - lay - ing? Thunders that o'er thee roll Fall on thee stray-ing: } Turn from de-struc-tion's ways, Turn to the throne of grace, There, seek thy Father's face, Weeping and pray - ing.
3. "Henee, guilty fear and doubt, Leave me for ev - er! Lord, wilt thou cast me out? Nev - er—oh, nev - er! } From un - be - lief of mind, From thoughts to sin in-clined, From flesh and hell combined, Thou wilt de - liv - er."

SILOAM. C. M.

MODERATE.


Key of C
1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How sweet the li - - ly grows! How sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!
2. Lo! such the child whose in - fant feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose se - eret heart with in - fluence sweet Is up-ward drawn to God.
3. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill The li - ly must de - cay; The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.
4. And soon, too soon the win - try hour Of man's ma - tu - rer age, Will shake the soul with sor - row's power, And storm - y pas - sions rage.
5. O Thou whose in - fant feet were found With - in thy Fa - ther's shrine, Whose years, with changeless vir - tue crown'd, Were all a - like di - vine;
6. Do - pend - ent on thy bounteous breath, We seek thy grace a - lone; In childhood, manhood, age and death, To keep us still thine own.

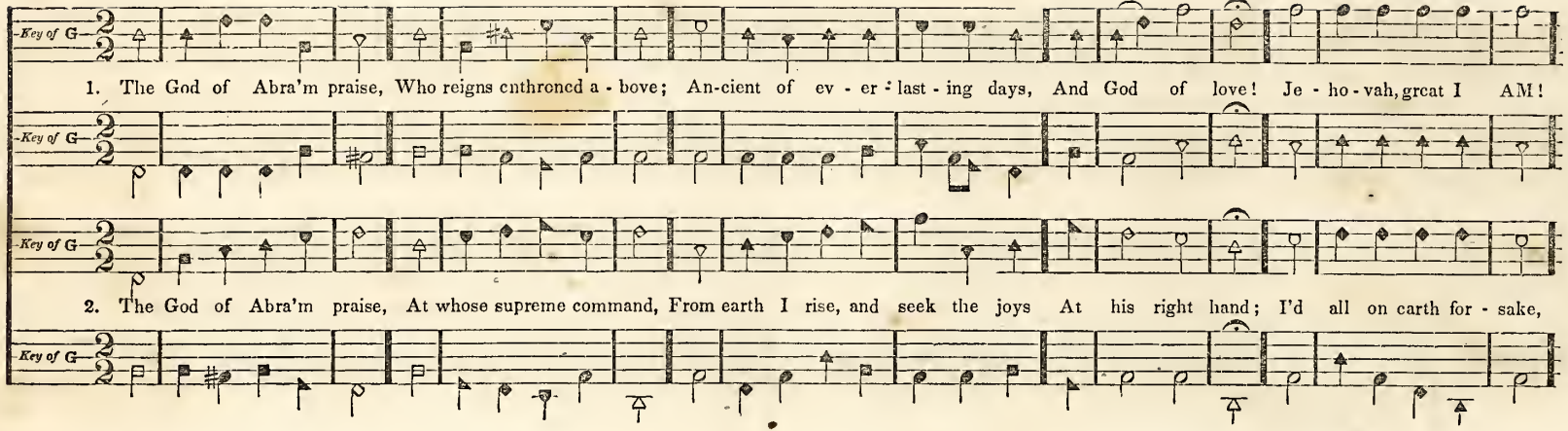

Key of A
1. Hark! hark! a shout of joy! The world, the world is call - ing! In east and west, in north and south, See Sa - tan's king - dom fall - ing!
2. Trust, trust the faith-ful God; His prom - ise is un - fail - ing; The pray'r of FAITH can pierce the skies, Its breath is all pre - vail - ing;
3. See! see! the cross is raised; The cres - cent droops be - fore it; The Pa - gan na - tions feel its pow'r, And pros - trate ranks a - dore it.
4. Pray! pray! then, Christian, pray; Tho' faint, be yet pur - su - ing, And cease not day by day, the pray'r Of live - ly faith re - new - ing
Wake! wake! the church of God, And dis - si - pate thy slum-bers! Shake off thy dead-ly ap - a - thy, And marshal all thy num - bers.
Look! look! the fields are white, And stay thy hand no long - er; Though Sa-tan's mighty le-gions fight, The arm of God is strong - er.
Joy! joy! the Saviour reigns! See prophe - cy ful - fil - ling; The heart of stubborn Jew re-lents, In God's own time made wil - ling.
Soon, soon your wait-ing eyes Shall see the heavens rend - ing, And rich, and rich - er blessings still, From God's bright throne de - scend - ing.

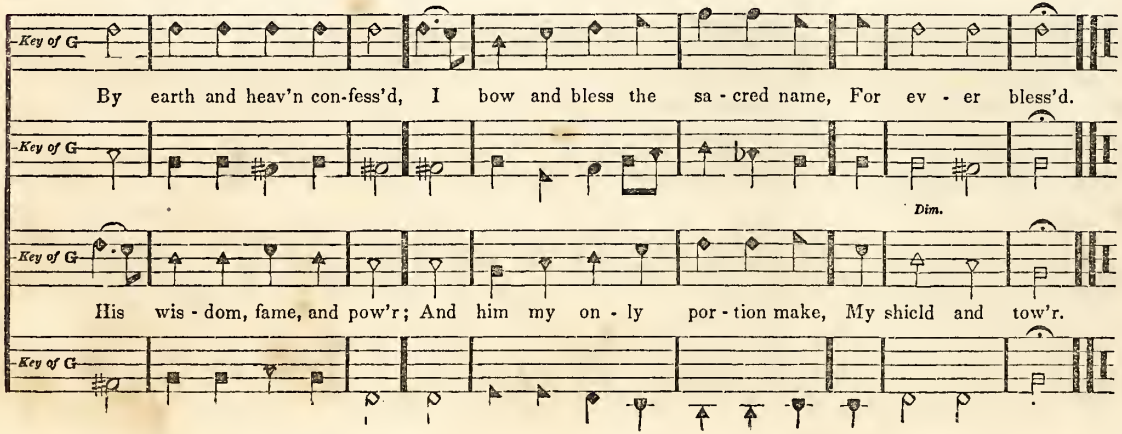

Key of A
1. Je - sus, take all the glo - ry! Thy me - ri - to - rious pas - sion The par - don bought; Thy mer - cy brought To us the great sal - va - tion.
2. With an - gels and arch - an - gels, We prostrate fall be - fore thee: A - gain we raise Our souls in praise, And thank-ful - ly a - dore thee.
Thee glad - ly we ac - know-ledge Our on - ly Lord and Sa - viour, Thy name con - fess, Thy good-ness bless, And triumph in thy fa-vour.
Hon - our, and power, and blessing, To thee be ev - er giv - en, By all who know, Thy love be - low, And all our friends in heaven.

LEONI. 6s, 8s & 4s.

RATHER SLOW.

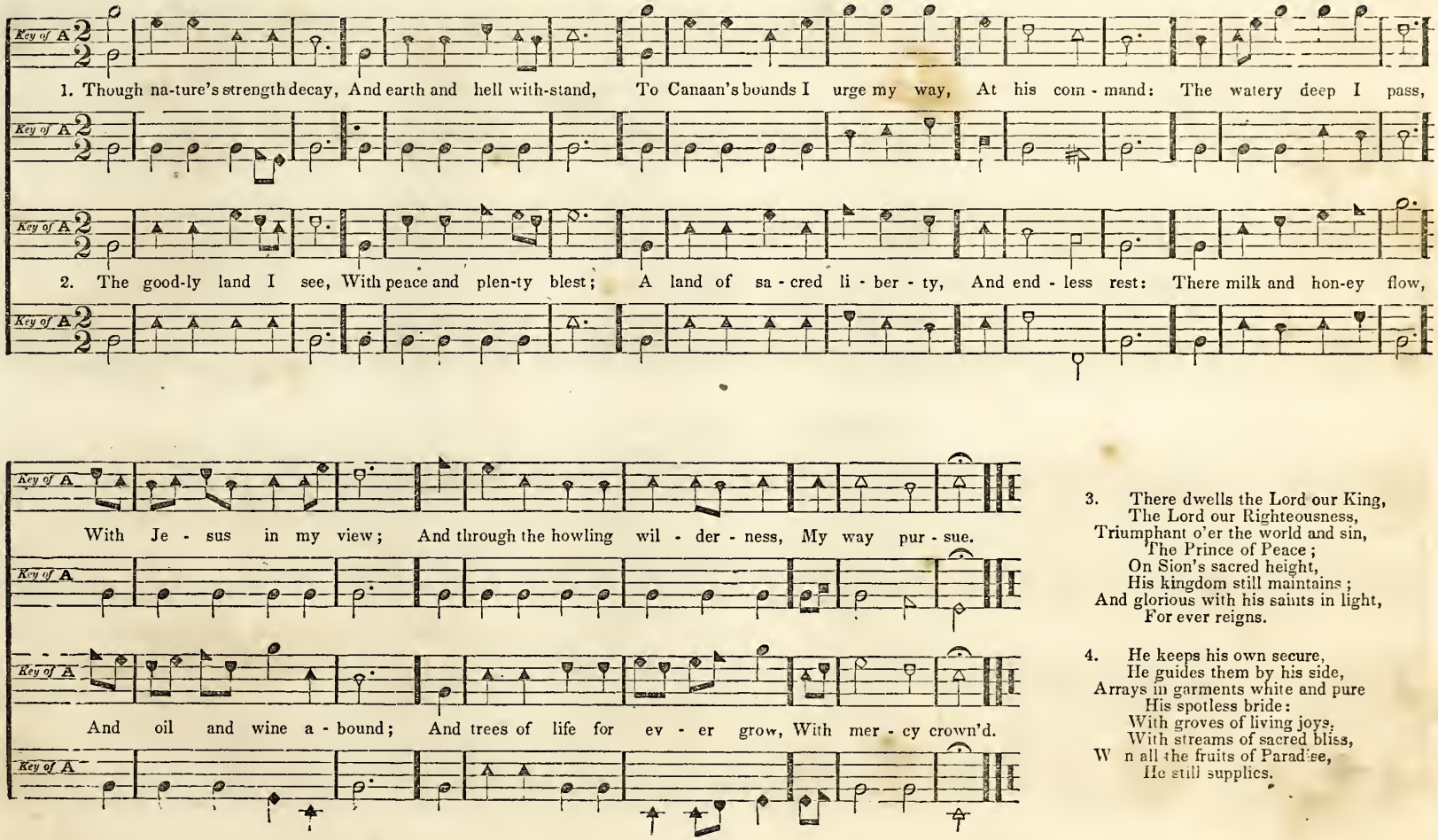
Hebrew Melody


Key of G
1. The God of Abra'm praise, Who reigns enthroned a - bove; An-cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love! Je - ho - vah, great I AM!
2. The God of Abra'm praise, At whose supreme command, From earth I rise, and seek the joys At his right hand; I'd all on earth for - sake,


Key of G
By earth and heav'n con-fess'd, I bow and bless the sa - cred name, For ev - er bless'd.
Dim.
His wis - dom, fame, and pow'r; And him my on - ly por - tion make, My shield and tow'r.

3. The God of Abra'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He deigns to call me friend,
To call himself my God!
And he will save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

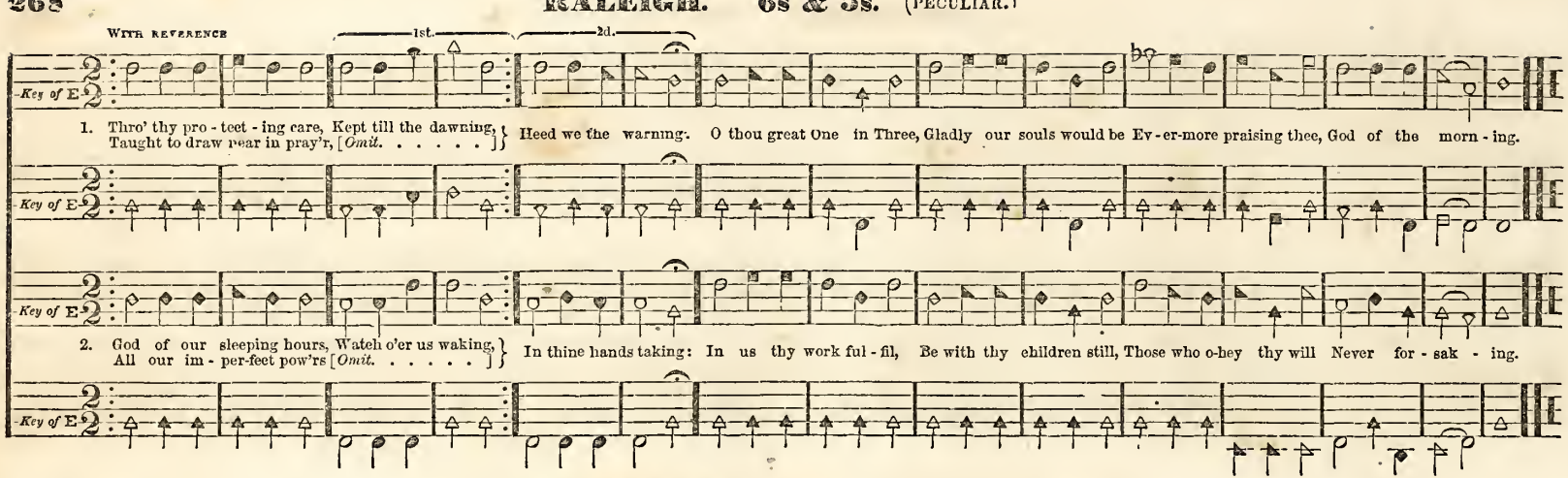
4. He by himself hath sworn
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heav'n ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore;
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.


Key of A
1. Though na-ture's strength decay, And earth and hell with-stand, To Canaan's bounds I urge my way, At his com-mand: The watery deep I pass,
2. The good-ly land I see, With peace and plen-ty blest; A land of sa-cred li-ber-ty, And end-less rest: There milk and hon-ey flow,
With Je-sus in my view; And through the howling wil-der-ness, My way pur-sue.
And oil and wine a-bound; And trees of life for ev-er grow, With mer-cy crown'd.

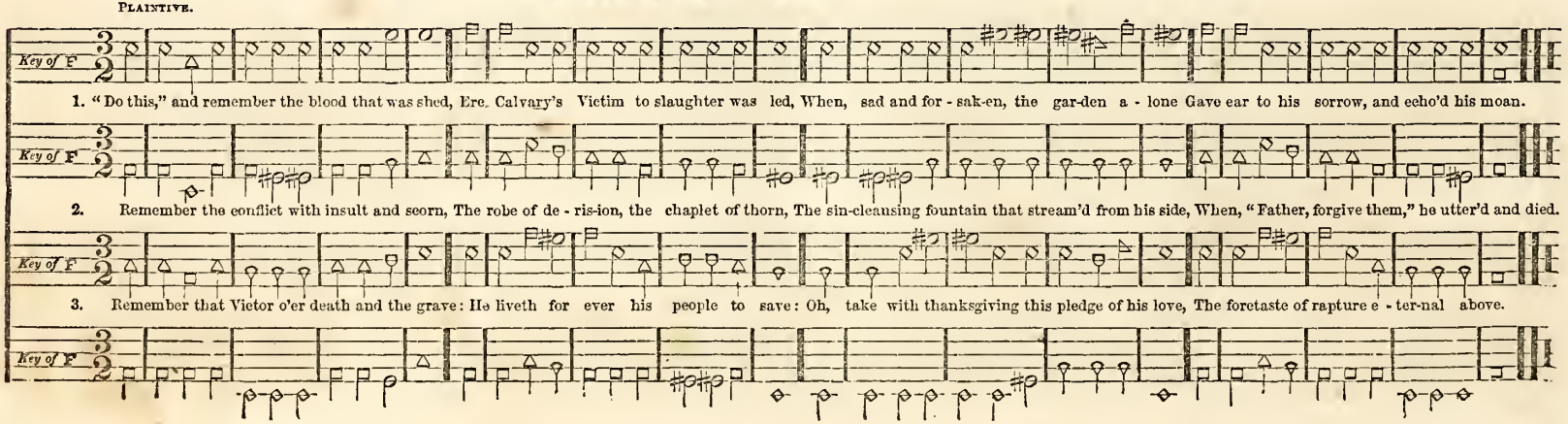
3. There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

4. He keeps his own secure,
He guides them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With groves of living joys,
With streams of sacred bliss,
W n all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

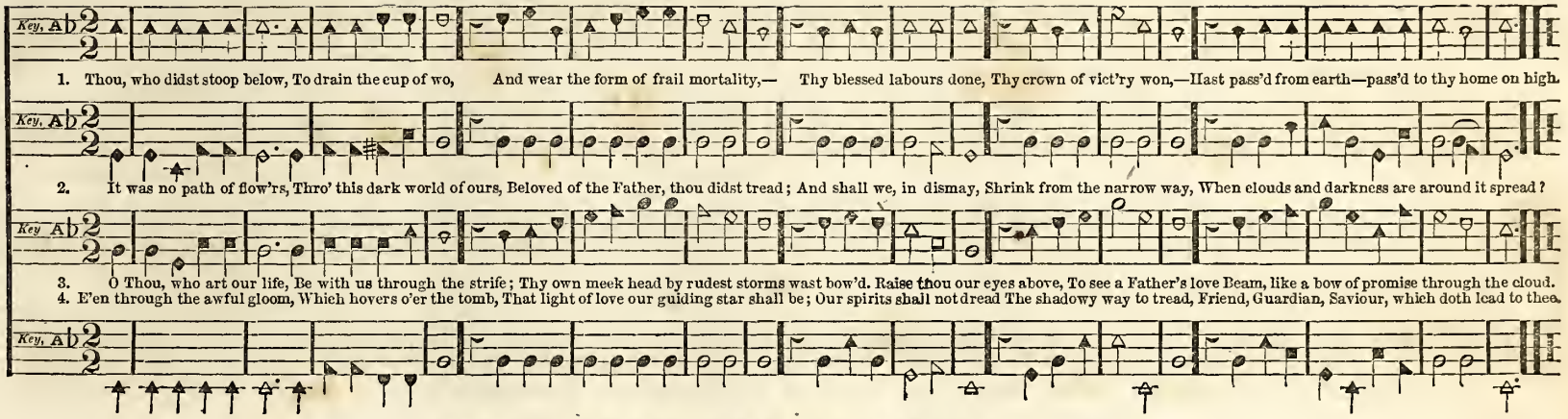
RALEIGH. 6s & 5s. (PECULIAR.)


With reverence
1st.
2d.
Key of E
1. Thro' thy pro - tect - ing care, Kept till the dawning, Heed we the warning. O thou great One in Three, Gladly our souls would be Ev - er-more praising thee, God of the morn - ing.
Taught to draw near in pray'r, [Omit. . . . .]
2. God of our sleeping hours, Watch o'er us waking, In thine hands taking: In us thy work ful - fil, Be with thy children still, Those who o-bey thy will Never for - sak - ing.
All our im - per-fect pow'rs [Omit. . . . .]

BAZETTA. 11s.

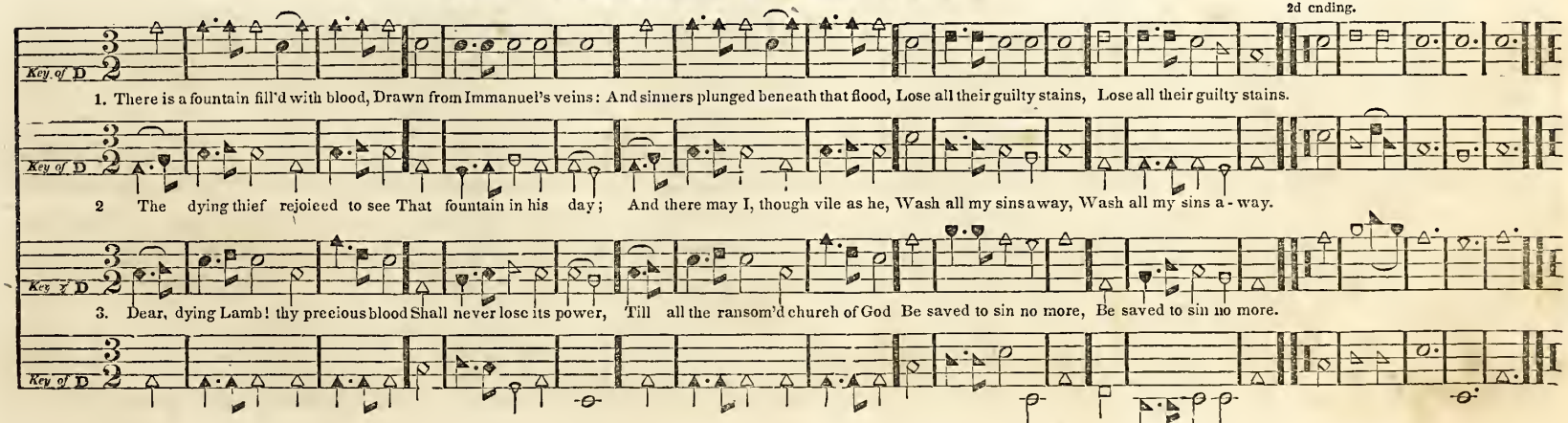

Plaintive.
Key of F
1. "Do this," and remember the blood that was shed, Ere Calvary's Victim to slaughter was led, When, sad and for - sak-en, the gar-den a - lone Gave ear to his sorrow, and echo'd his moan.
2. Remember the conflict with insult and scorn, The robe of de - ris-ion, the chaplet of thorn, The sin-cleansing fountain that stream'd from his side, When, "Father, forgive them," he utter'd and died.
3. Remember that Victor o'er death and the grave: He liveth for ever his people to save: Oh, take with thanksgiving this pledge of his love, The foretaste of rapture e - ter-nal above.

SLOW, AND IN STEADY TIME.


Key, Ab
1. Thou, who didst stoop below, To drain the cup of wo, And wear the form of frail mortality,— Thy blessed labours done, Thy crown of vict'ry won,—Hast pass'd from earth—pass'd to thy home on high.
2. It was no path of flow'rs, Thro' this dark world of ours, Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread; And shall we, in dismay, Shrink from the narrow way, When clouds and darkness are around it spread?
3. O Thou, who art our life, Be with us through the strife; Thy own meek head by rudest storms wast bow'd. Raise thou our eyes above, To see a Father's love Beam, like a bow of promise through the cloud.
4. E'en through the awful gloom, Which hovers o'er the tomb, That light of love our guiding star shall be; Our spirits shall not dread The shadowy way to tread, Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

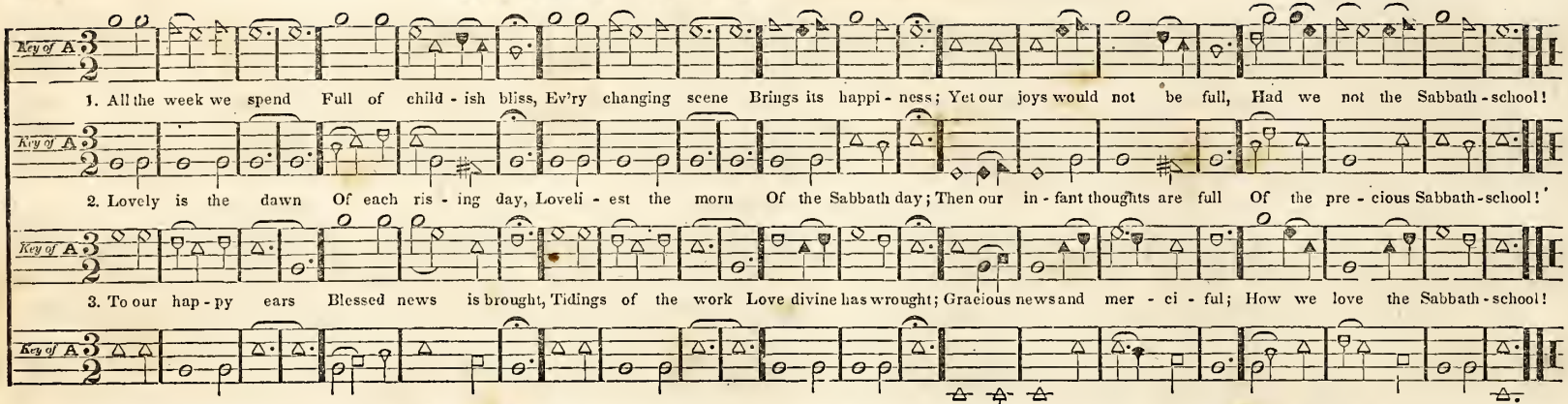
There is a Fountain filled with Blood. [HYMN.]

L. MASON.


2d ending.
Key of D
1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins: And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away, Wash all my sins a-way.
3. Dear, dying Lamb! thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransom'd church of God Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more.
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream, Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die. And shall be till I die.
5 And when this feeble, stamm'ring tongue Lies silent in the grave; Then, in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy power to save, [omit - - - - - -] I'll sing thy power to save.

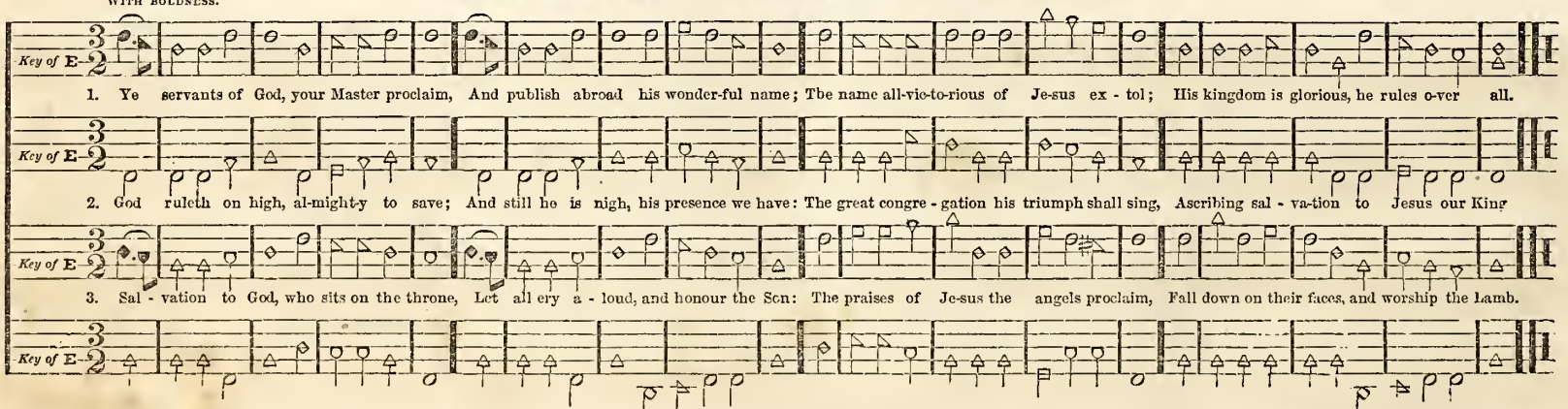
TOBASCO. 5s & 7s.

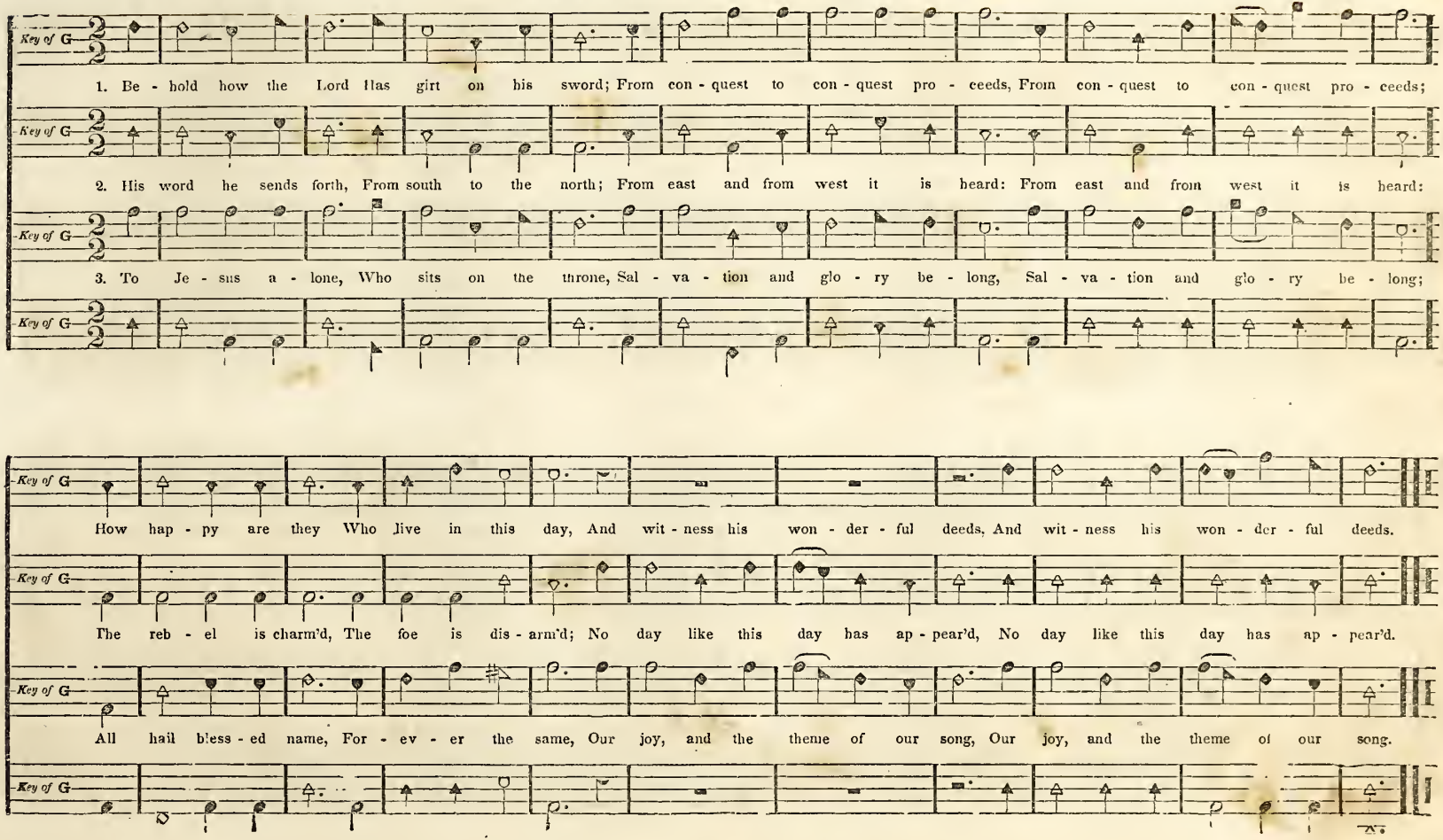
M. W. WILSON.


Key of A
1. All the week we spend Full of child - ish bliss, Ev'ry changing scene Brings its happi - ness; Yet our joys would not be full, Had we not the Sabbath - school!
2. Lovely is the dawn Of each ris - ing day, Loveli - est the morn Of the Sabbath day; Then our in - fant thoughts are full Of the pre - cious Sabbath - school!
3. To our hap - py ears Blessed news is brought, Tidings of the work Love divine has wrought; Gracious news and mer - ci - ful; How we love the Sabbath - school!
4. Sweetly fades the light Of each pass - ing day; Peaceful is the night Of the Sabbath-day; Then our hearts with praise are full For the pre - cious Sabbath-school!

REIDSVILLE. 10s & 11s, or 5s & 6s.

With boldness.

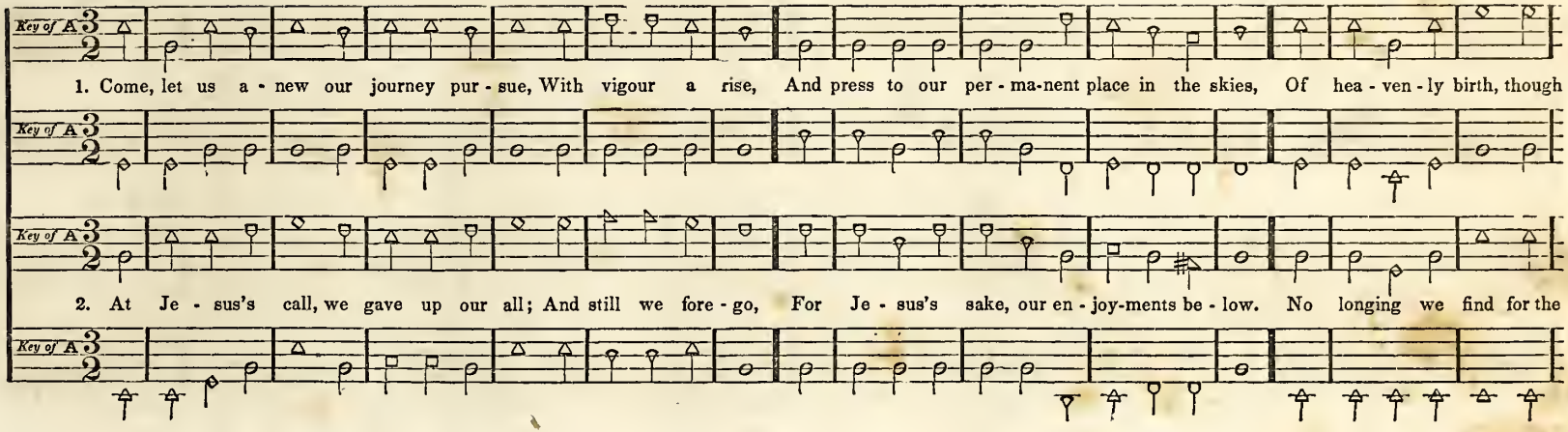

Key of E
1. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad his wonder-ful name; The name all-vic-to-rious of Je-sus ex - tol; His kingdom is glorious, he rules o-ver all.
2. God ruleth on high, al-might-y to save; And still he is nigh, his presence we have: The great congre - gation his triumph shall sing, Ascribing sal - va-tion to Jesus our King
3. Sal - vation to God, who sits on the throne, Let all cry a - loud, and honour the Son: The praises of Je-sus the angels proclaim, Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
4. Then let us a - dore, and give him his right, All glo-ry and pow'r, and wisdom and might; All honour and blessing, with angels a - bove, And thanks never ceasing, for in-fi nite love


Key of G
1. Be - hold how the Lord Has girt on his sword; From con - quest to con - quest pro - ceeds, From con - quest to con - quest pro - ceeds;
2. His word he sends forth, From south to the north; From east and from west it is heard: From east and from west it is heard:
3. To Je - sus a - lone, Who sits on the throne, Sal - va - tion and glo - ry be - long, Sal - va - tion and glo - ry be - long;
How hap - py are they Who live in this day, And wit - ness his won - der - ful deeds, And wit - ness his won - der - ful deeds.
The reb - el is charm'd, The foe is dis - arm'd; No day like this day has ap - pear'd, No day like this day has ap - pear'd.
All hail bless - ed name, For - ev - er the same, Our joy, and the theme of our song, Our joy, and the theme of our song.

Key, B♭
1. Come, let us a - new Our journey pur - sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear: His a - do - ra - ble
2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swift - ly a - way, And the fu - gi - tive moment re - fu - ses to stay: The ar - row is
3. Oh that each, in the day Of his com-ing, may say, "I have fought my way through; I have fin - ish'd the work which thou gav'st me to do." Oh that each from his
will Let us glad-ly ful - fil, And our ta - lents im - prove, By the pa-tience of hope, and the la - bour of love, By the pa - tience of hope, and the la - bour of love.
flown, The moment is gone, The mil - len - ni - al year Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here, Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here.
Lord May receive the glad word, "Well and faith-ful - ly done, En-ter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne, En-ter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne."

LIVELY.

Methodist Hymn Book, page 358.


Key of A
1. Come, let us a - new our journey pur - sue, With vigour a rise, And press to our per - ma-nent place in the skies, Of hea - ven - ly birth, though
2. At Je - sus's call, we gave up our all; And still we fore - go, For Je - sus's sake, our en - joy-ments be - low. No longing we find for the

Key of A
wand'ring on earth, This is not our place, But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we con - fess.
coun-try be - hind; But onward we move, And still we are seeking a country a - bove.

3. A country of joy without any alloy,
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near!

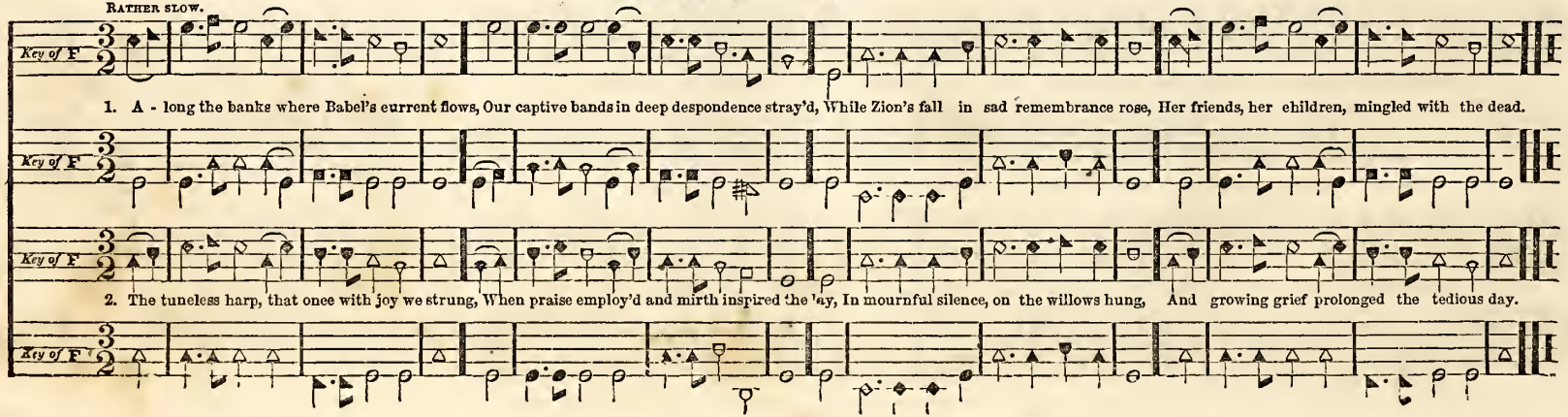
4. The rougher our way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

S

KENNETT. 4s & 6s.

Key of E
1. An - oth - er year Has told its four - fold tale, And still I'm here A trav'l - ler in the vale.
2. Ah! not a few Who seem'd life's toils to brave, Are hid from view, With - in the si - lent grave.
3. Why am I spared To see an - - oth - - er year? Why have I shared So ma - ny mer - cies here?
4. 'Tis not my birth, For I was born in sin; 'Tis not my worth, For I've a heart un - clean.
5. From God a - lone My mer - cies I re - ceive; To him a - lone I would for ev - er live.
6. Then aid my tongue, Com - pan - ions on the road, To raise a song Of gra - ti - tude to God.
7. Hal - le - lu - - jah! Let all their voi - - ces raise; Hal - - le - - lu - jah! To God be all the praise.

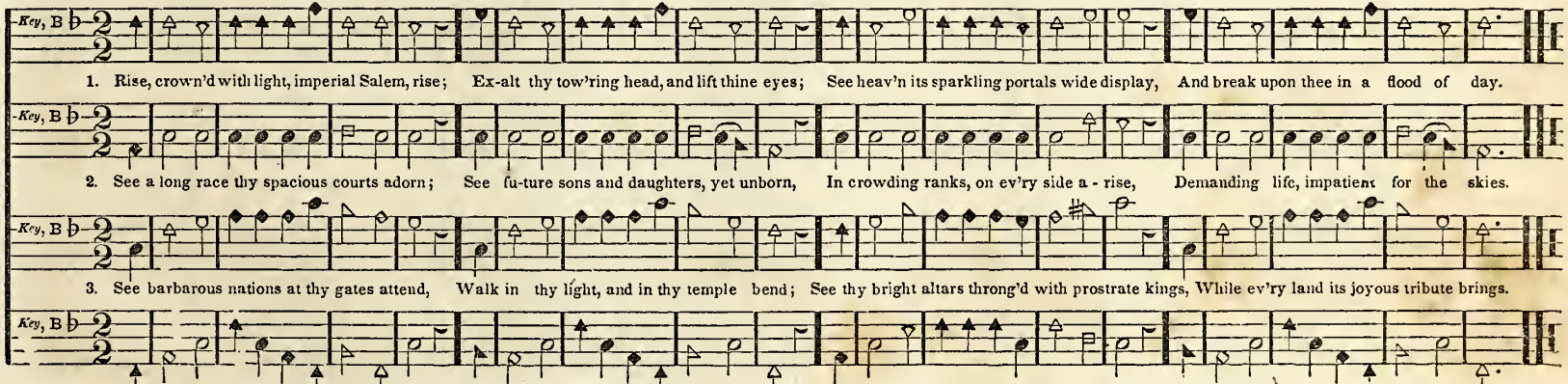
MELTON. 10s.


RATHER SLOW.
Key of F
1. A - long the banks where Babel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd, While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.
2. The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung, When praise employ'd and mirth inspired the lay, In mournful silence, on the willows hung, And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

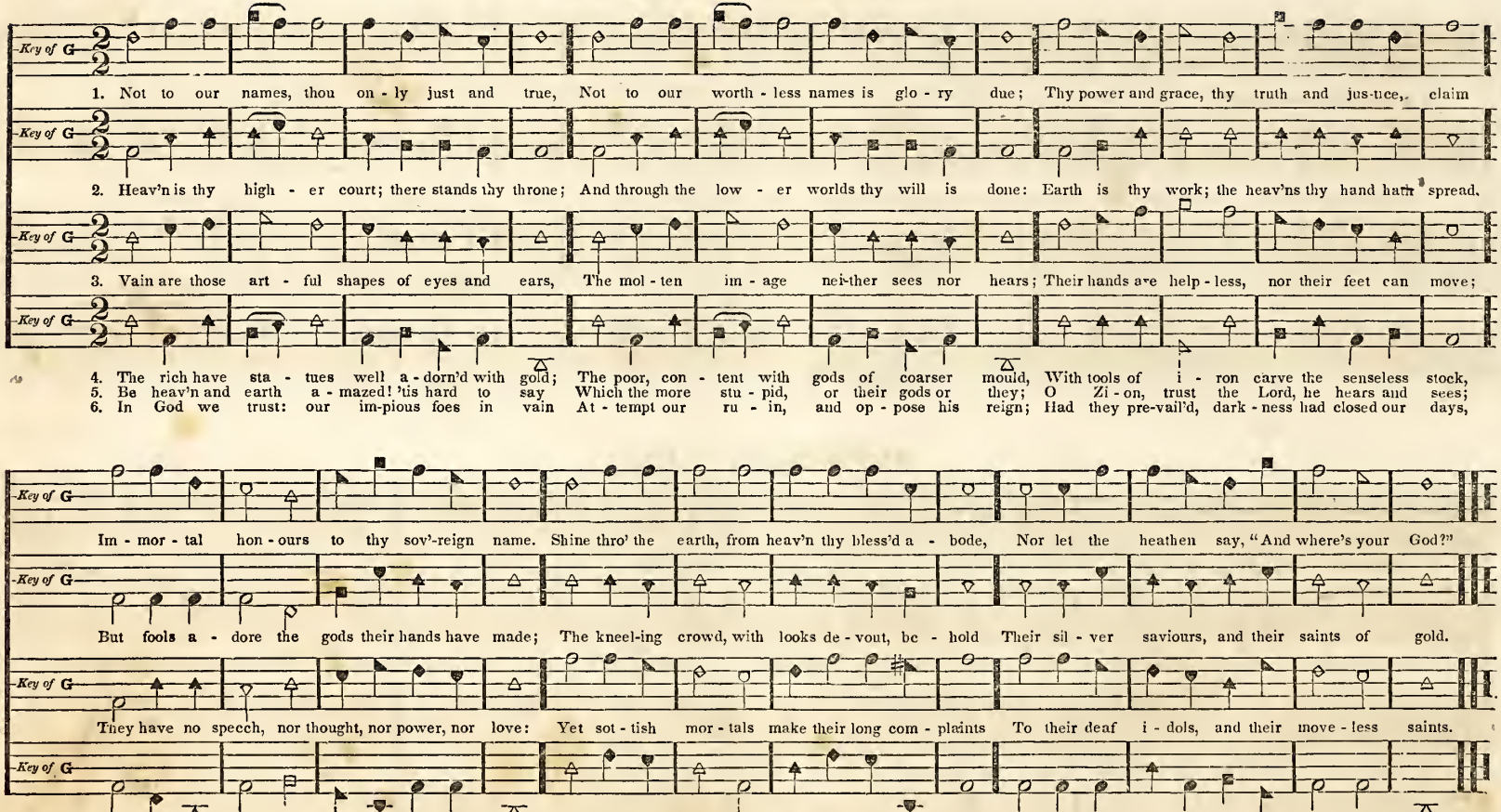
Key of C
1. Hail, happy day! thou day of ho-ly rest! What heav'nly peace and transport fill my breast When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends, And kind - ly holds communion with his friends!
Key of C
2. Let earth and all its van-i-ties be gone, Move from my sight, and leave my soul a-lone; Its flatt'ring, fad - ing glories I de - spise, And to im - mor-tal beauties turn my eyes.
Key of C
3. Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies, And on my Sa-viour's glories fix my eyes: Oh, meet my ris - ing soul, thou God of love, And waft it to the blissful realms above.
Key of C

SAVANNAH. 10s.

PLEYEL.


Key, B♭
1. Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise; Ex-alt thy tow'ring head, and lift thine eyes; See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display, And break upon thee in a flood of day.
Key, B♭
2. See a long race thy spacious courts adorn; See fu-ture sons and daughters, yet unborn, In crowding ranks, on ev'ry side a - rise, Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
Key, B♭
3. See barbarous nations at thy gates attend, Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend; See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings, While ev'ry land its joyous tribute brings.
Key, B♭
4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay, Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away: But, fix'd his word, his saving power remains; Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

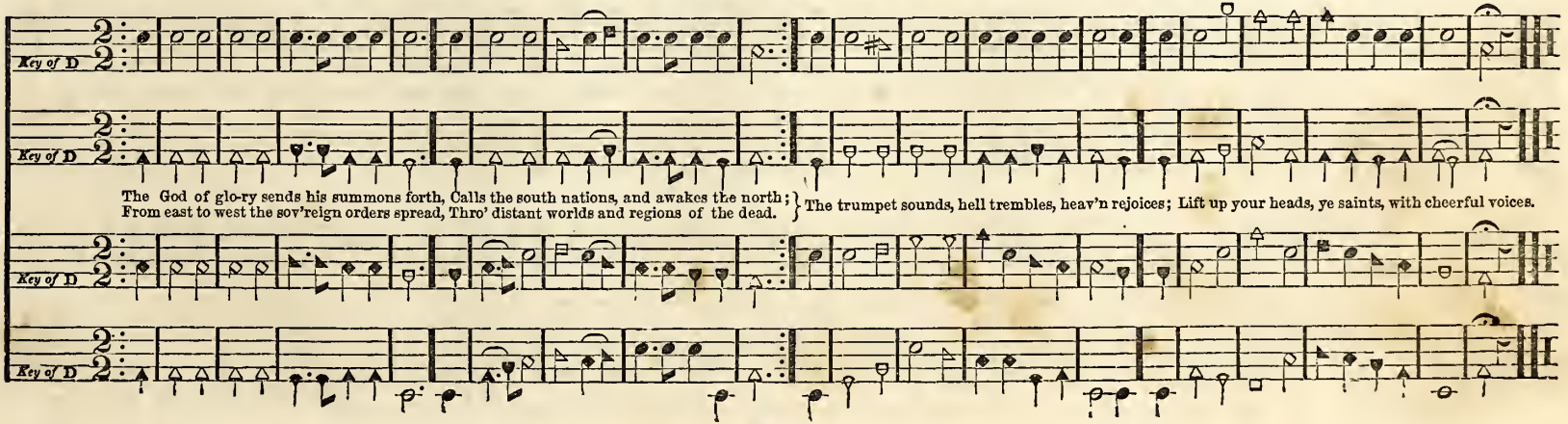
WILTON. 10s. (6 LINES.)


Key of G
1. Not to our names, thou on - ly just and true, Not to our worth - less names is glo - ry due; Thy power and grace, thy truth and jus-tice, claim
2. Heav'n is thy high - er court; there stands thy throne; And through the low - er worlds thy will is done: Earth is thy work; the heav'ns thy hand hath spread,
3. Vain are those art - ful shapes of eyes and ears, The mol - ten im - age nei-ther sees nor hears; Their hands are help - less, nor their feet can move;
4. The rich have sta - tues well a - dorn'd with gold; The poor, con - tent with gods of coarser mould, With tools of i - ron carve the senseless stock,
5. Be heav'n and earth a - mazed! 'tis hard to say Which the more stu - pid, or their gods or they; O Zi - on, trust the Lord, he hears and sees;
6. In God we trust: our im-pious foes in vain At - tempt our ru - in, and op - pose his reign; Had they pre-vail'd, dark - ness had closed our days,
Im - mor - tal hon - ours to thy sov'-reign name. Shine thro' the earth, from heav'n thy bless'd a - bode, Nor let the heathen say, "And where's your God?"
But fools a - dore the gods their hands have made; The kneel-ing crowd, with looks de - vout, be - hold Their sil - ver saviours, and their saints of gold.
They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love: Yet sot - tish mor - tals make their long com - plaints To their deaf i - dols, and their move - less saints.
Lopp'd from a tree, or bro - ken from a rock; Peo - ple and priest drive on the so-lemn trade, And trust the gods that saws and ham-mers made
He knows thy sor - rows, and re - stores thy peace; His wor - ship does a thou-sand comforts yield, He is thy help, and he thy heav'n-ly shield.
And death and si - lence had for - bid his praise: But we are saved, and live: let songs a - rise, And Zi - on bless the God who built the skies.

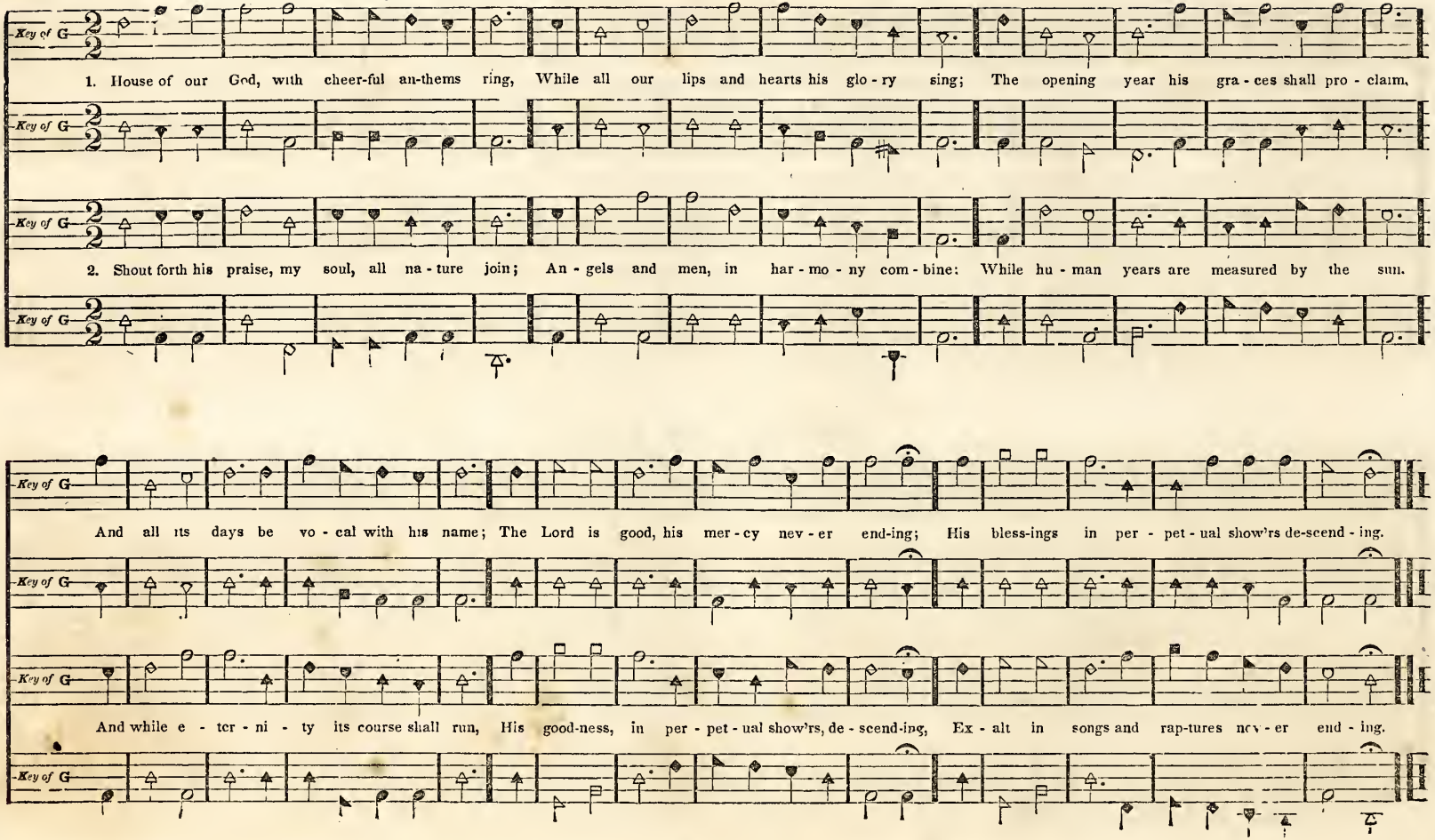
LENTWOOD. 10s.

Key of A
1. Hail, hap-py day! thou day of ho - ly rest, What heav'nly peace and transport fill our breast! When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends, And kindly holds com-mu-nion with his friends.
2. Let earth and all its va-ni-ties be gone, Move from my sight, and leave my soul a - lone; Its flatt'ring, fading glo-ries I de - spise, And to im-mor-tal beauties turn my eyes.
3. Fain would I mount and pen-e-trate the skies, And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes: Oh, meet my ri - sing soul, thou God of love, And waft it to the blissful realms a - bove.

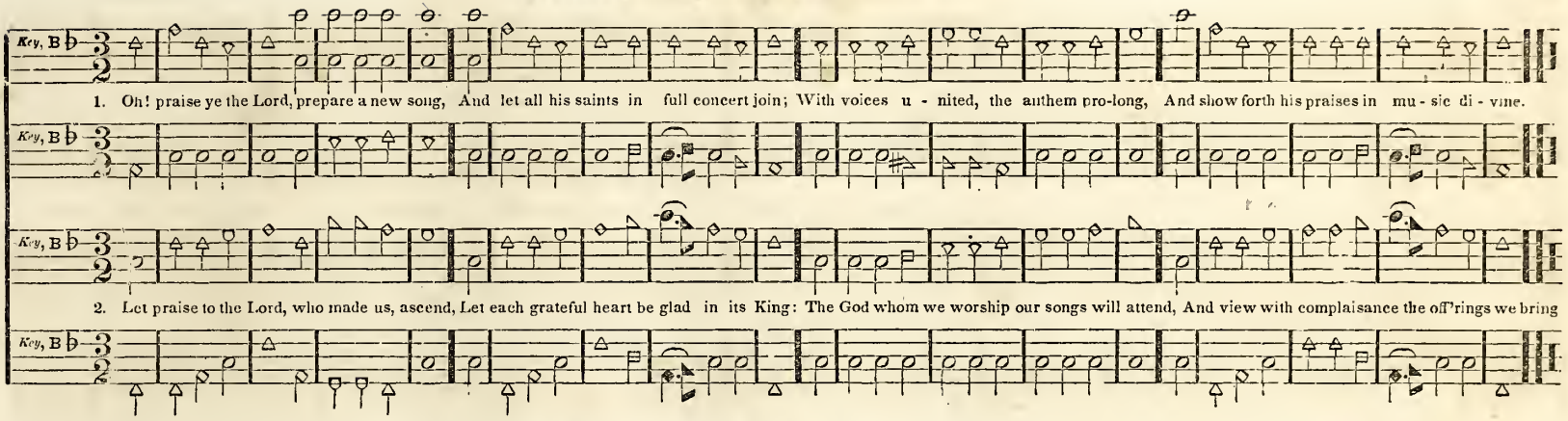
HURON. 10s & 11s.


Key of D
The God of glo-ry sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sov'reign orders spread, Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices; Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

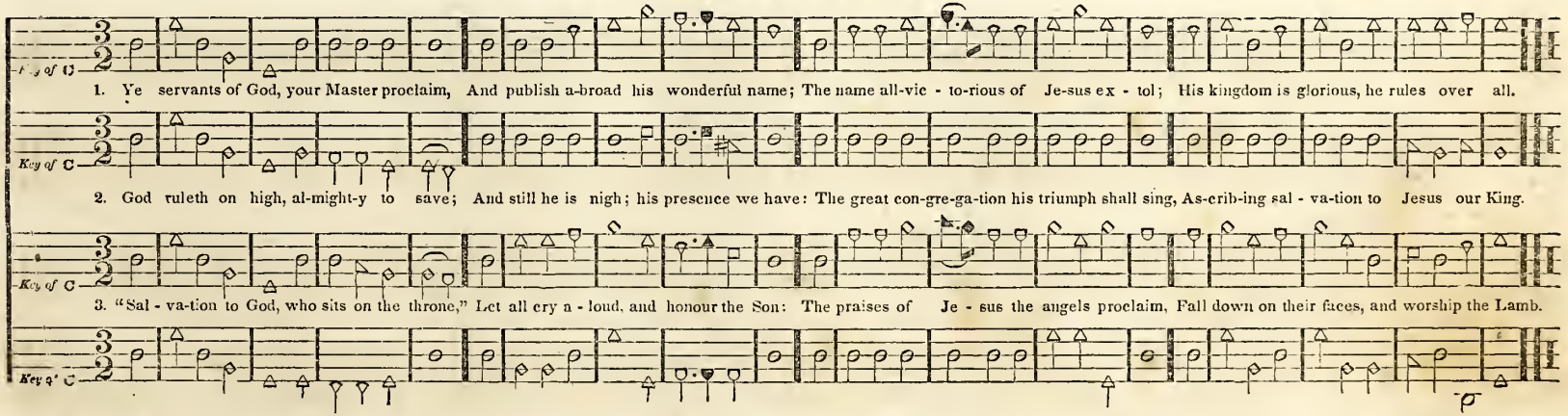
CALDWELL. 10s & 11s. (6 LINES.)


Key of G
1. House of our God, with cheer-ful an-thems ring, While all our lips and hearts his glo - ry sing; The opening year his gra - ces shall pro - claim,
2. Shout forth his praise, my soul, all na - ture join; An - gels and men, in har - mo - ny com - bine: While hu - man years are measured by the sun.
And all its days be vo - cal with his name; The Lord is good, his mer - cy nev - er end-ing; His bless-ings in per - pet - ual show'rs de-scend - ing.
And while e - ter - ni - ty its course shall run, His good-ness, in per - pet - ual show'rs, de - scend-ing, Ex - alt in songs and rap-tures nev - er end - ing.

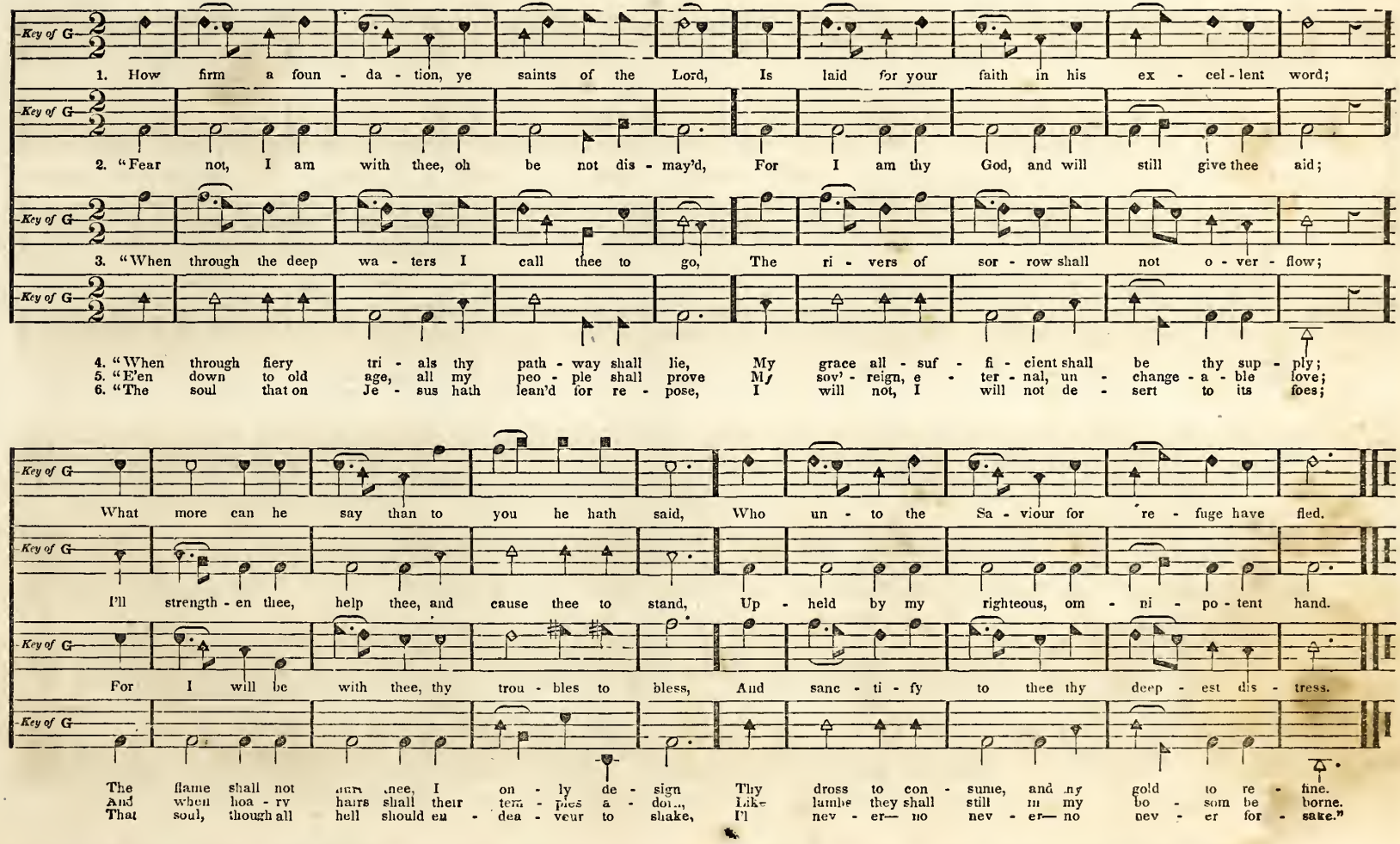
LYONS. 10s & 11s.


Key, B♭
1. Oh! praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song, And let all his saints in full concert join; With voices u - nited, the anthem pro-long, And show forth his praises in mu - sic di - vine.
2. Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend, Let each grateful heart be glad in its King: The God whom we worship our songs will attend, And view with complaisance the off'rings we bring

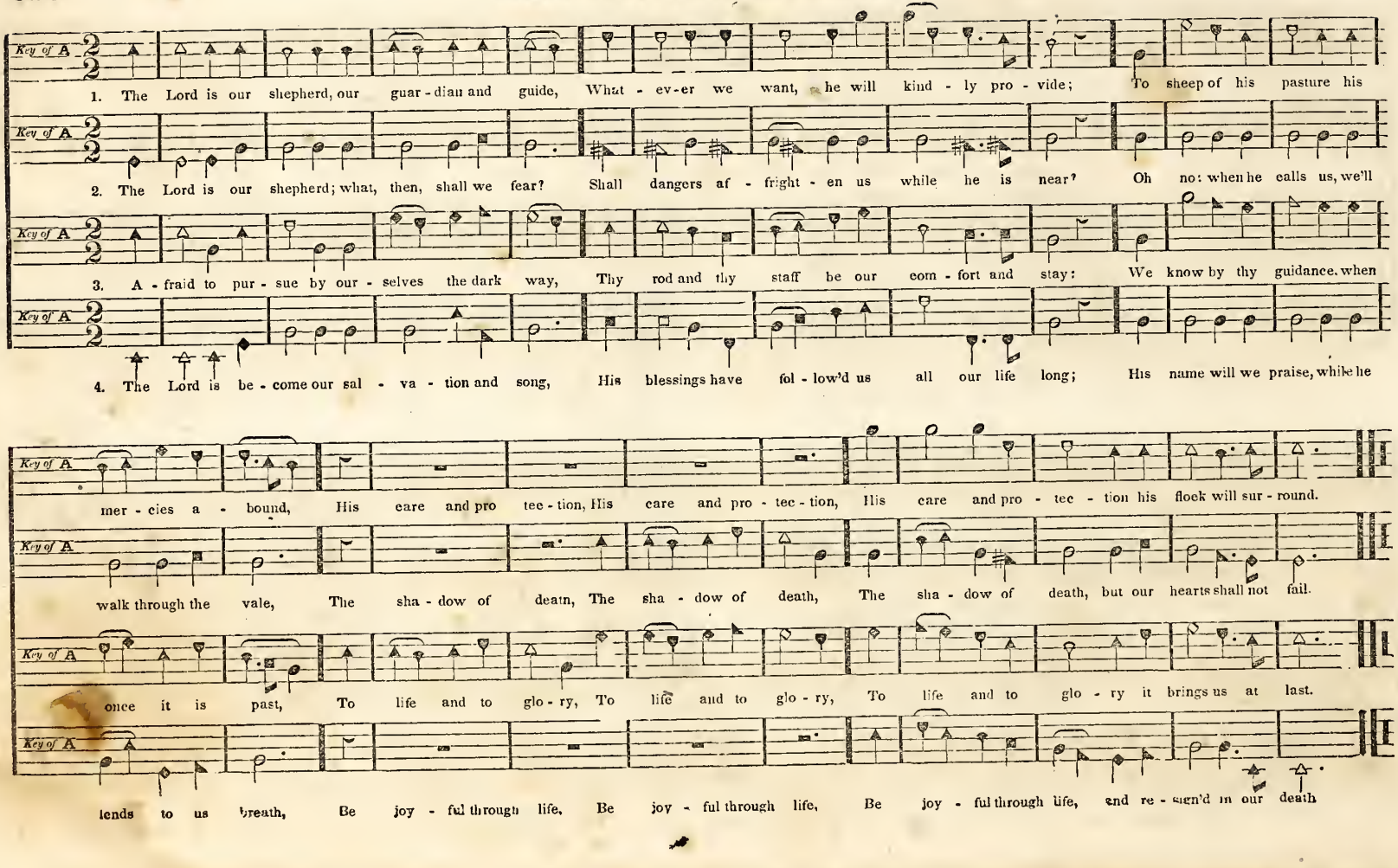
FERNANDIANA. 10s & 11s.

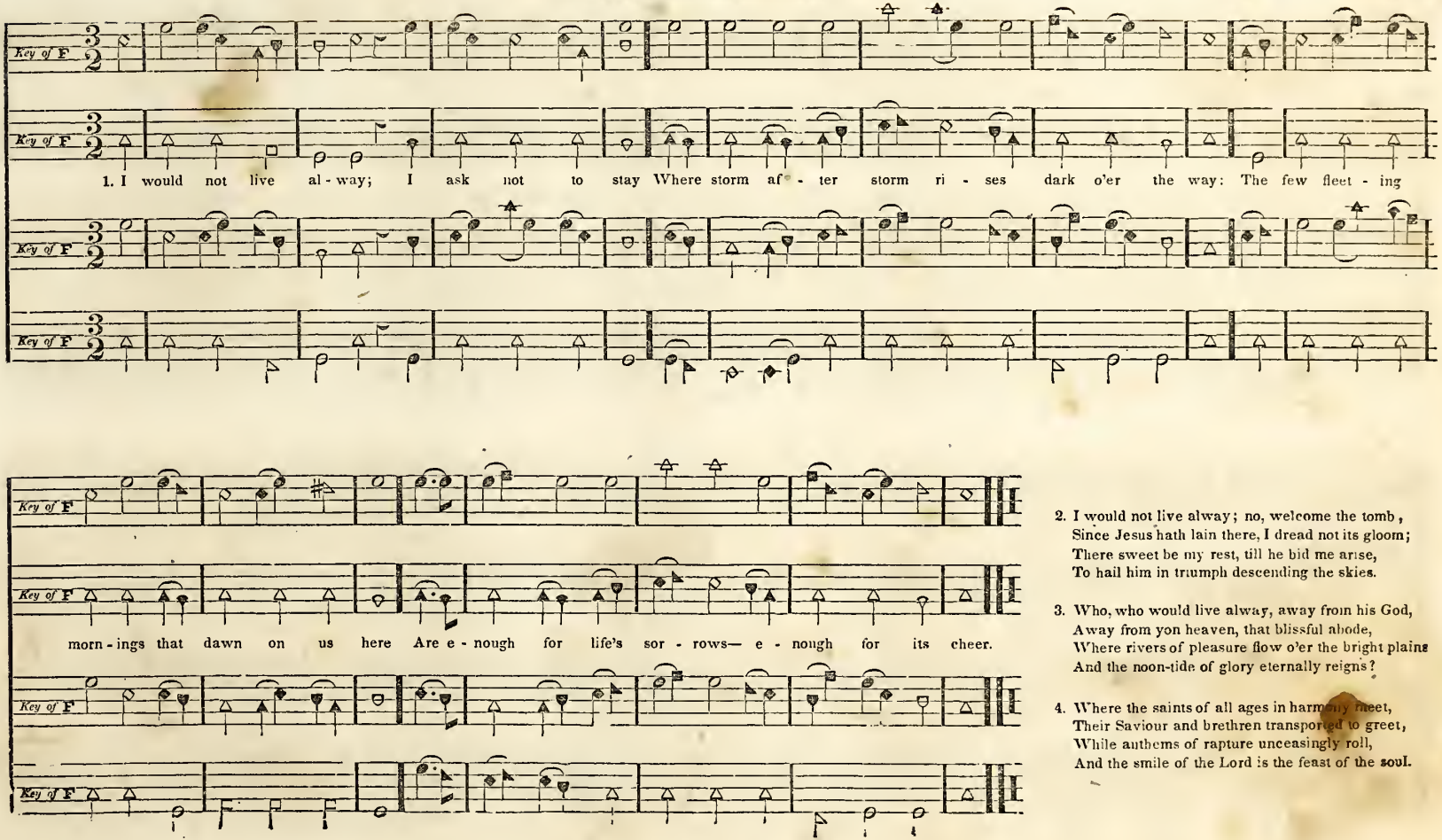

Key of C
1. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish a-broad his wonderful name; The name all-vic - to-rious of Je-sus ex - tol; His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.
2. God ruleth on high, al-might-y to save; And still he is nigh; his presence we have: The great con-gre-ga-tion his triumph shall sing, As-crib-ing sal - va-tion to Jesus our King.
3. "Sal - va-tion to God, who sits on the throne," Let all cry a - loud, and honour the Son: The praises of Je - sus the angels proclaim, Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
4. Then let us a - dore, and give him his right,— All glory and pow'r, and wisdom and might, All honour and blessing, with angels above, And thanks never ceasing, for in - fi - nite love

Key of F
1. I would not live al - way: I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter storm ri - ses dark o'er the way,
2. I would not live al - way: no— wel - come the tomb, Since Je - sus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
3. Who, who would live al - way, a - way from his God, A - way from yon heav'n, that bliss - ful a - bode,
4. Where the saints of all a - ges in har - mo - ny meet, Their Sa - viour and brethren trans - port - ed to greet,
The few lu - rid morn - ings that dawn on us here, Are e - nough for life's woes— full e - nough for its cheer.
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in triumph de - - scend - ing the skies.
Where the ri - vers of plea - sure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noon - tide of glory e - - ter - nal - ly reigns.
While the an - thems of rap - ture un - ceas - ing - ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul


Key of G
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word;
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh be not dis - may'd, For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The ri - vers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow;
4. "When through fiery tri - als thy path - way shall lie, My grace all - suf - fi - cient shall be thy sup - ply;
5. "E'en down to old age, all my peo - ple shall prove My sov' - reign, e - ter - nal, un - change - a - ble love;
6. "The soul that on Je - sus hath lean'd for re - pose, I will not, I will not de - sert to its foes;
What more can he say than to you he hath said, Who un - to the Sa - viour for re - fuge have fled.
I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om - ni - po - tent hand.
For I will be with thee, thy trou - bles to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
The flame shall not hurt thee, I on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
And when hoa - ry hairs shall their tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne.
That soul, though all hell should en - dea - vour to shake, I'll nev - er— no nev - er— no nev - er for - sake."

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

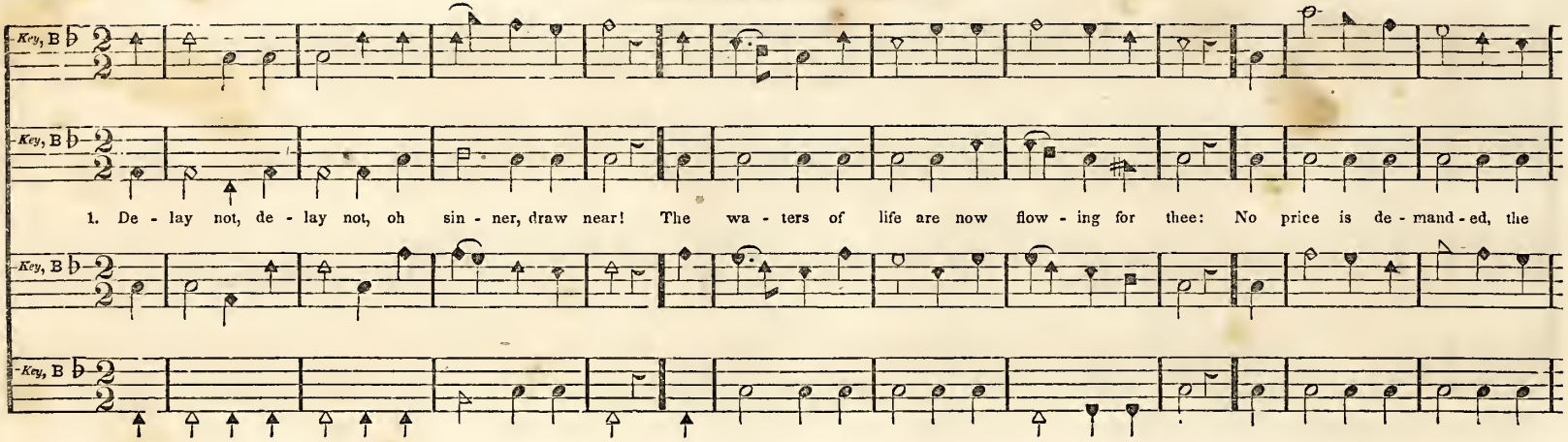

Key of A
1. The Lord is our shepherd, our guar - dian and guide, What - ev - er we want, he will kind - ly pro - vide; To sheep of his pasture his
2. The Lord is our shepherd; what, then, shall we fear? Shall dangers af - fright - en us while he is near? Oh no: when he calls us, we'll
3. A - fraid to pur - sue by our - selves the dark way, Thy rod and thy staff be our com - fort and stay: We know by thy guidance, when
4. The Lord is be - come our sal - va - tion and song, His blessings have fol - low'd us all our life long; His name will we praise, while he
mer - cies a - bound, His care and pro tec - tion, His care and pro - tec - tion, His care and pro - tec - tion his flock will sur - round.
walk through the vale, The sha - dow of death, The sha - dow of death, The sha - dow of death, but our hearts shall not fail.
once it is past, To life and to glo - ry, To life and to glo - ry, To life and to glo - ry it brings us at last.
lends to us breath, Be joy - ful through life, Be joy - ful through life, Be joy - ful through life, and re - sign'd in our death


Key of F
1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter storm ri - ses dark o'er the way: The few fleet - ing
morn - ings that dawn on us here Are e - nough for life's sor - rows— e - nough for its cheer.

2. I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3. Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns?

4. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.



2. Delay not, delay not—why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God!
A fountain is open'd, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood!

3. Delay not, delay not, oh sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4. Delay not, delay not—the Spirit of Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

5. Delay not, delay not—the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand,
What power, then, oh sinner! shall lend thee its aid?

Key of A
1. Thou sweet glid - ing Ke - dron, by thy sil - ver streams Our Sa - viour at mid-night, when moon - light's pale beams Shone bright on the wa-ters, would
2. How damp were the va-pours that fell on his head! How hard was his pil - low, how hum - ble his bed! The an - gels, as - ton - ish'd, grew
3. O gar - den of Olivet, thou dear honour'd spot, The fame of thy won - der shall ne'er be for - got: The theme most trans-port - ing to
4. Come, saints, and a - dore him; come, bow at his feet! Oh, give him the glo - ry, the praise that is meet; Let joy - ful ho - san - nas un-

Key of A
fre - quent - ly stray, And lose, in thy mur - murs, the toils of the day.
sad at the sight, And fol - low'd their Mas - ter with so - lemn de - light.
se - raphs a - bove; The tri - umph of sor - row, the tri - umph of love.
ceas - ing a - rise, And join the full cho - rus that glad - dens the skies

1. I would not live alway; I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way,
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

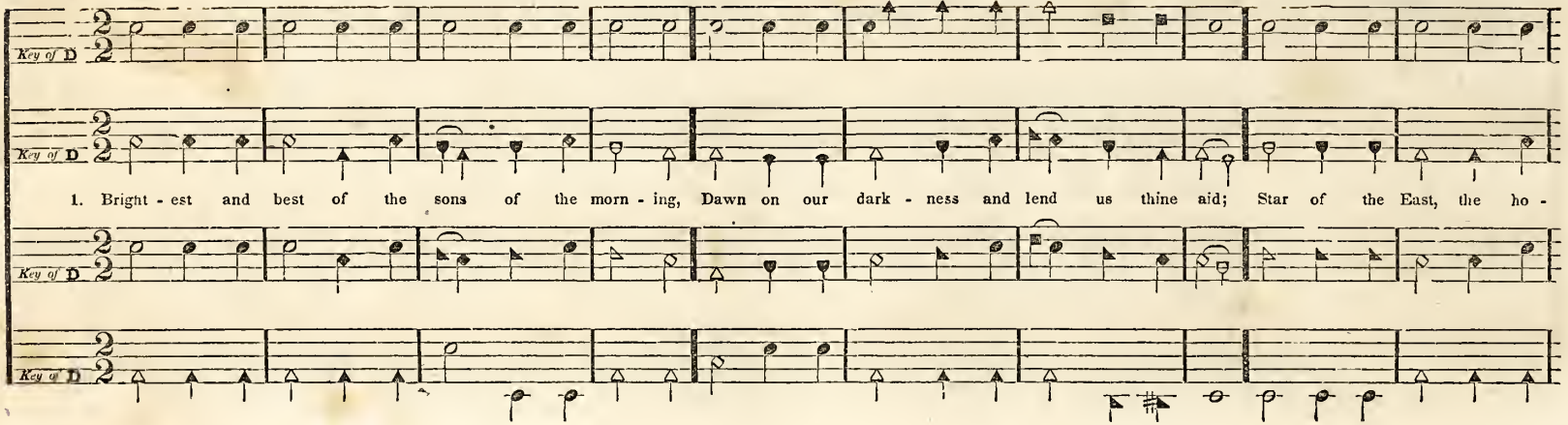
2. I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3. Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

4. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

FOLSOM. 11s & 10s.

Arranged from MOZART.

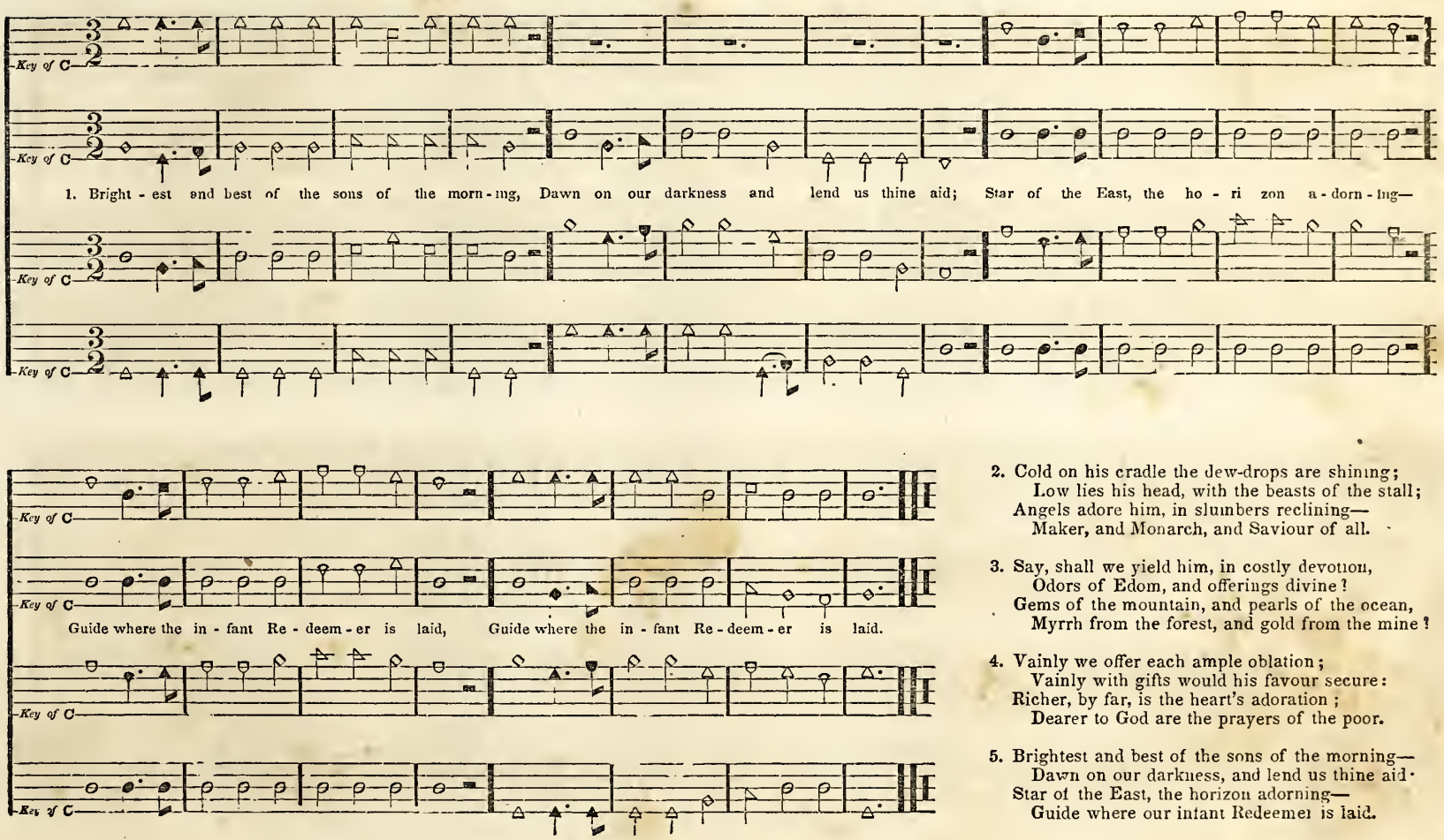


2. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure:
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning—
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid
Star of the East, the horizon adorning—
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.


Key of C
1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho - ri zon a - dorn - ing—
Guide where the in - fant Re - deem - er is laid, Guide where the in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

2. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
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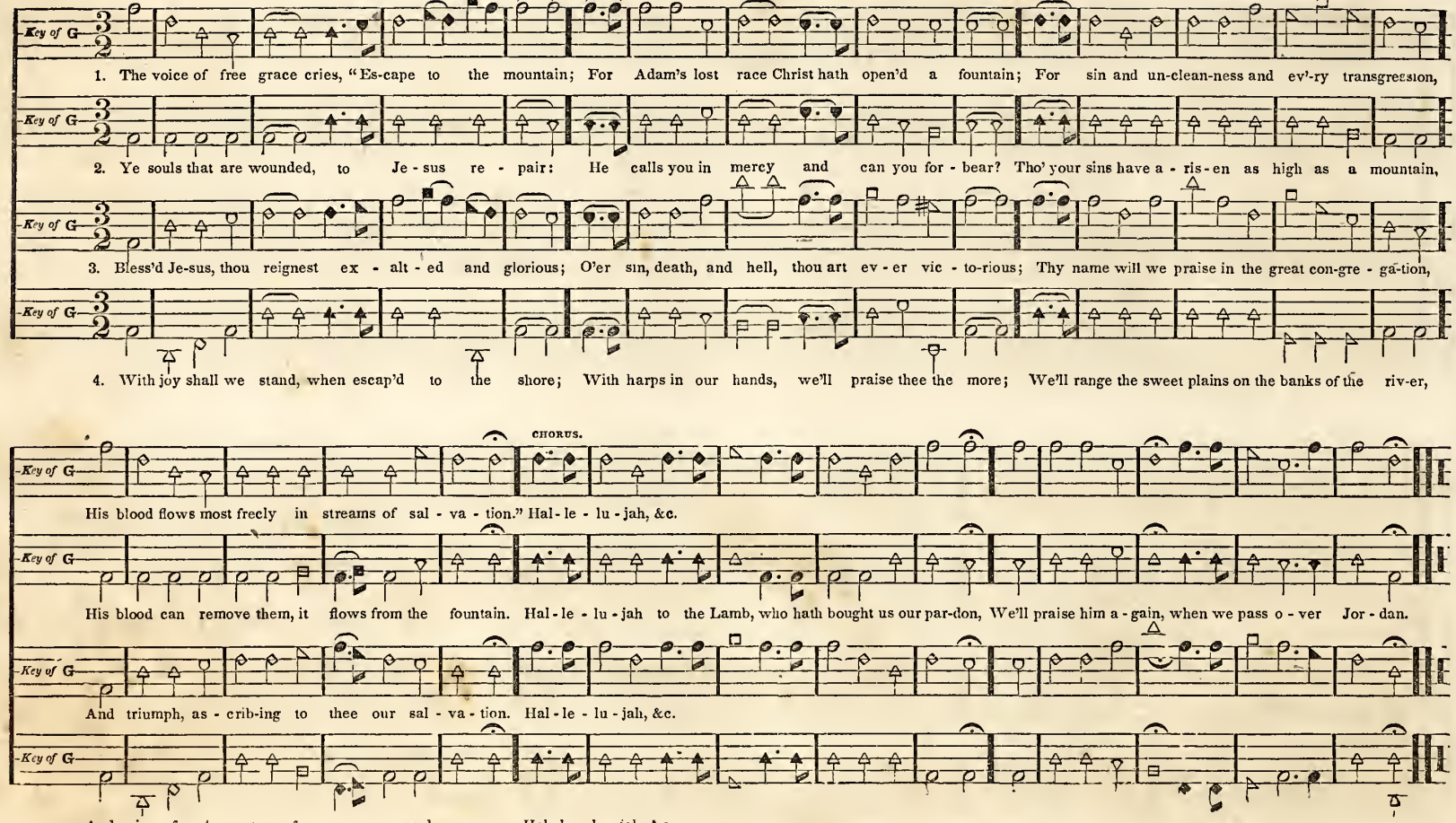
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

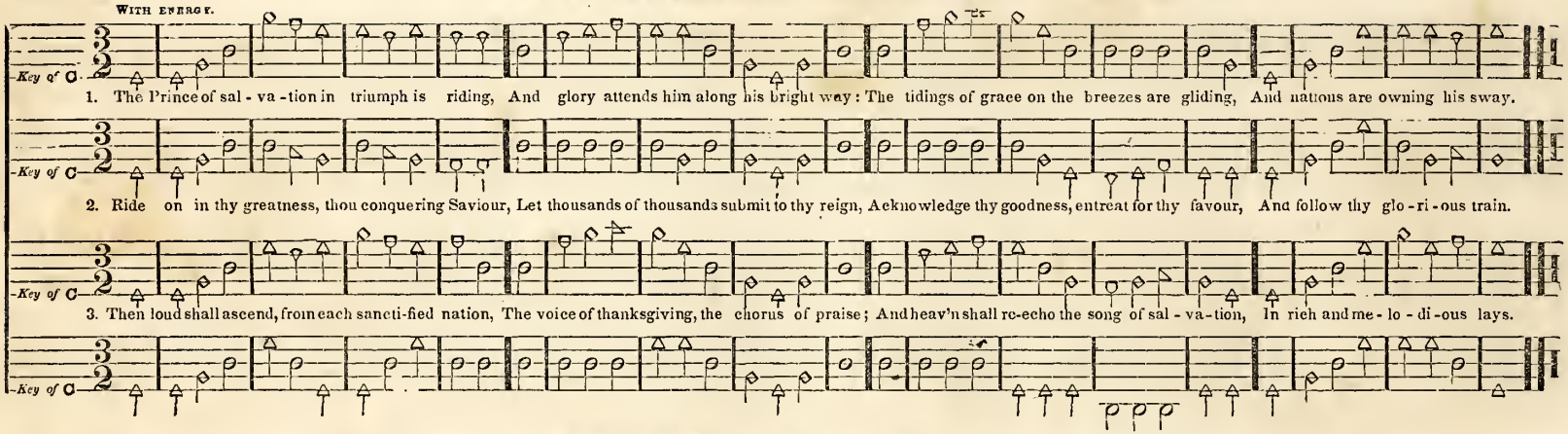
5. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning—
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid·
Star of the East, the horizon adorning—
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

DUREN. 12s.

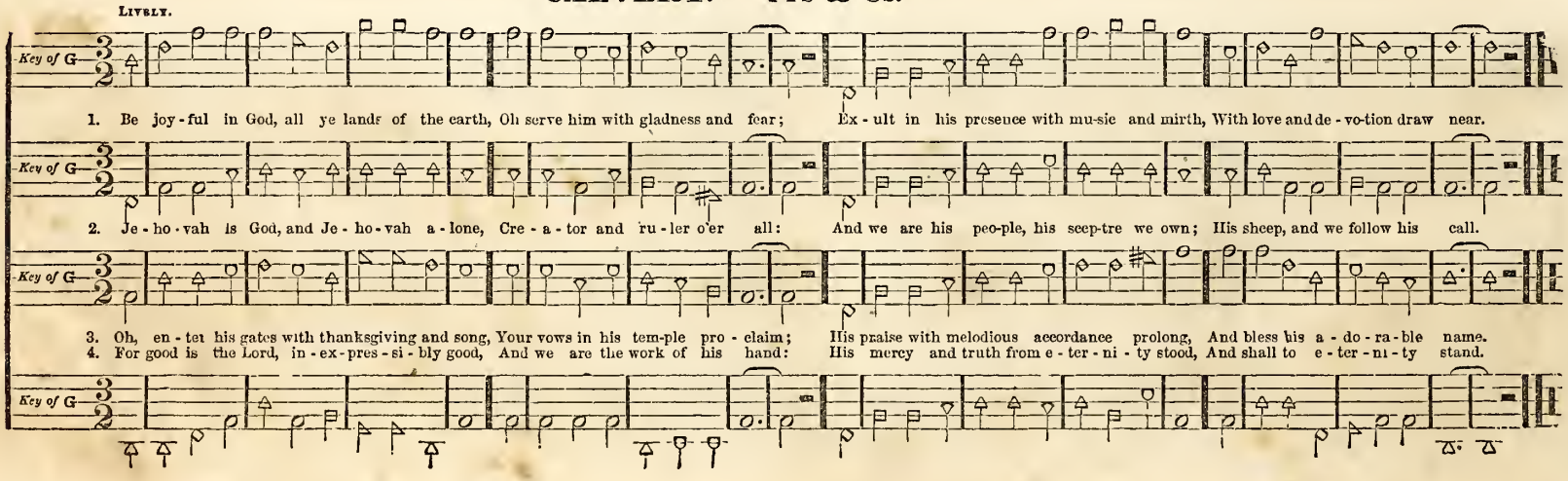

Key of G
1. The voice of free grace cries, "Es-cape to the mountain; For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a fountain; For sin and un-clean-ness and ev'-ry transgression,
2. Ye souls that are wounded, to Je - sus re - pair: He calls you in mercy and can you for - bear? Tho' your sins have a - ris - en as high as a mountain,
3. Bless'd Je-sus, thou reignest ex - alt - ed and glorious; O'er sin, death, and hell, thou art ev - er vic - to-rious; Thy name will we praise in the great con-gre - ga-tion,
4. With joy shall we stand, when escap'd to the shore; With harps in our hands, we'll praise thee the more; We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the riv-er,
CHORUS.
His blood flows most freely in streams of sal - va - tion." Hal - le - lu - jah, &c.
His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who hath bought us our par-don, We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.
And triumph, as - crib-ing to thee our sal - va - tion. Hal - le - lu - jah, &c.
And sing of sal - va-tion for ev - er and ev - er. Hal - le - lu jah, &c.

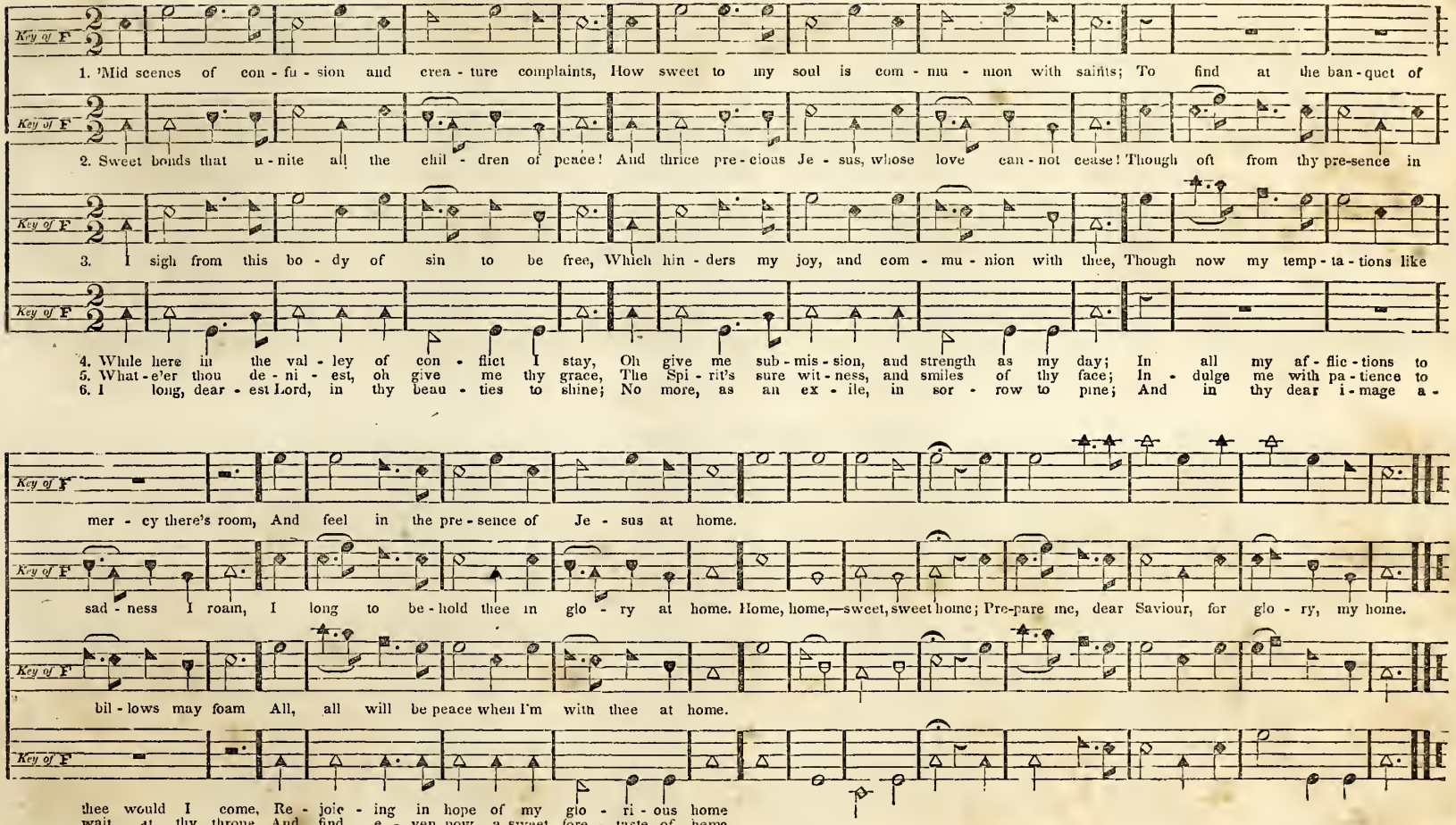
Slow.
Key, B♭ 3/2
1. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not de - plore thee, Though sor - rows and dark-ness en - com - pass the tomb; The Sa - viour has pass'd through its
2. Thou art gone to the grave; we no lon - ger be - hold thee, Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side; But the wide arms of mer - cy are
3. Thou art gone to the grave, and its man-sion for - sak - ing, Per-chance thy weak spi - rit in doubt lin-ger'd long; But the sun-shine of hea - ven beam'd
4. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not de - plore thee, Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide; He gave thee, he took thee, and
por - tals be - fore thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.
spread to en - fold thee, And sin - ners may hope, since the Sa - viour has died, And sin - ners may hope, since the Sa - viour has died.
bright on thy wak - ing, And full on thy ear burst the se - ra - phim's song, And full on thy ear burst the se - ra - phim's song.
he will re - store thee; And death has no sting, since the Sa - viour has died, And death has no sting, since the Sa-viour has died.

BURLINGTON. 12s, 11s & 8s.


With energy.
Key of C
1. The Prince of sal - va - tion in triumph is riding, And glory attends him along his bright way: The tidings of grace on the breezes are gliding, And nations are owning his sway.
2. Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour, Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign, Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favour, And follow thy glo - ri - ous train.
3. Then loud shall ascend, from each sanctified nation, The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise; And heav'n shall re-echo the song of sal - va - tion, In rich and me - lo - di - ous lays.

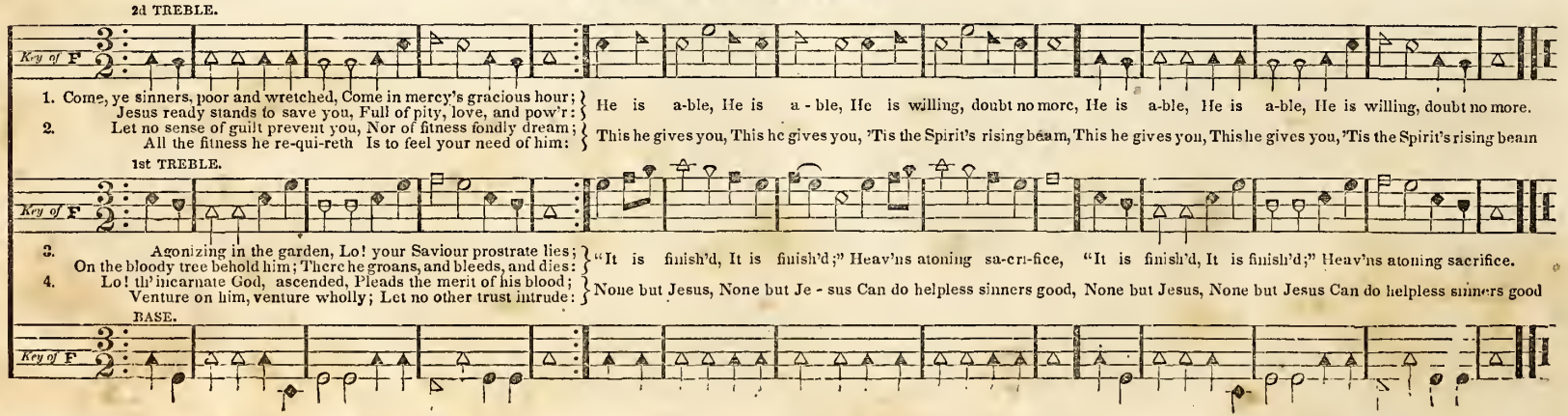
CALVERT. 11s & 8s.

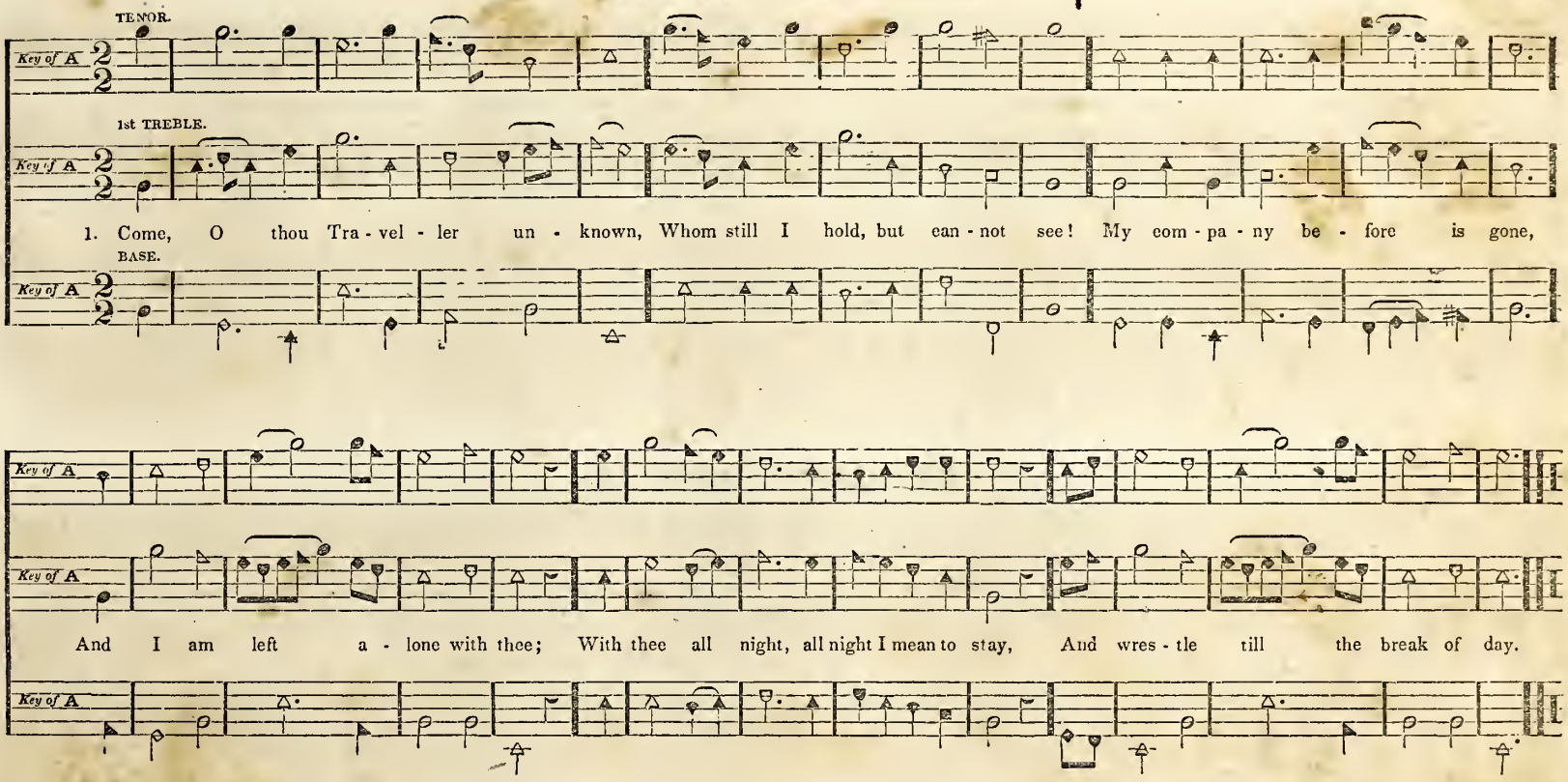

Lively.
Key of G
1. Be joy - ful in God, all ye lands of the earth, Oh serve him with gladness and fear; Ex - ult in his presence with mu-sic and mirth, With love and de - vo-tion draw near.
2. Je - ho - vah is God, and Je - ho - vah a - lone, Cre - a - tor and ru - ler o'er all: And we are his peo-ple, his sceptre we own; His sheep, and we follow his call.
3. Oh, en - ter his gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vows in his tem-ple pro - claim; His praise with melodious accordance prolong, And bless his a - do - ra - ble name.
4. For good is the Lord, in - ex - pres - si - bly good, And we are the work of his hand: His mercy and truth from e - ter - ni - ty stood, And shall to e - ter - ni - ty stand.


Key of F
1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture complaints, How sweet to my soul is com - mu - nion with saints; To find at the ban - quet of
2. Sweet bonds that u - nite all the chil - dren of peace! And thrice pre - cious Je - sus, whose love can - not cease! Though oft from thy pre-sence in
3. I sigh from this bo - dy of sin to be free, Which hin - ders my joy, and com - mu - nion with thee, Though now my temp - ta - tions like
4. While here in the val - ley of con - flict I stay, Oh give me sub - mis - sion, and strength as my day; In all my af - flic - tions to
5. What - e'er thou de - ni - est, oh give me thy grace, The Spi - rit's sure wit - ness, and smiles of thy face; In - dulge me with pa - tience to
6. I long, dear - est Lord, in thy beau - ties to shine; No more, as an ex - ile, in sor - row to pine; And in thy dear i - mage a -
mer - cy there's room, And feel in the pre - sence of Je - sus at home.
sad - ness I roam, I long to be - hold thee in glo - ry at home. Home, home,—sweet, sweet home; Pre-pare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.
bil - lows may foam All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.
thee would I come, Re - joic - ing in hope of my glo - ri - ous home
wait at thy throne, And find, e - ven now, a sweet fore - taste of heme.
rise from the tomb, With glo - ri - fied millions to praise thee at home

Key of F
1. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be wise; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun; Wisdom, if you still de - spise, Harder is it to be won.
2. Has - ten mer - cy to im - plore; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy season should be o'er, Ere this evening's course be run.
3. Has - ten, sin - ner, to re - turn; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy lamp should cease to burn, Ere sal - vation's work is done.
4. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be bless'd; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest per - dition thee ar - rest, Ere the morrow is be - gun
5. Lord, do thou the sin - ner turn; Rouse him, rouse him from his senseless state; Let him not thy coun - sel spurn, And la - ment his choice too late.

COME, YE SINNERS.


2d TREBLE.
Key of F
1. Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched, Come in mercy's gracious hour; Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and pow'r: He is a-ble, He is a - ble, He is willing, doubt no more, He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is willing, doubt no more.
2. Let no sense of guilt prevent you, Nor of fitness fondly dream; All the fitness he re-qui-reth Is to feel your need of him: This he gives you, This he gives you, 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam, This he gives you, This he gives you, 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam
1st TREBLE.
3. Agonizing in the garden, Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies; On the bloody tree behold him; There he groans, and bleeds, and dies: "It is finish'd, It is finish'd;" Heav'ns atoning sa-cri-fice, "It is finish'd, It is finish'd;" Heav'ns atoning sacrifice.
4. Lo! th'incarnate God, ascended, Pleads the merit of his blood; Venture on him, venture wholly; Let no other trust intrude: None but Jesus, None but Je - sus Can do helpless sinners good, None but Jesus, None but Jesus Can do helpless sinners good
BASE.


TENOR.
1st TREBLE.
BASE.
Key of A
1. Come, O thou Tra - vel - ler un - known, Whom still I hold, but can - not see! My com - pa - ny be - fore is gone,
And I am left a - lone with thee; With thee all night, all night I mean to stay, And wres - tle till the break of day.

2.

I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there
But who, I ask thee, Who art thou?
Tell me thy name and tell me now.

3.

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know

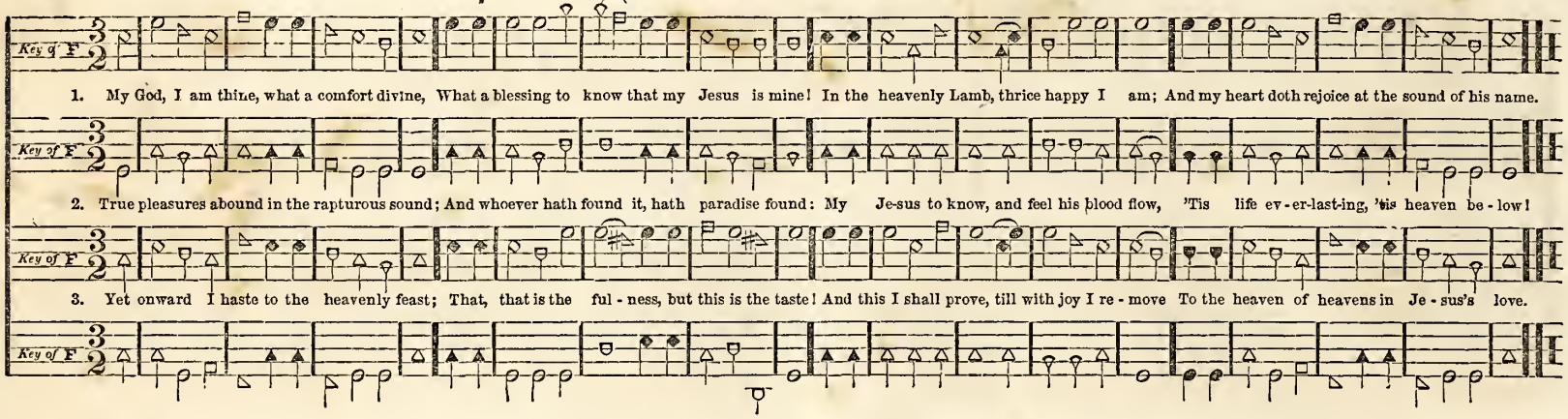
4.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

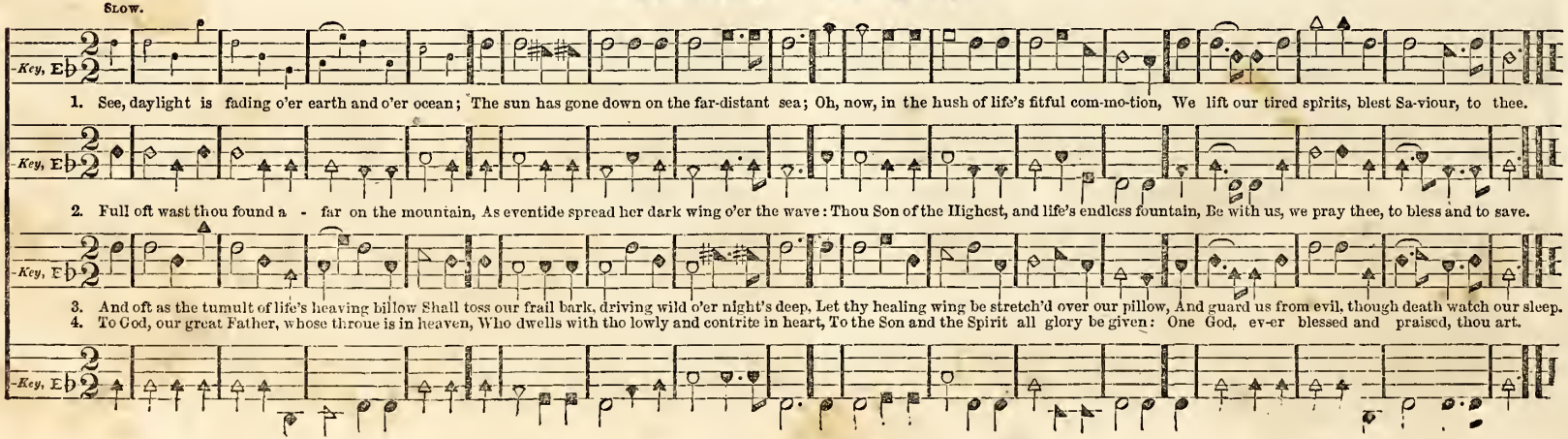
5.

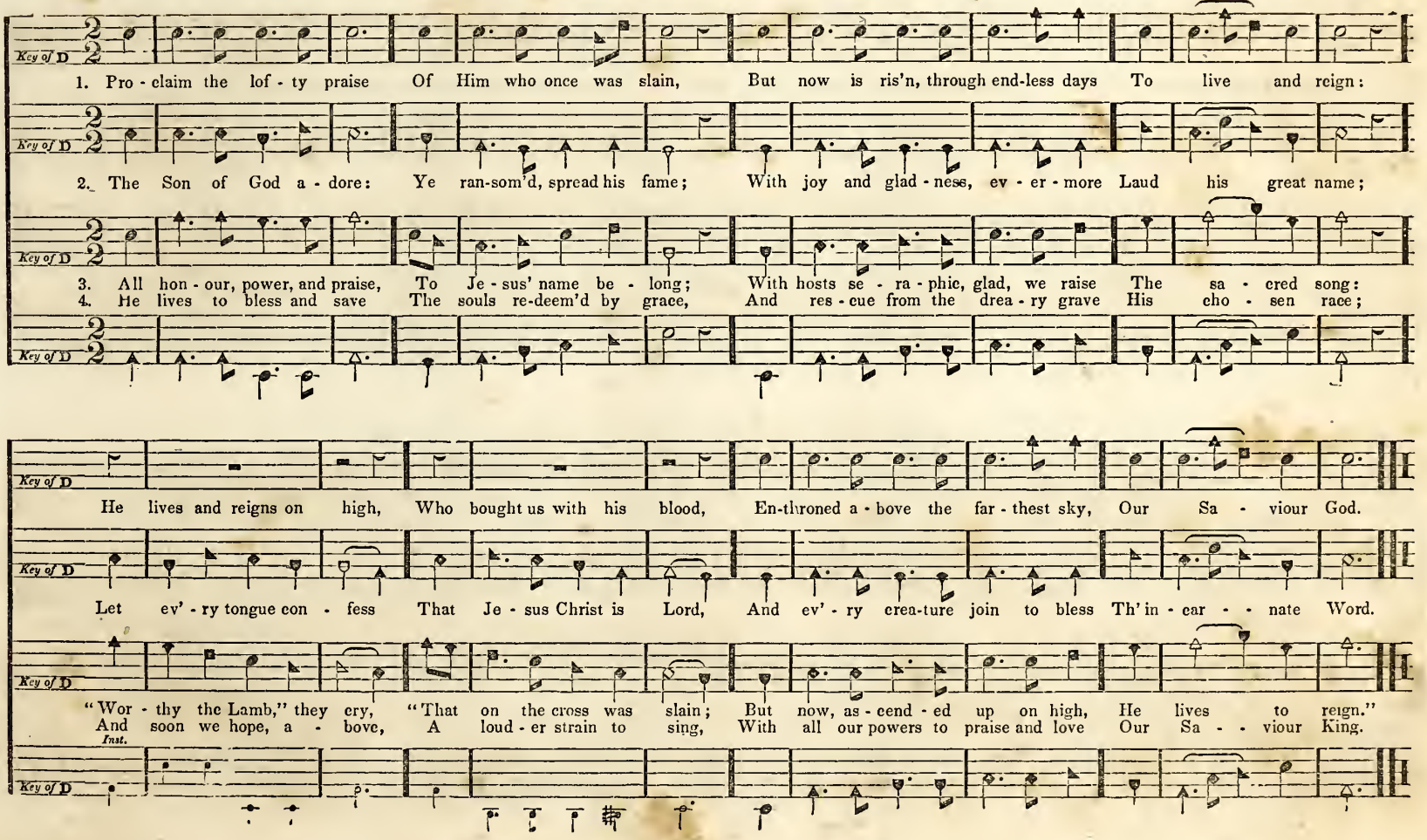
What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long;
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

BROWER. 11s & 12s.


Key of F
1. My God, I am thine, what a comfort divine, What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine! In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am; And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.
Key of F
2. True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound; And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found: My Je-sus to know, and feel his blood flow, 'Tis life ev-er-last-ing, 'tis heaven be-low!
Key of F
3. Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast; That, that is the ful-ness, but this is the taste! And this I shall prove, till with joy I re-move To the heaven of heavens in Je-sus's love.
Key of F

MALVERN. 12s & 11s.


SLOW.
Key, E♭
1. See, daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean; The sun has gone down on the far-distant sea; Oh, now, in the hush of life's fitful com-mo-tion, We lift our tired spirits, blest Sa-viour, to thee.
Key, E♭
2. Full oft wast thou found a-far on the mountain, As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave: Thou Son of the Highest, and life's endless fountain, Be with us, we pray thee, to bless and to save.
Key, E♭
3. And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's deep, Let thy healing wing be stretch'd over our pillow, And guard us from evil, though death watch our sleep.
4. To God, our great Father, whose throne is in heaven, Who dwells with the lowly and contrite in heart, To the Son and the Spirit all glory be given: One God, ev-er blessed and praised, thou art.
Key, E♭


Key of D
1. Pro - claim the lof - ty praise Of Him who once was slain, But now is ris'n, through end-less days To live and reign:
2. The Son of God a - dore: Ye ran-som'd, spread his fame; With joy and glad - ness, ev - er - more Laud his great name;
3. All hon - our, power, and praise, To Je - sus' name be - long; With hosts se - ra - phic, glad, we raise The sa - cred song:
4. He lives to bless and save The souls re-deem'd by grace, And res - cue from the drea - ry grave His cho - sen race;
He lives and reigns on high, Who bought us with his blood, En-throned a - bove the far - thest sky, Our Sa - viour God.
Let ev' - ry tongue con - fess That Je - sus Christ is Lord, And ev' - ry crea-ture join to bless Th' in - car - - nate Word.
"Wor - thy the Lamb," they cry, "That on the cross was slain; But now, as - cend - ed up on high, He lives to reign."
And soon we hope, a - bove, A loud - er strain to sing, With all our powers to praise and love Our Sa - - viour King.
Inst.

"How calm and beautiful the morn." C. H. M.

Moderate.
Key of D
1. How calm and beau ti - ful the morn, That gilds the sa - cred tomb, Where once the Cru - ci - fied was borne, And veil'd in mid-night gloom!
2. Ye mourning saints, dry ev' - ry tear, For your de - part - ed Lord, "Be - hold the place, he is not there," The tomb is all un - barr'd;
f
Oh, weep no more the Sa - viour slain; The Lord is ris'n, he lives a - - gain.
The gates of death were closed in vain; The Lord is ris'n, he lives a - - gain.
st.

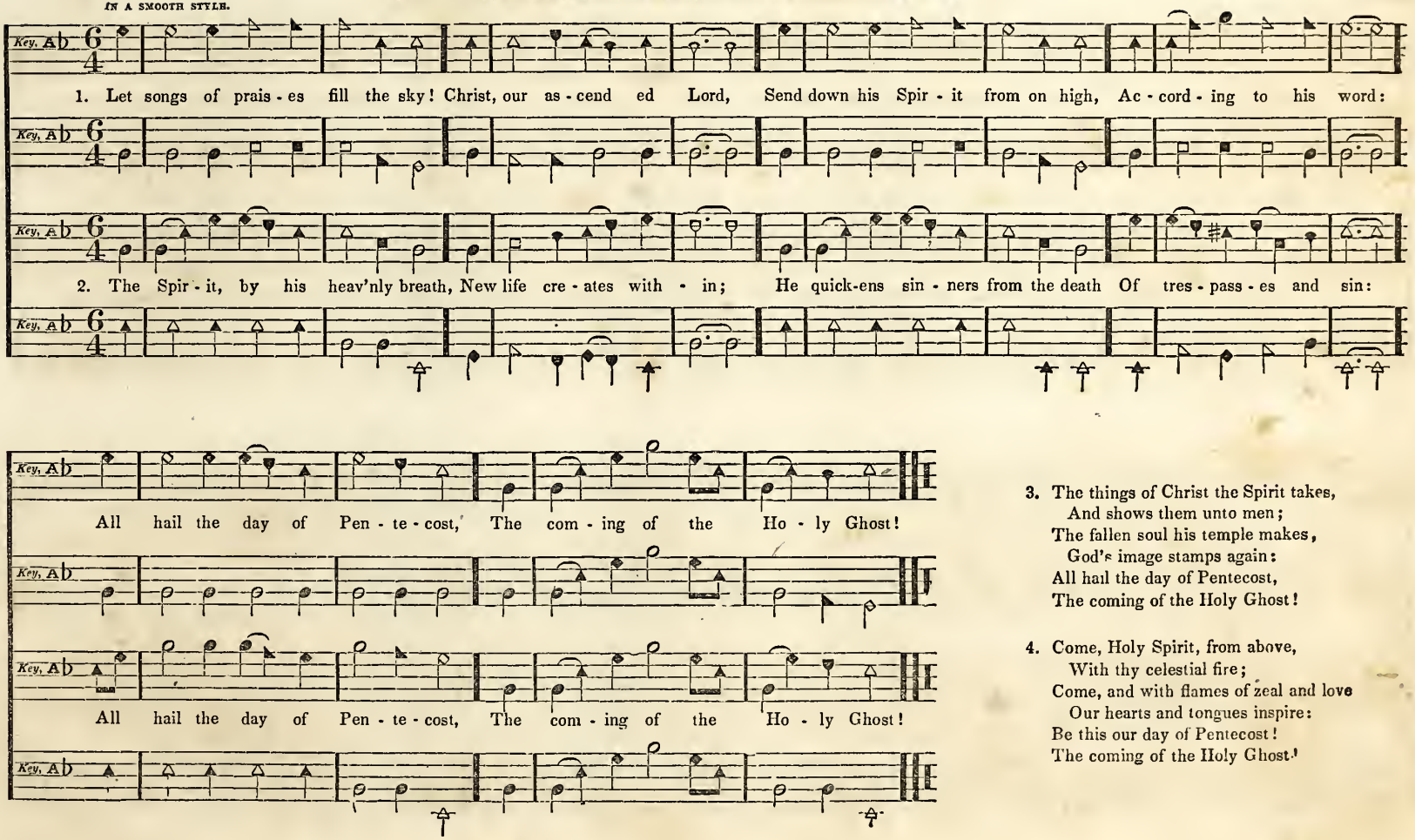
3. Now cheerful to the house of pray'r
   Your early footsteps bend,
   The Saviour will himself be there,
   Your Advocate and Friend:
   Once by the law your hopes were slain,
   But now in Christ ye live again.

4. How tranquil now the rising day.
   'Tis Jesus still appears,
   A risen Lord to chase away
   Your unbelieving fears:
   Oh, weep no more your comforts slain,
   The Lord is ris'n, he lives again.

5. And when the shades of evening fall,
   When life's last hour draws nigh,
   If Jesus shines upon the soul,
   How blissful then to die:
   Since he has ris'n that once was slain,
   Ye die in Christ to live again.

Let songs of praises fill the sky. C. H. M.

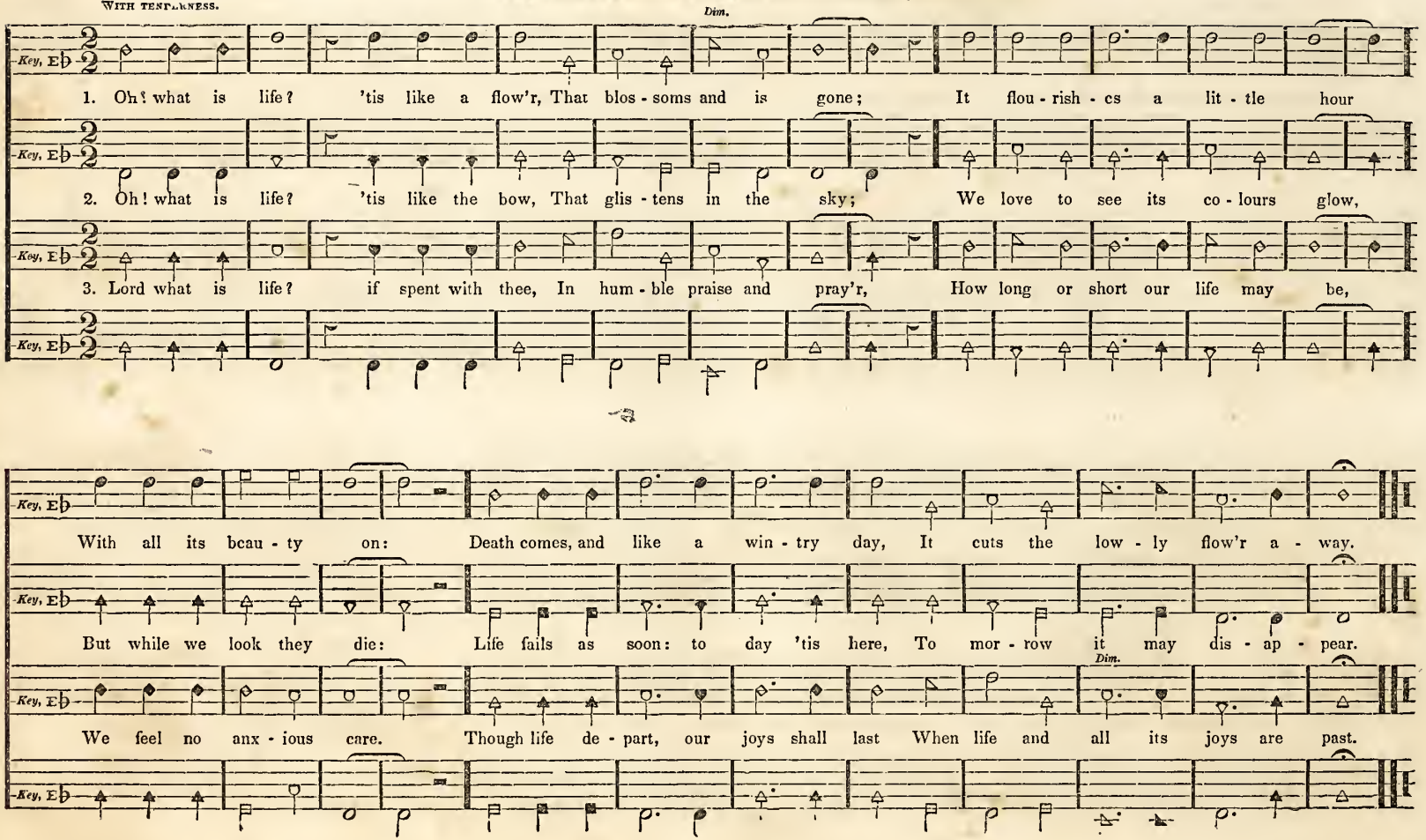
IN A SMOOTH STYLE.


Key. Ab
1. Let songs of prais - es fill the sky! Christ, our as - cend ed Lord, Send down his Spir - it from on high, Ac - cord - ing to his word:
2. The Spir - it, by his heav'nly breath, New life cre - ates with - in; He quick-ens sin - ners from the death Of tres - pass - es and sin:
All hail the day of Pen - te - cost, The com - ing of the Ho - ly Ghost!
All hail the day of Pen - te - cost, The com - ing of the Ho - ly Ghost!

3. The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The fallen soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

4. Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire:
Be this our day of Pentecost!
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

STEPNEY. C. H. M. (PECULIAR.)


With tenderness.
Dim.
Key, Eb
1. Oh! what is life? 'tis like a flow'r, That blos - soms and is gone; It flou - rish - es a lit - tle hour
2. Oh! what is life? 'tis like the bow, That glis - tens in the sky; We love to see its co - lours glow,
3. Lord what is life? if spent with thee, In hum - ble praise and pray'r, How long or short our life may be,
With all its beau - ty on: Death comes, and like a win - try day, It cuts the low - ly flow'r a - way.
But while we look they die: Life fails as soon: to day 'tis here, To mor - row it may dis - ap - pear.
Dim.
We feel no anx - ious care. Though life de - part, our joys shall last When life and all its joys are past.

Key of A
1. Head of the church tri - umph - ant, We joy - ful - ly a - dore thee; Till thou ap - pear, thy mem-bers here Shall sing like those in glo - ry:
2. While in af - flic - tion's fur - nace, And pass-ing through the fire, Thy love we praise, which knows no days, And ev - er brings us nigh-er:
3 Thou dost con-duct thy peo - ple Through torrents of temp - ta - tion; Nor will we fear, while thou art near, The fire of tri - bu - la - tion:
4. By faith we see the glo - ry, To which thou shalt re - store us, And earth despise, for that high prize Which thou hast set be - fore us:
We lift our hearts and voi - ces With blest an - ti - ci - pa - tion, And cry a - loud, and give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.
We clap our hands ex - ult - ing In thine al - might - y fa - vour; The love di - vine, which made us thine, Can keep us thine for ev - er.
The world, with sin and Sa - tan, In vain our march op - po - ses; By thee we shall break through them all, And sing the song of Mo - ses.
And if thou count us wor - thy, We each, as dy - ing Ste-phen, Shall see thee stand at God's right hand, To take us up to hea - ven.

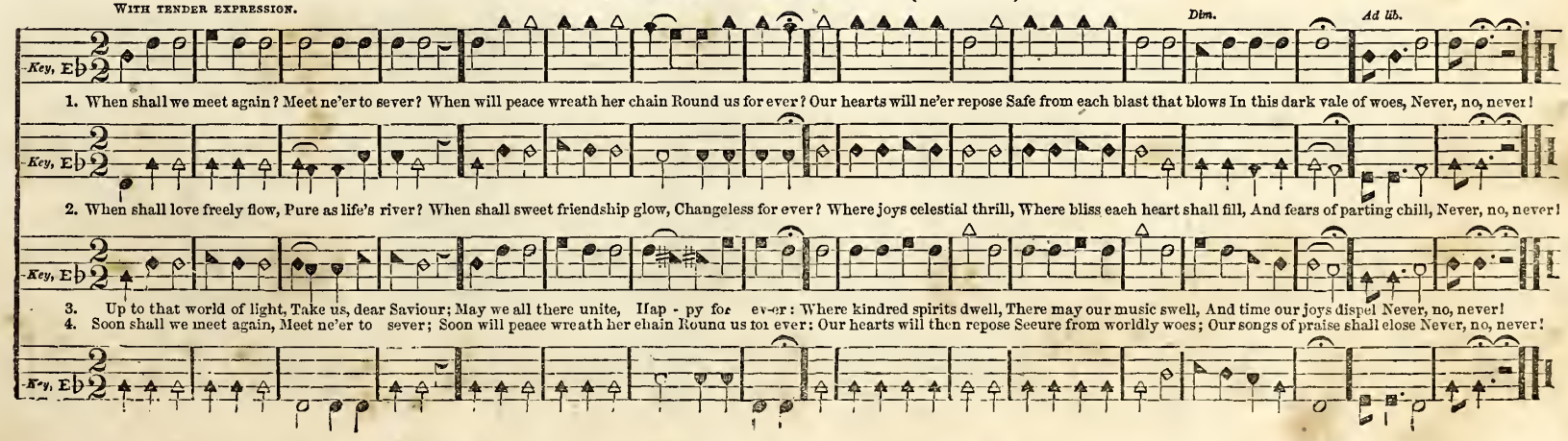
SOVEREIGN BALM. C. M.

J. FAWCETT, OF ENGLAND.

f
m
p
Key of F
1. Sal - va - tion! oh the joy - ful sound! What plea - sure to our ears! A sov'-reign balm for ev' - ry wound, A cor - dial
2. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round, While all the ar - mies of the sky Con - spire to
3. Sal - va - tion! O thou bleed - ing Lamb! To thee the praise be - longs: Sal - va - tion shall in - spire our hearts, And dwell up-
m
ff CHORUS.
p
for our fears, A cor - dial for our fears. Glo - ry, hon - our, praise, and pow - er, Be un - to the Lamb for
raise the sound, Con - spire to raise the sound. Glo - ry, hon - our, praise, and pow - er, Be un - to the Lamb for
on our tongues, And dwell up - on our tongues. Glo - ry, hon - our, praise, and pow - er, Be un - to the Lamb for

Key of F
ev - er! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!
Key of F
ev - er! Je - sus Christ is our Re - deem - er! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!
Key of F
ev - er! Je - sus Christ is our Re - deem - er! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!
Key of F
Hal - le - lu - jah! &c.

UNITY. 6s & 5s. (PECULIAR.)


With tender expression.
Dim.
Ad lib.
Key, Eb
1. When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreath her chain Round us for ever? Our hearts will ne'er repose Safe from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes, Never, no, never!
Key, Eb
2. When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's river? When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless for ever? Where joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Never, no, never!
Key, Eb
3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Saviour; May we all there unite, Hap - py for ev-er: Where kindred spirits dwell, There may our music swell, And time our joys dispel Never, no, never!
4. Soon shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever; Soon will peace wreath her chain Round us for ever: Our hearts will then repose Secure from worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close Never, no, never!
Key, Eb

NEVER PART AGAIN.

CHORUS.
Key of F
1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!
When shall my la - bours have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee?
We're marching, &c.
2. Oh when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend;
Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end.
We're marching through Im-man-uel's ground, We soon shall hear the
3. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap-py home! My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my la-bours have an end, When I thy joys shall see.
We're marching, &c.
SOLI.
TUTTI.
welcome trumpet's sound; Oh there we shall with Je - sus dwell, And nev - er part a - gain, What, nev - er part a - gain? No,

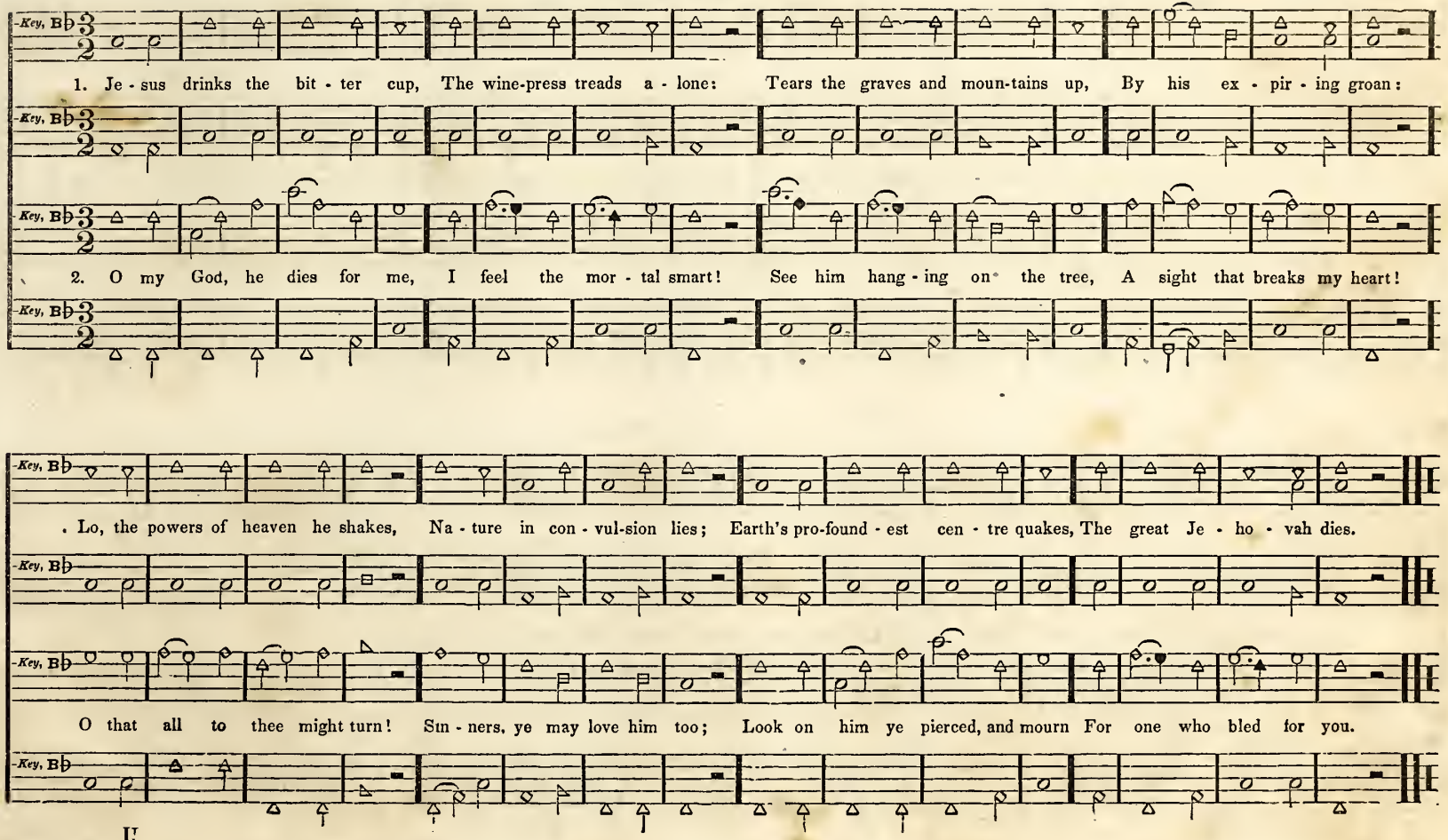
NOTE.—SOLI, one voice on each part TUTTI, in full chorus.

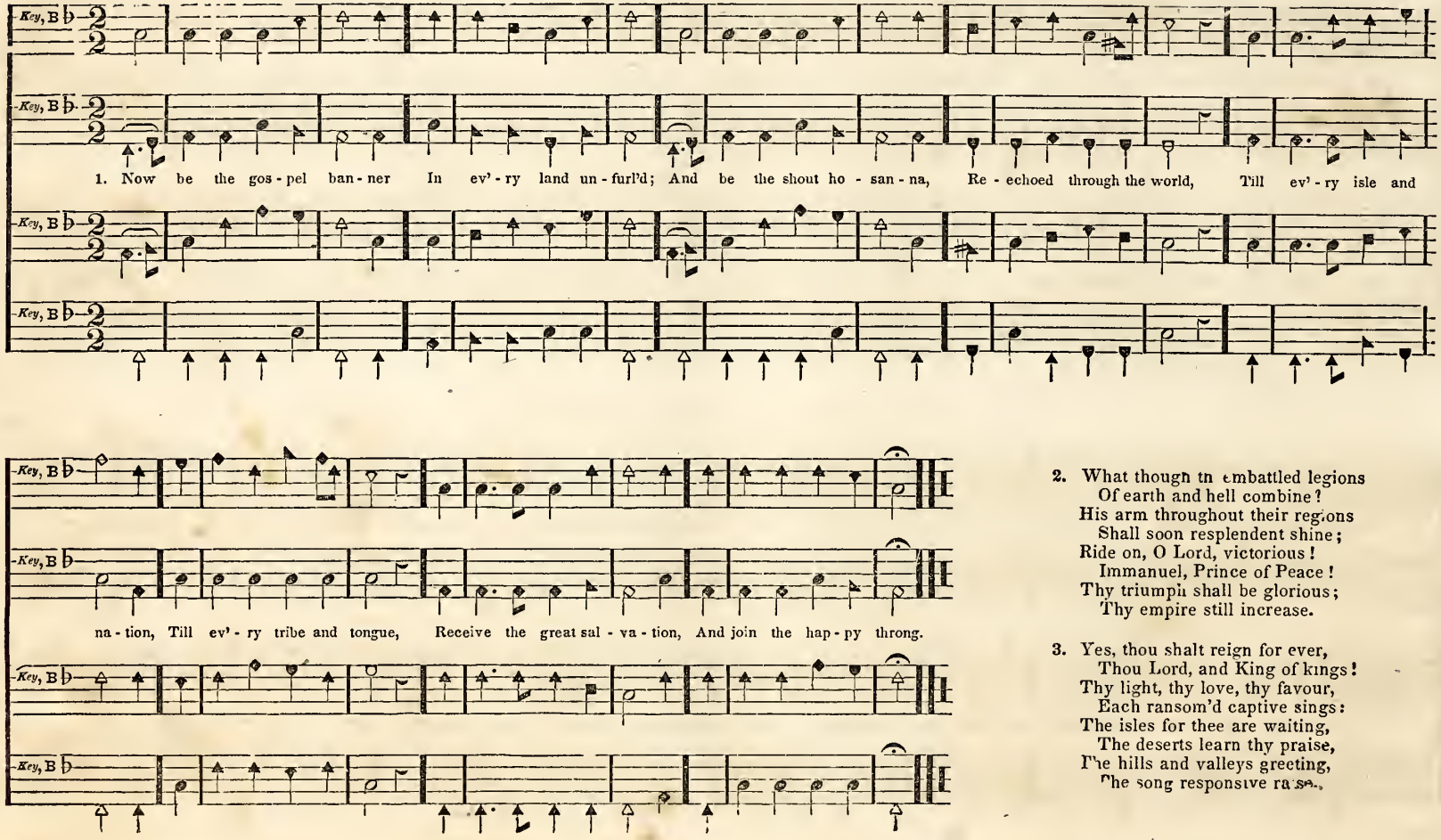
Soli.
Tutti.
Key of F
Soli.
Tutti.
Key of F
nev - er part a-gain. What, nev - er part a - gain? No, nev - er part a - gain, Oh then we shall with Je - sus dwell, And nev - er part a - gain.
Tutti.
Soli.
Key of F
Soli.
Tutti.
Key of F

WELTON. 6s & 5s.

Slow.
Key of G
1. If life's pleasures charm thee, Give them not thy heart; Lest the gift ensnare thee, From thy God to part. Lest the gift ensnare thee, From thy God to part.
Key of G
2. If distress be - fall thee, Painful though it be, Let not grief ap - pal thee, To thy Saviour flee. Let not grief ap - pal thee, To thy Saviour flee.
Key of G
3. When earth's prospects fail thee, Let it not dis - tress: Bet-ter comforts wait thee, Christ will free-ly bless. Better comforts wait thee, Christ will free-ly bless.
4. Let not death a-larm thee, Shrink not from his blow; For the conflict arm thee, Triumph o'er the foe. For the conflict arm thee, Triumph o'er the foe.
Key of G

Moderate.
Key of A
1. The voice of free grace cries "Escape to the moun-tain:
For A-dam's lost race Christ hath open'd a foun-tain;
For sin and pol - lu - tion, for ev' - ry trans - gres - sion, His blood flows most free-ly in
2. Ye souls that are wounded, to th' Saviour re - pair; . .
He calls you in mercy, and can you for - bear? . .
Tho' your sins are in-creas-ed as high as a mountain, His blood can re-move them, it
3. Now Je-sus, our King, reigns tri-umph-ant - ly glo - rious:
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than vic - to - rious;
With shouting proclaim it, oh trust in his pas - sion, He saves us most free - ly, oh
streams of sal - va - tion. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, &c.
flows from the foun - tain. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has bought us a par-don; We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.
pre - cious sal - va - tion. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, &c.


Key, B♭
1. Je - sus drinks the bit - ter cup, The wine-press treads a - lone: Tears the graves and moun-tains up, By his ex - pir - ing groan:
2. O my God, he dies for me, I feel the mor - tal smart! See him hang - ing on the tree, A sight that breaks my heart!
. Lo, the powers of heaven he shakes, Na - ture in con - vul-sion lies; Earth's pro-found - est cen - tre quakes, The great Je - ho - vah dies.
O that all to thee might turn! Stn - ners, ye may love him too; Look on him ye pierced, and mourn For one who bled for you.


Key, B♭
1. Now be the gos - pel ban - ner In ev' - ry land un - furl'd; And be the shout ho - san - na, Re - echoed through the world, Till ev' - ry isle and
na - tion, Till ev' - ry tribe and tongue, Receive the great sal - va - tion, And join the hap - py throng.

2. What though th embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord, victorious!
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire still increase.

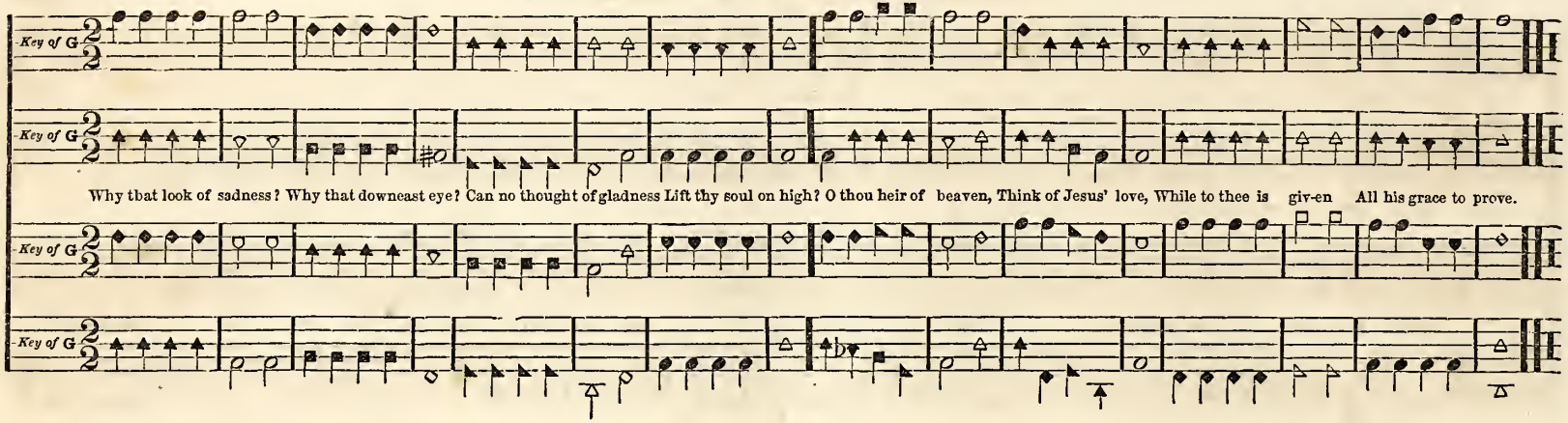
3. Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
Thou Lord, and King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favour,
Each ransom'd captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

Key of C
1. When through the torn sail the wild tem - pest is stream-ing, When o'er the dark wave the red light - ning is gleam - ing,
2. O Je - sus, once rock'd on the breast of the bil - low, A - roused by the shriek of do - spair from thy pil - low,—
3. And, oh, when the whirl-wind of pas - sion is rag - ing, When sin in our hearts its sad war - fare is wag - ing,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor sea-man to cher-ish, We fly to our Ma - ker,— "Save, Lord, or we per - ish."
Now seat - ed in glo - ry, the ma - ri - ner cher-ish, Who cries in his an-guish, "Save, Lord, or we per - ish."
Then send down thy grace. thy re - deem - ed to cher-ish, Re - buke the de - stroy - er,— "Save, Lord, or we per - ish."

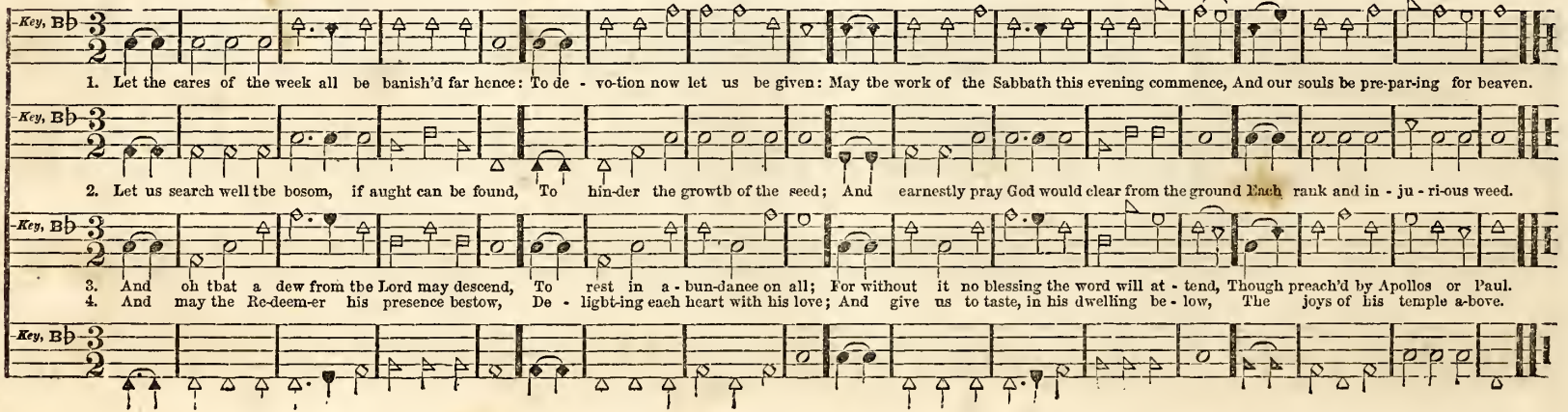
LANSINGBURGH. 6s & 5s.

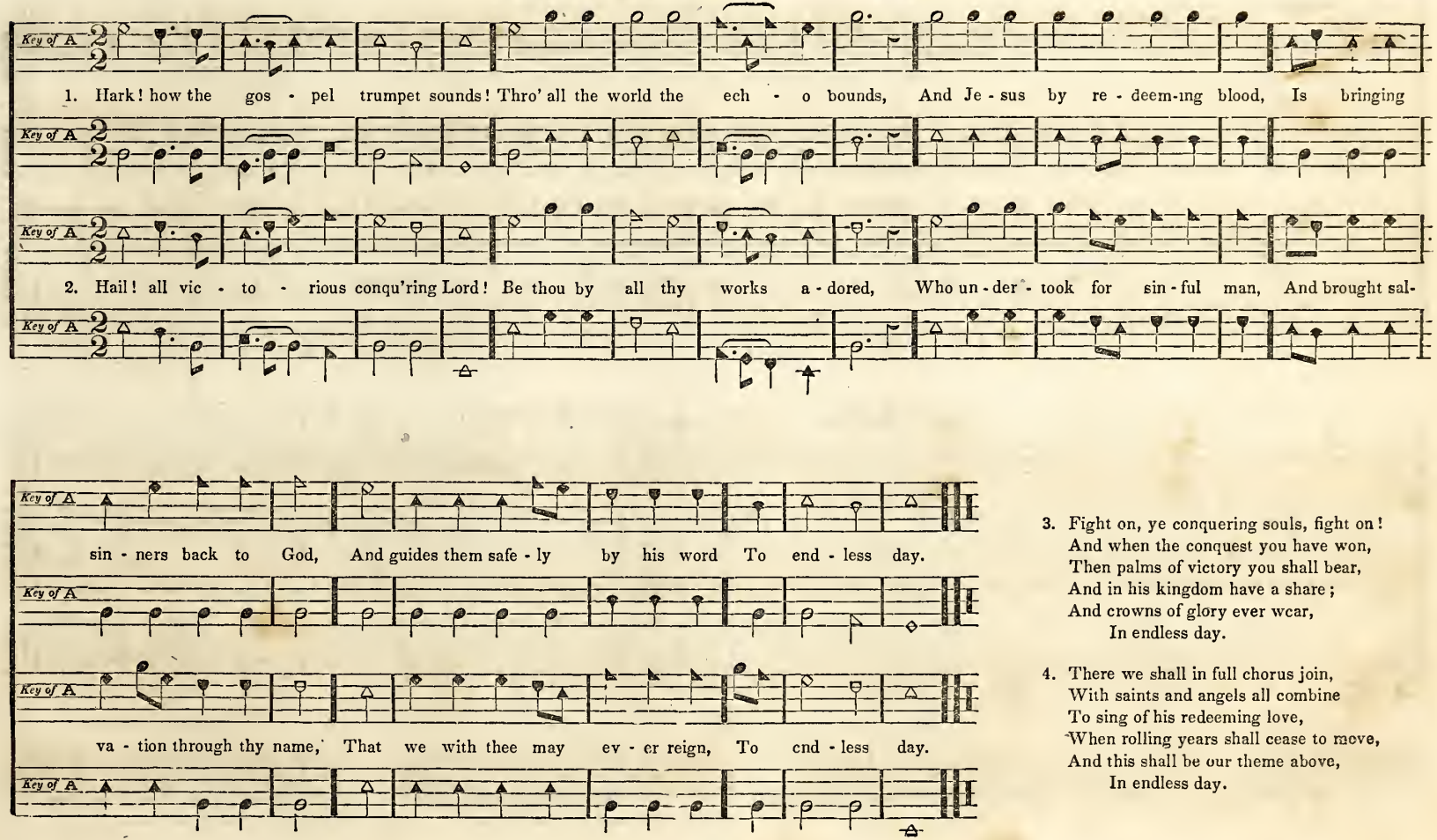
GERMAN.

SLOW.


Key of G
Key of G
Key of G
Key of G
Why that look of sadness? Why that downcast eye? Can no thought of gladness Lift thy soul on high? O thou heir of heaven, Think of Jesus' love, While to thee is giv-en All his grace to prove.

SELDEN. 11s & 8s, or 12s & 9s.


Key, B♭
Key, B♭
Key, B♭
Key, B♭
1. Let the cares of the week all be banish'd far hence: To de - vo-tion now let us be given: May the work of the Sabbath this evening commence, And our souls be pre-par-ing for heaven.
2. Let us search well the bosom, if aught can be found, To hin-der the growth of the seed; And earnestly pray God would clear from the ground Each rank and in - ju - ri-ous weed.
3. And oh that a dew from the Lord may descend, To rest in a - bun-dance on all; For without it no blessing the word will at - tend, Though preach'd by Apollos or Paul.
4. And may the Re-deem-er his presence bestow, De - light-ing each heart with his love; And give us to taste, in his dwelling be - low, The joys of his temple a-bove.


Key of A
1. Hark! how the gos - pel trumpet sounds! Thro' all the world the ech - o bounds, And Je - sus by re - deem-ing blood, Is bringing
2. Hail! all vic - to - rious conqu'ring Lord! Be thou by all thy works a - dored, Who un - der - took for sin - ful man, And brought sal-
sin - ners back to God, And guides them safe - ly by his word To end - less day.
va - tion through thy name, That we with thee may ev - er reign, To end - less day.

3. Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on!
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share;
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day.

4. There we shall in full chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

LEANDER. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

TENOR.
Key of C
1st TREBLE.
Key of C
1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
BASE.
Key of C
Key of C
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sail'd through bloody seas?
Key of C

3.

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4.

Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word

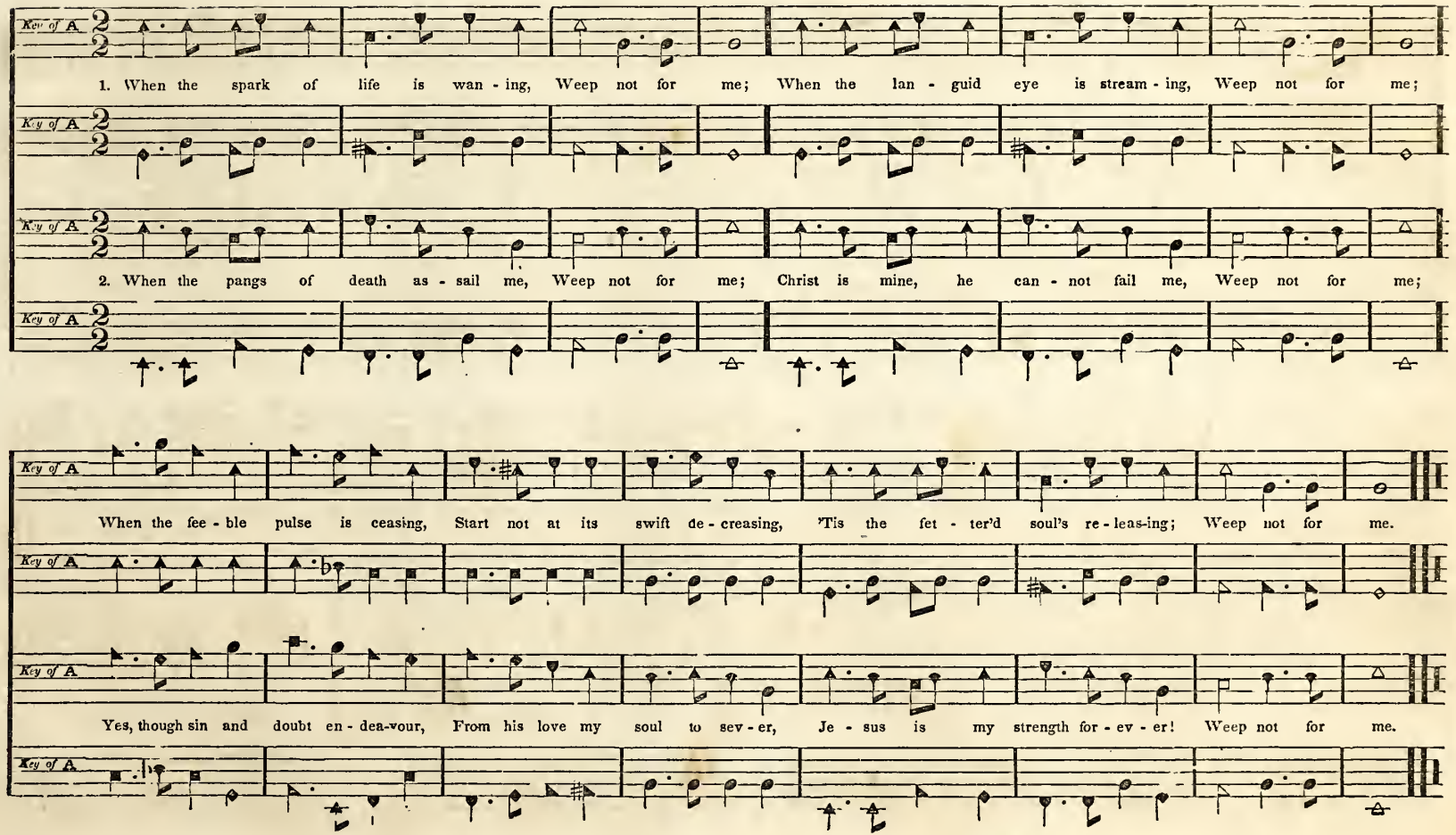
5.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

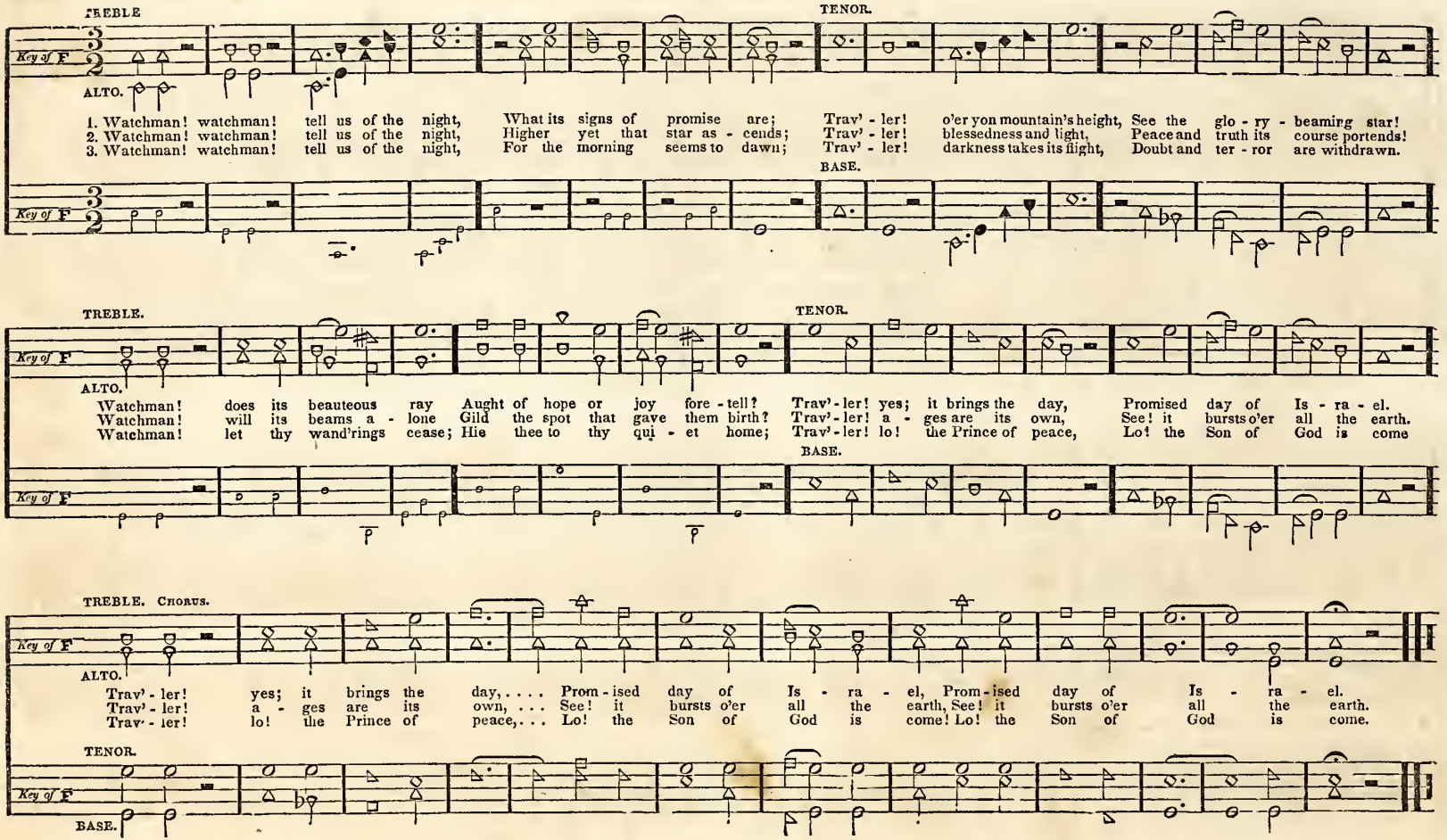
6.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Very Slow. Welch Air.


Key of A
1. When the spark of life is wan - ing, Weep not for me; When the lan - guid eye is stream - ing, Weep not for me;
2. When the pangs of death as - sail me, Weep not for me; Christ is mine, he can - not fail me, Weep not for me;
When the fee - ble pulse is ceasing, Start not at its swift de - creasing, 'Tis the fet - ter'd soul's re - leas-ing; Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt en - dea-vour, From his love my soul to sev - er, Je - sus is my strength for - ev - er! Weep not for me.

Watchman! tell us of the night. [Hymn.]


TREBLE
TENOR.
Key of F
ALTO.
1. Watchman! watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; Trav'-ler! o'er yon mountain's height, See the glo-ry-beaming star!
2. Watchman! watchman! tell us of the night, Higher yet that star as-cends; Trav'-ler! blessedness and light, Peace and truth its course portends!
3. Watchman! watchman! tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn; Trav'-ler! darkness takes its flight, Doubt and ter-ror are withdrawn.
BASE.
TREBLE.
TENOR.
Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell? Trav'-ler! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.
Watchman! will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Trav'-ler! a-ges are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease; Hie thee to thy qui-et home; Trav'-ler! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come
TREBLE. Chorus.
Trav'-ler! yes; it brings the day, ... Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el.
Trav'-ler! a-ges are its own, ... See! it bursts o'er all the earth, See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav'-ler! lo! the Prince of peace, ... Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come.

TREBLE VOICE.
TENOR VOICE.
Key of E
1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; Trav'-ler! o'er yon mountain's height, See the glo - ry - beaming star!
2. Watchman! tell us of the night, Higher yet that star as - cends; Trav'-ler! bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth its course por - tends!
3. Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn; Trav'-ler! dark - ness takes its flight, Doubt and fear - ror are with - drawn.
TREBLE VOICE.
TENOR VOICE.
Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell? Trav'-ler! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.
Watchman! will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Trav'-ler! a - ges are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease; Hie thee to thy qui- et home; Trav'-ler! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.
Chorus to 1st and 2d verses.
Chorus to 3d verse.
2d TREBLE.
1st TREBLE.
Trav'ler! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.
Trav'ler! a - ges are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come.
BASE

Great God, what do I see and hear! [Hymn.]

MARTIN LUTHER.

Slow and Solemn

Key of A

1. Great God! what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted! The Judge of man I see ap - pear, On clouds of

2. The dead in Christ shall first a - rise, At the last trum - pet's sound - ing, Caught up to meet him in the skies, With joy their

3. But sin-ners, fill'd with guil - ty fears, Be - hold his wrath pre - vail - ing; For they shall rise, and find their tears And sighs are

4. Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted; The Judge of man I see ap - pear, On clouds of

glo - ry seat - ed; The trumpet sounds; the graves re - store The dead which they contain'd be - fore; Pre - pare my soul to meet him.

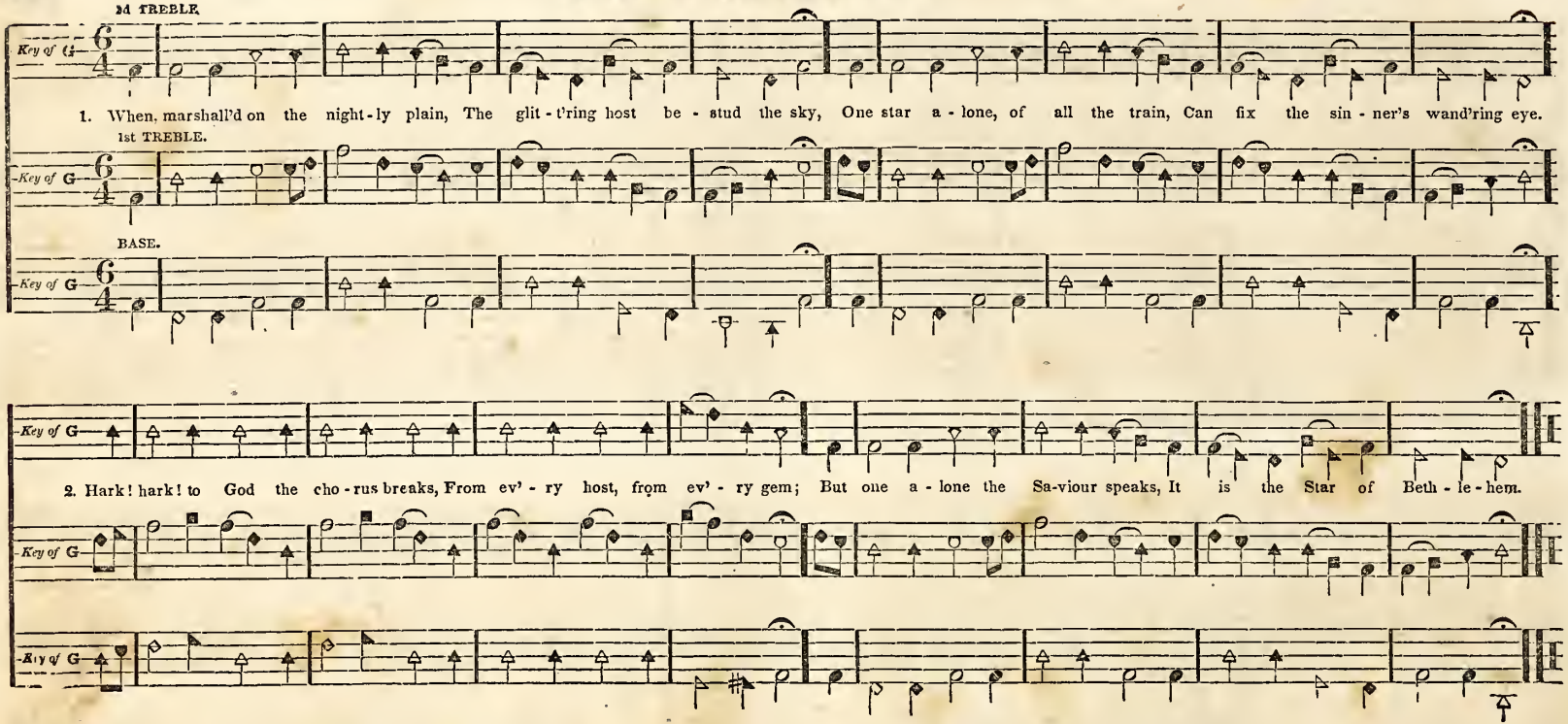
Lord sur - round - ing; No gloomy fears their souls dis - may; His presence sheds e - ter - nal day On those prepared to meet him.

un - a - vail - ing; The day of grace is past and gone; Trembling they stand be - fore the throne, All un-pre-pared to meet him.

glo - ry seat - ed; Be - fore his cross I view the day When heav'n and earth shall pass a - way, And thus pre - pare to meet him.

Key of A
1. Yes, my na - tive land, I love thee; All thy scenes, I love them well: Friends, con-nec - tions, hap - py coun - try, Can I bid you all farewell?
2. Home, thy joys are pass - ing love - ly— Joys no stran - ger heart can tell: Hap - py home, in - deed I love thee: Can I, can I say, "Farewell?"
3. Scenes of sa - cred peace and plea - sure, Ho - ly days and Sab - bath bell; Rich - est, bright - est, sweet - est trea - sure, Can I say a last farewell?
4. Yes, I has - ten from you glad - ly— From the scenes I loved so well: Far a - way, ye bil - lows, bear me: Love - ly, na - tive land, farewell:
5. In the de - serts let me la - bour; On the mountains let me tell How he died— the bless - ed Sa - viour— To re - deem a world from hell:
6. Bear me on, thou rest - less o - cean; Let the winds my can - vas swell; Heaves my heart with warm e - mo - tion, While I go far hence to dwell;
Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in hea - then lands to dwell? Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in hea - then lands to dwell?
Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in hea - then lands to dwell? Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in hea - then lands to dwell?
Pleased I leave thee, Pleased I leave thee, Far in hea - then lands to dwell, Pleased I leave thee, Pleased I leave thee, Far in hea - then lands to dwell.
Let me has - ten, Let me has - ten, Far in hea - then lands to dwell, Let me has - ten, Let me has - ten, Far in hea - then lands to dwell.
Glad I bid thee, Glad I bid thee, Na - tive land, fare well, fare - well, Glad I bid thee, Glad I bid thee, Na - tive land, fare - well, fare-well.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.


2d TREBLE.
Key of G
1. When, marshall'd on the night-ly plain, The glit-t'ring host be-stud the sky, One star a-lone, of all the train, Can fix the sin-ner's wand'ring eye.
1st TREBLE.
Key of G
BASE.
Key of G
Key of G
2. Hark! hark! to God the cho-rus breaks, From ev'-ry host, from ev'-ry gem; But one a-lone the Sa-viour speaks, It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.
Key of G
Key of G

3. Once on the raging seas I rode—
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4. Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

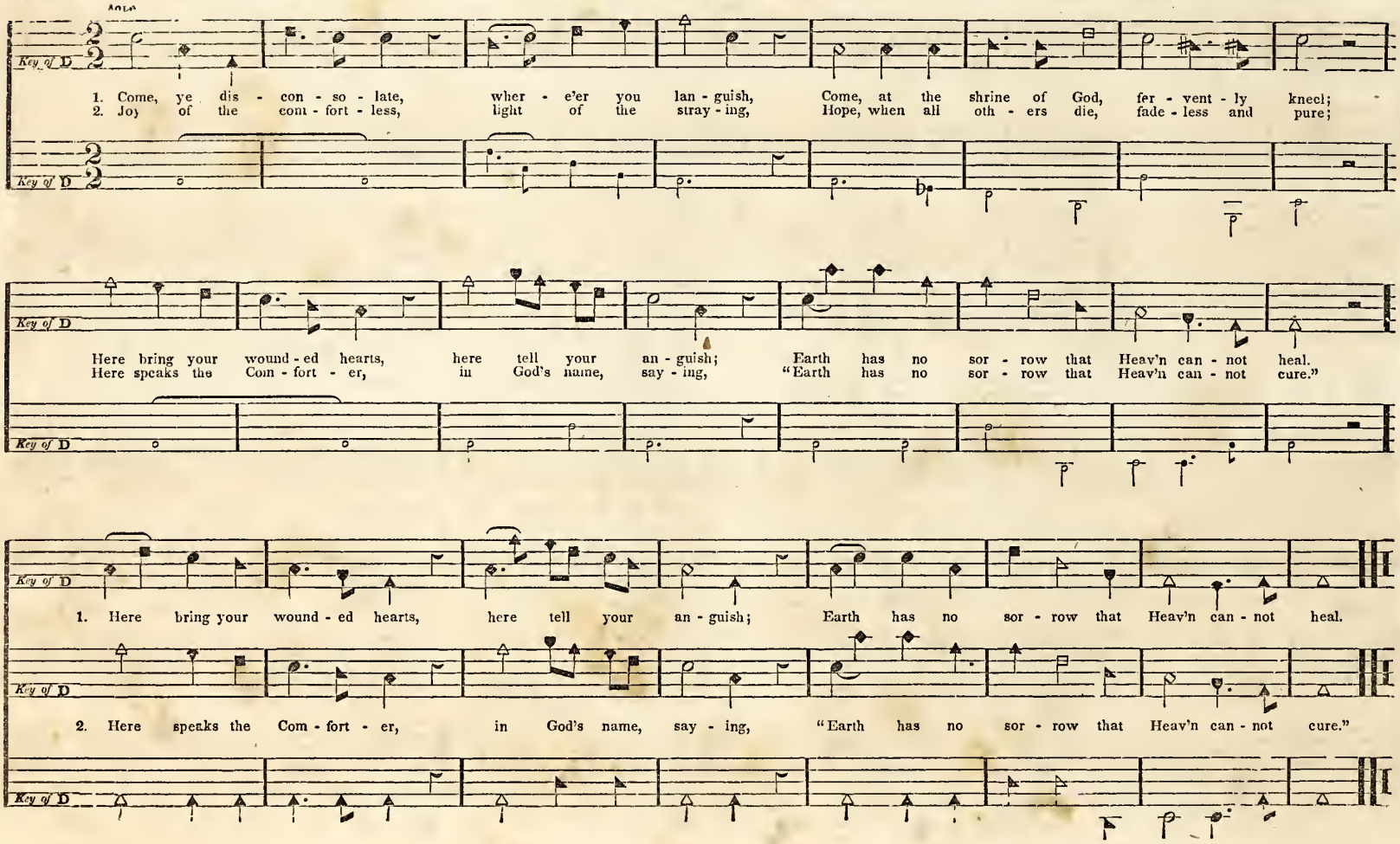
5. It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

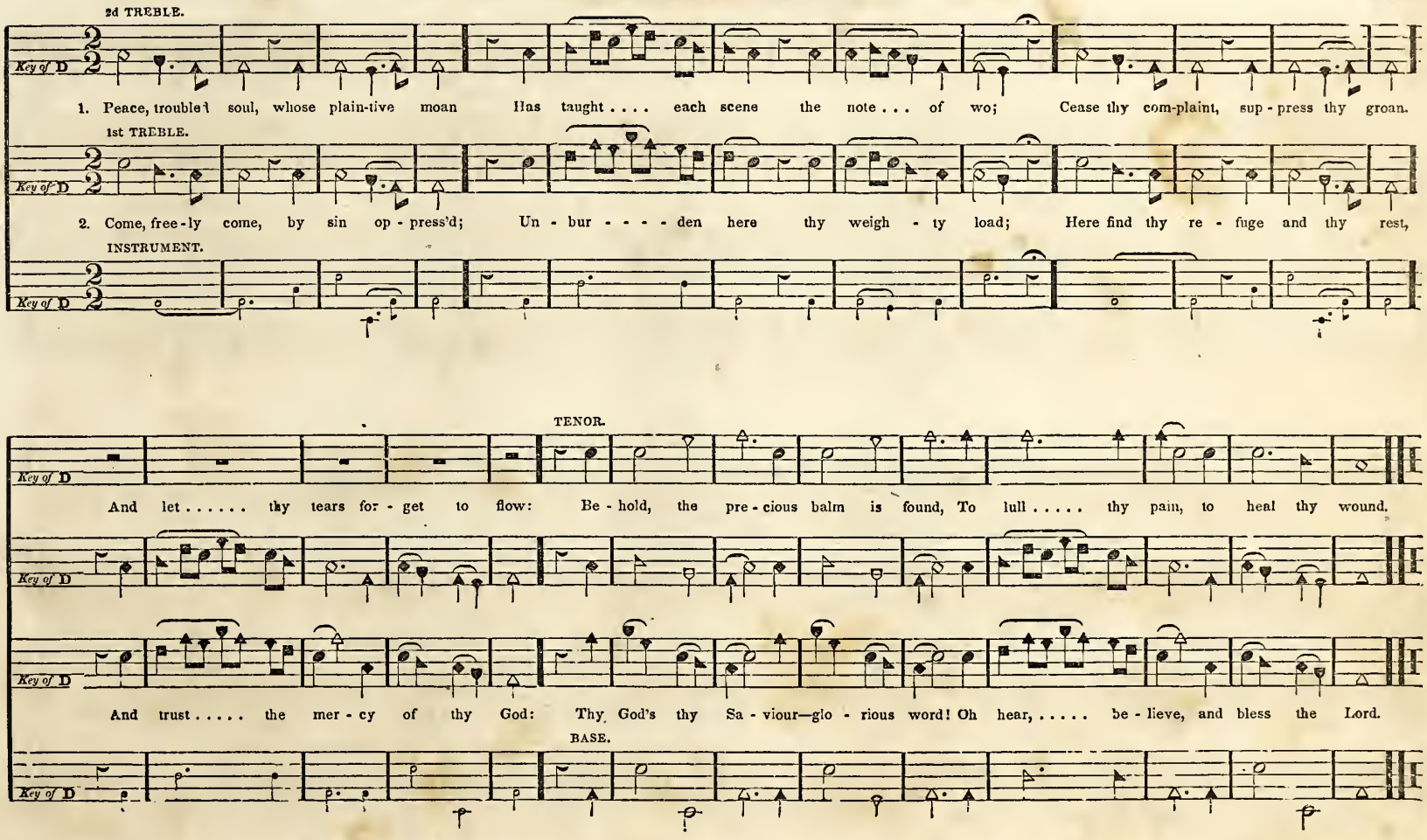
6. Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

Key of C
1. The cha - riot! the cha - riot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord com - eth down in the pomp of his ire;
2. The glo - ry! the glo - ry! a - round him are pour'd Migh - ty hosts of the an - gels that wait on the Lord;
3. The trum - pet! the trum - pet! the dead have all heard: Lo, the depths of the stone - co - ver'd char - nel are stirr'd!
4. The judg - ment! the judg - ment! the thrones are all set, Where the Lamb and the white - vest - ed el - ders are met!
5. O mer - cy! O mer - cy! look down from a - bove, Great Cre - a - tor, on us, thy sad child - ren, with love!
Lo! self - mov - ing it drives on its path - way of cloud, And the heav'ns with the bur - den of God - head are bow'd.
And the glo - ri - fied saints, and the mar - tyrs are there, And there all who the palm-wreaths of vic - to - ry wear!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north, All the vast ge - ne - ra - tions of man are come forth!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord, And the doom of e - ter - ni - ty hangs on his word.
When be - neath to their dark - ness the wick - ed are driv'n, May our jus - ti - fied souls find a wel - come in heav'n!

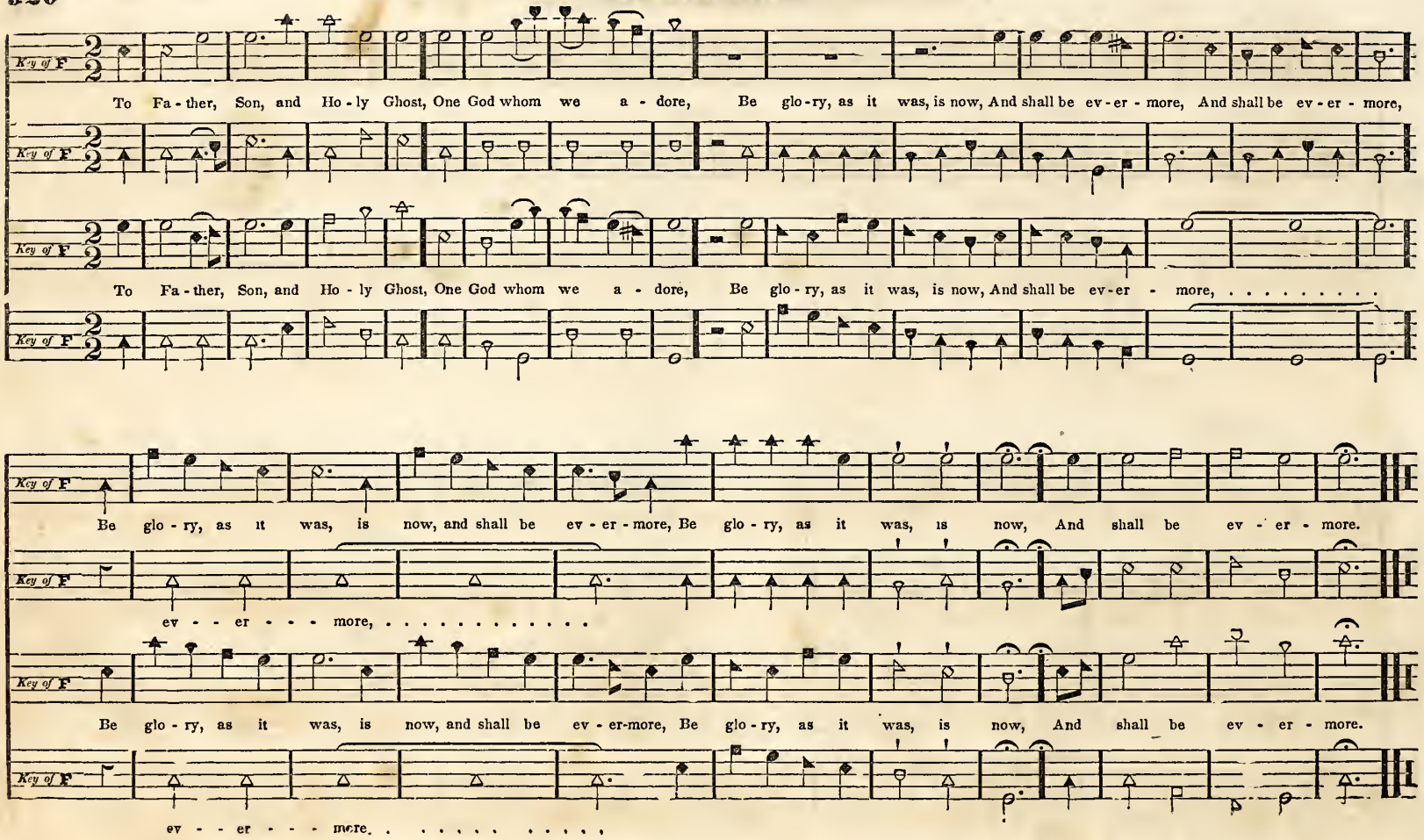
Come, ye Disconsolate.

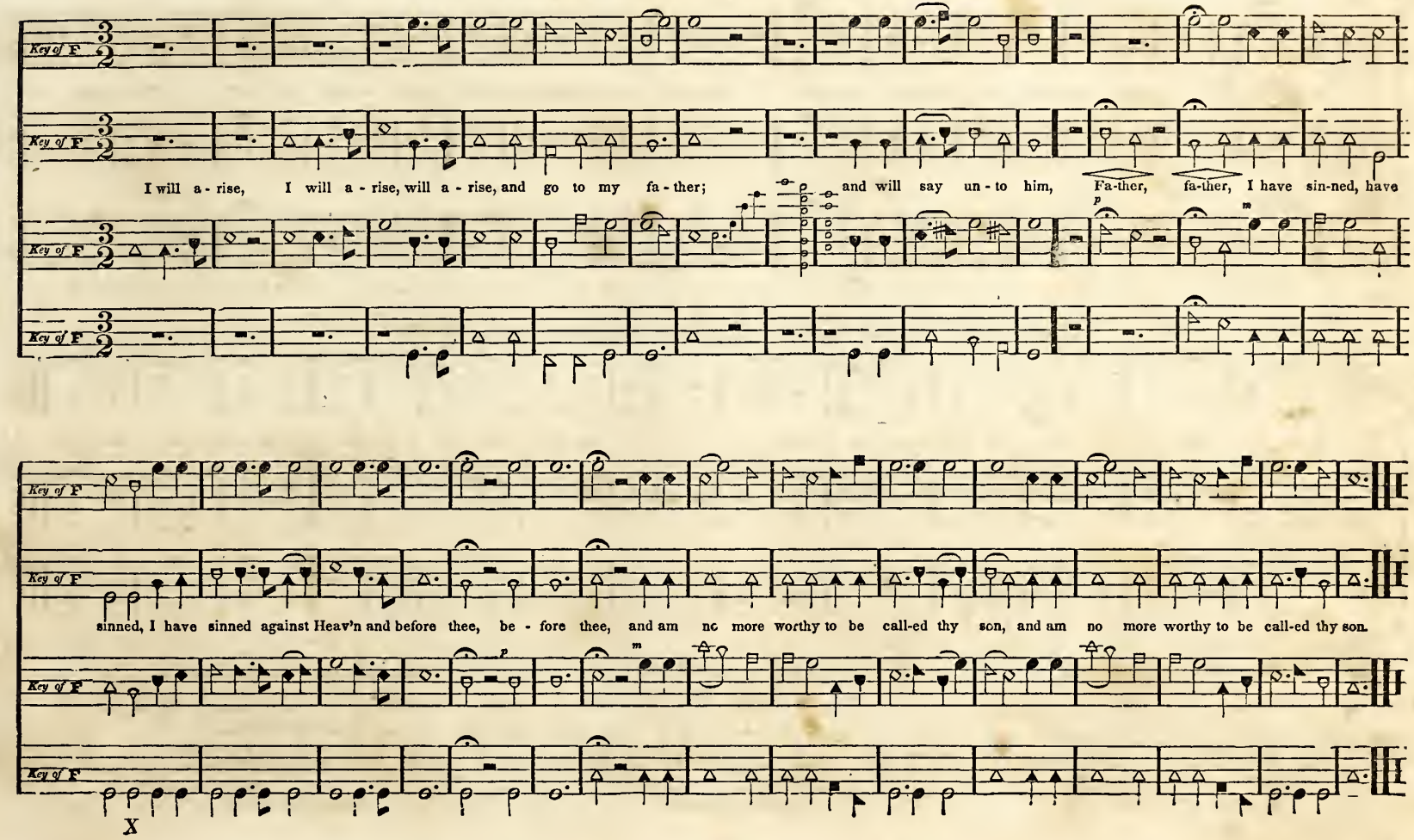
WEBBE, OF ENGLAND.

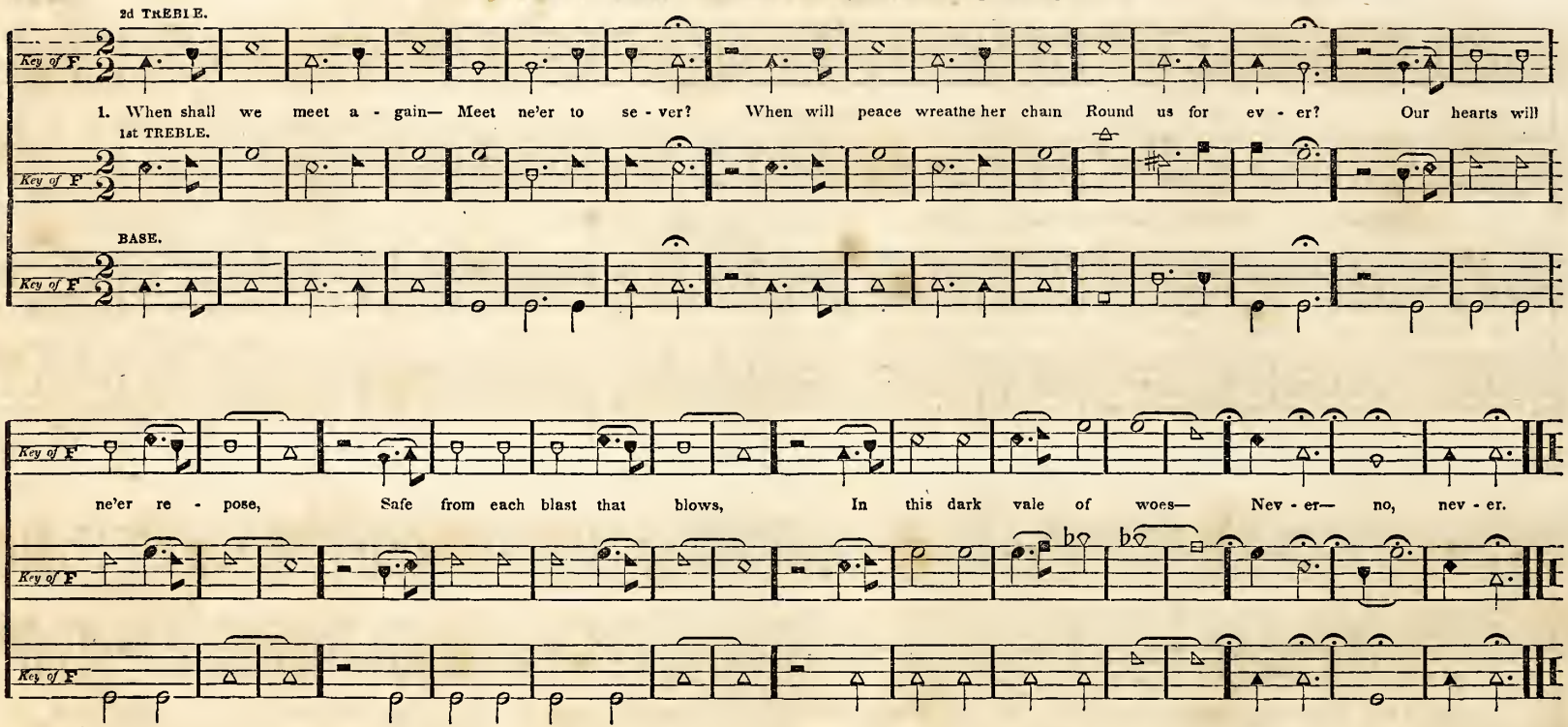

Key of D
1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er you lan - guish, Come, at the shrine of God, fer - vent - ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope, when all oth - ers die, fade - less and pure;
Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can - not heal.
Here speaks the Com - fort - er, in God's name, say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can - not cure."
1. Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can - not heal.
2. Here speaks the Com - fort - er, in God's name, say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can - not cure."


2d TREBLE.
Key of D
1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plain-tive moan Has taught .... each scene the note ... of wo; Cease thy com-plaint, sup-press thy groan.
1st TREBLE.
Key of D
2. Come, free-ly come, by sin op-press'd; Un-bur----den here thy weigh-ty load; Here find thy re-fuge and thy rest,
INSTRUMENT.
Key of D
TENOR.
Key of D
And let..... thy tears for-get to flow: Be-hold, the pre-cious balm is found, To lull..... thy pain, to heal thy wound.
Key of D
Key of D
And trust..... the mer-cy of thy God: Thy God's thy Sa-viour—glo-rious word! Oh hear,..... be-lieve, and bless the Lord.
BASE.
Key of D

DOXOLOGY.


Key of F
To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, One God whom we a-dore, Be glo-ry, as it was, is now, And shall be ev-er-more, And shall be ev-er-more,
Key of F
Key of F
To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, One God whom we a-dore, Be glo-ry, as it was, is now, And shall be ev-er-more, ...
Key of F
Key of F
Be glo-ry, as it was, is now, and shall be ev-er-more, Be glo-ry, as it was, is now, And shall be ev-er-more.
Key of F
ev - - er - - - more, ...
Key of F
Be glo-ry, as it was, is now, and shall be ev-er-more, Be glo-ry, as it was, is now, And shall be ev-er-more.
Key of F
ev - - er - - - more. . . . . .


Key of F
I will a - rise, I will a - rise, will a - rise, and go to my fa - ther; and will say un - to him, Fa-ther, fa-ther, I have sin-ned, have
sinned, I have sinned against Heav'n and before thee, be - fore thee, and am no more worthy to be call-ed thy son, and am no more worthy to be call-ed thy son.
X


2d TREBLE.
Key of F
1. When shall we meet a - gain— Meet ne'er to se - ver? When will peace wreathe her chain Round us for ev - er? Our hearts will
1st TREBLE.
Key of F
BASE.
Key of F
Key of F
ne'er re - pose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes— Nev - er— no, nev - er.
Key of F
Key of F

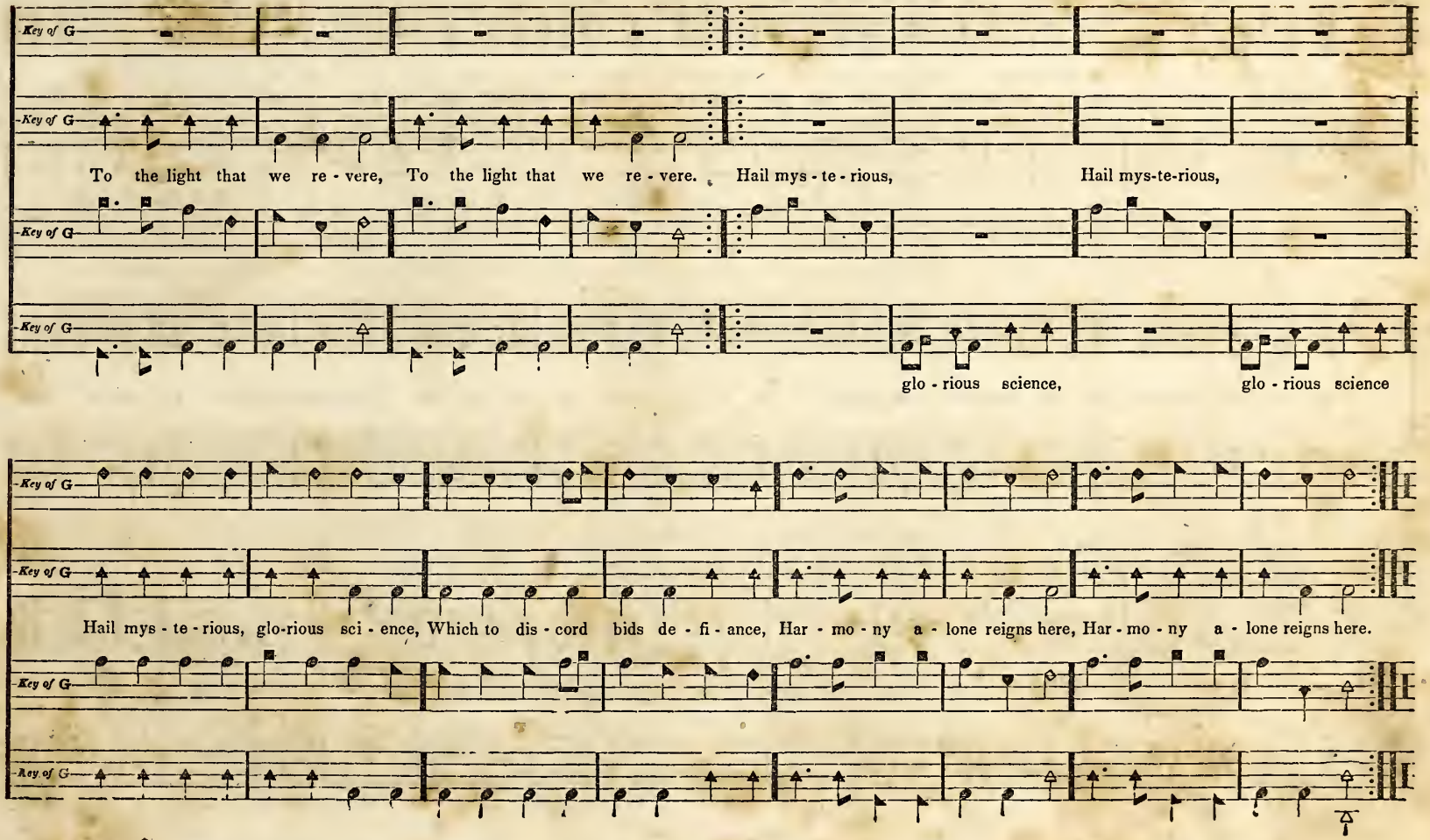
2. When will love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When will sweet friendship glow,
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never

3. Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy for ever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never.

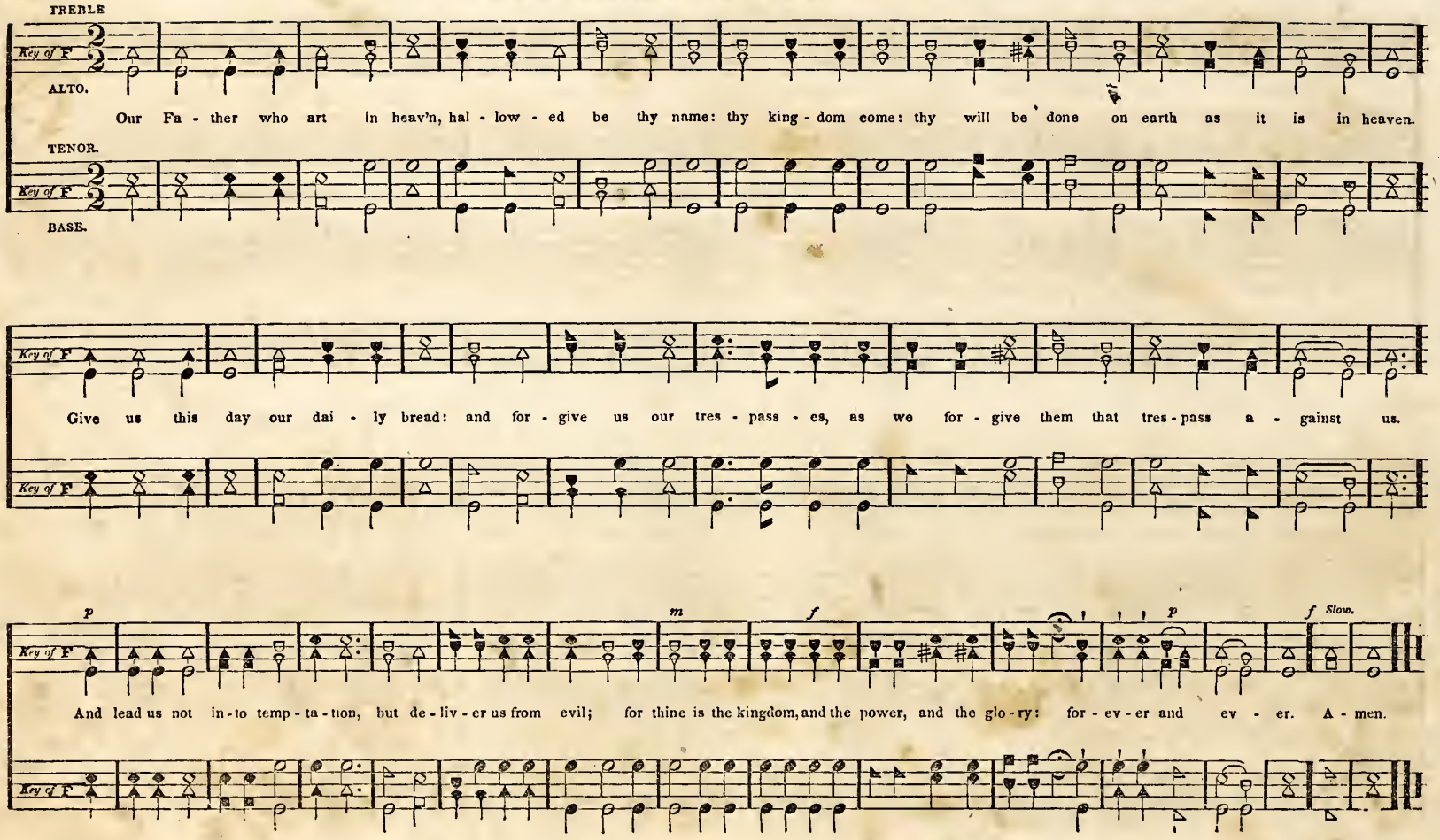
4. Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever.
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never

Key of C
1. Be joy - ful in God, all ye lands of the earth, Oh serve him with gladness and fear: Exult in his presence with mu - sic and mirth, With love and devotion draw near. 2. Jehovah is
3. Oh, en - ter his gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vows in his temple proclaim; His praise with melodious ac-cord-ance pro - long, And bless his a - dor-a-ble name. 4. For good is the
God, and Je-ho-vah a-lone, Cre - a-tor and ru-ler o'er all: And we are his people, his sceptre we own; His sheep, and we follow his call, we follow his call, we follow his call.
Lord, in - ex-press-i - bly good, And we are the work of his hand; His mercy and truth from e - ter-ni-ty stood, And shall to e - ter-ni-ty stand, to e - ter-ni-ty stand, to e - ter-ni-ty stand.

Key of G
Hail mys-te-rious, glorious science, Hail mys-te-rious, glorious science, Hail mys-te-rious, glo-rious science, Which to dis-cord bids de-fi-ance,
Har-mo-ny a-lone reigns here, Har-mo-ny a-lone reigns here. Come, let's sing . . . . . .
Come, let's sing to him that raised us From the rugged path that mazed us

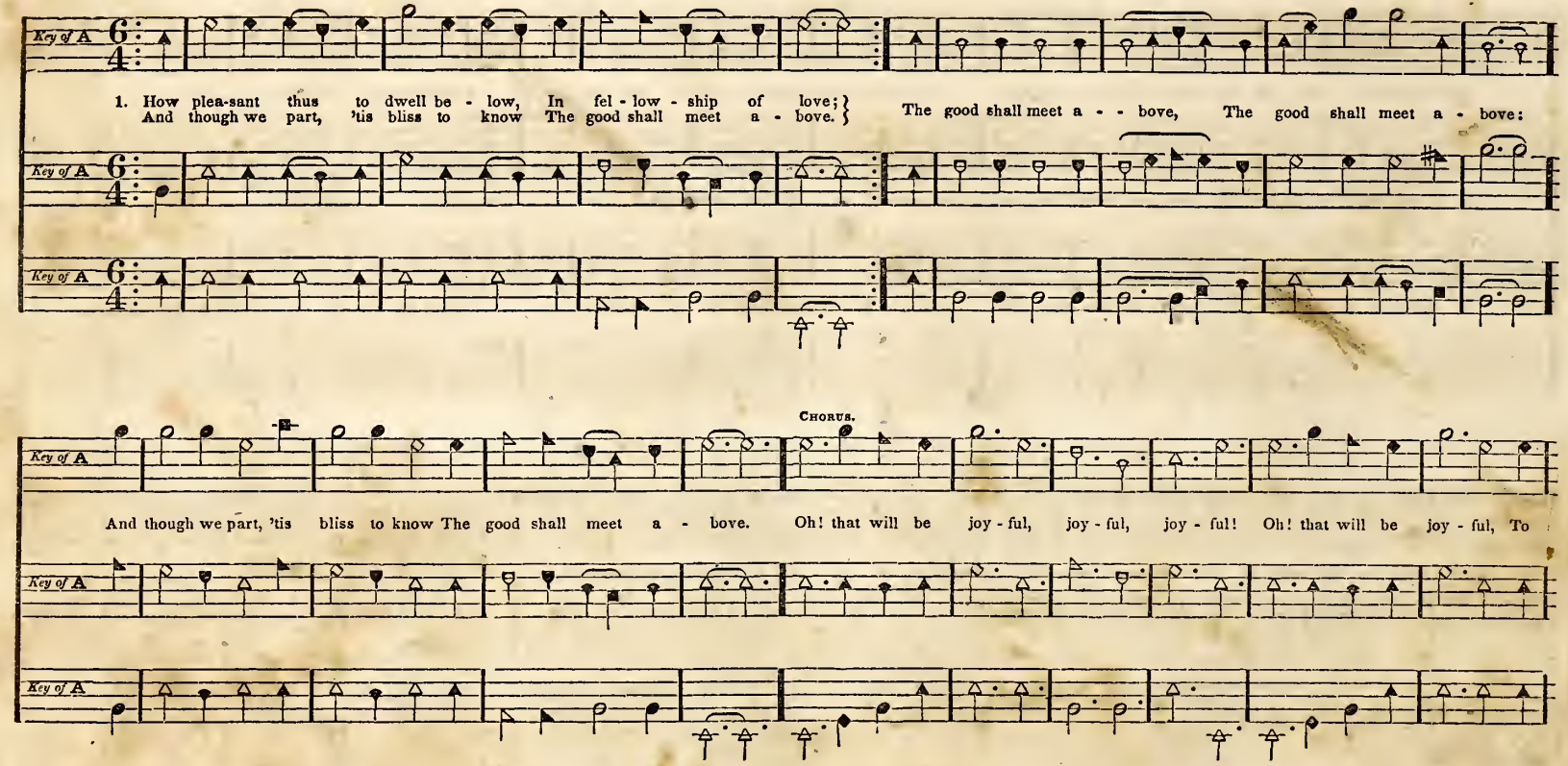

Key of G
Key of G
To the light that we re - vere, To the light that we re - vere. Hail mys - te - rious, Hail mys-te-rious,
Key of G
Key of G
glo - rious science, glo - rious science
Key of G
Key of G
Hail mys - te - rious, glo-rious sci - ence, Which to dis - cord bids de - fi - ance, Har - mo - ny a - lone reigns here, Har - mo - ny a - lone reigns here.
Key of G
Key of G

THE LORD'S PRAYER. [CHANT.]


TREBLE
Key of F
ALTO.
Our Fa - ther who art in heav'n, hal - low - ed be thy name: thy king - dom come: thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
TENOR.
Key of F
BASE.
Key of F
Give us this day our dai - ly bread: and for - give us our tres - pass - es, as we for - give them that tres - pass a - gainst us.
Key of F
p
m
f
p
f Slow.
And lead us not in - to temp - ta - tion, but de - liv - er us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glo - ry: for - ev - er and ev - er. A - men.
Key of F

Key of G
1. Daughter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sadness! A - wake! for thy foes shall op-press thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills, dawns the day-star of gladness,
2. Strong were thy foes, but the arm that sub - dued them, And scatter'd their le-gions, was migh-ti - er far; They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them,
3. Daughter of Zi - on, the power that hath saved thee Ex-toll'd with the harp and the tmbrel should be; Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslaved thee,
A - rise! for the night of thy sor-row is o'er. Daughter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad-ness! A-wake! for thy foes shall op - press thee no more.
And vain were their steeds and their cha-riots of war. Daughter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad-ness! A-wake! for thy foes shall op - press thee no more.
Th'op-press - or is vanquish'd, and Zi - on is free. Daughter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad-ness! A-wake! for thy foes shall op - press thee no more.

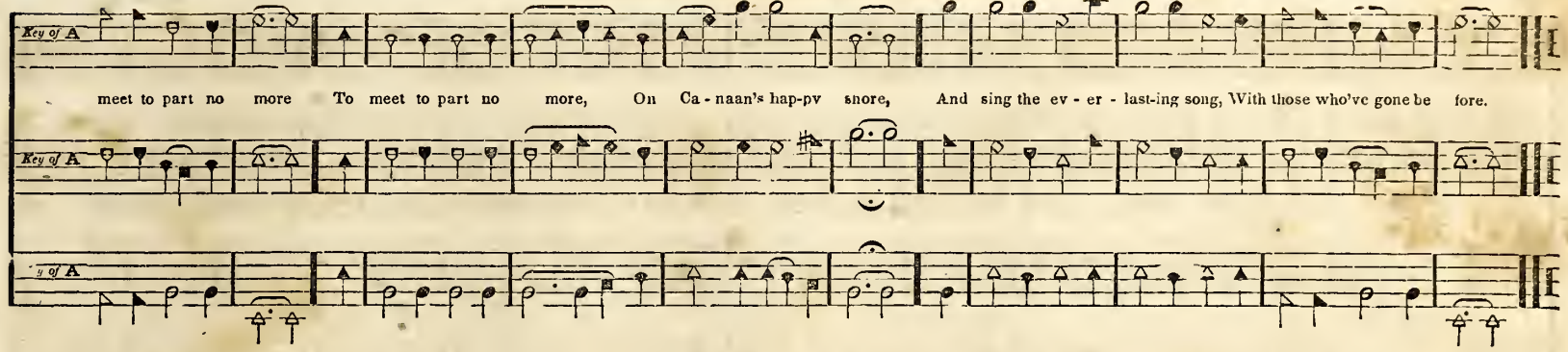
PARTING HYMN.


Key of A 6/4
1. How plea-sant thus to dwell be - low, In fel - low - ship of love;
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.
The good shall meet a - - bove, The good shall meet a - bove:
Chorus.
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove. Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful! Oh! that will be joy - ful, To

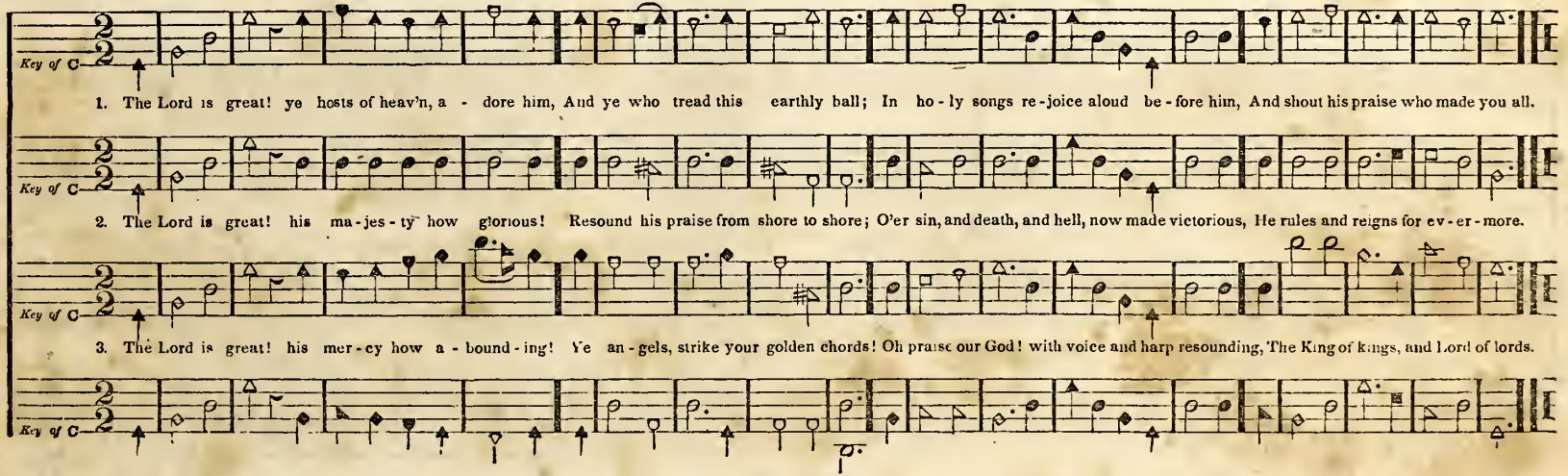
2. Yes, happy thought! when we are free
From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see,
And never part again.
Oh! that will be joyful, &c.

3. The children who have loved the Lord
Shall hail their teachers there;
And teachers gain the rich reward
Of all their toil and care.
Oh! that will be joyful! &c.

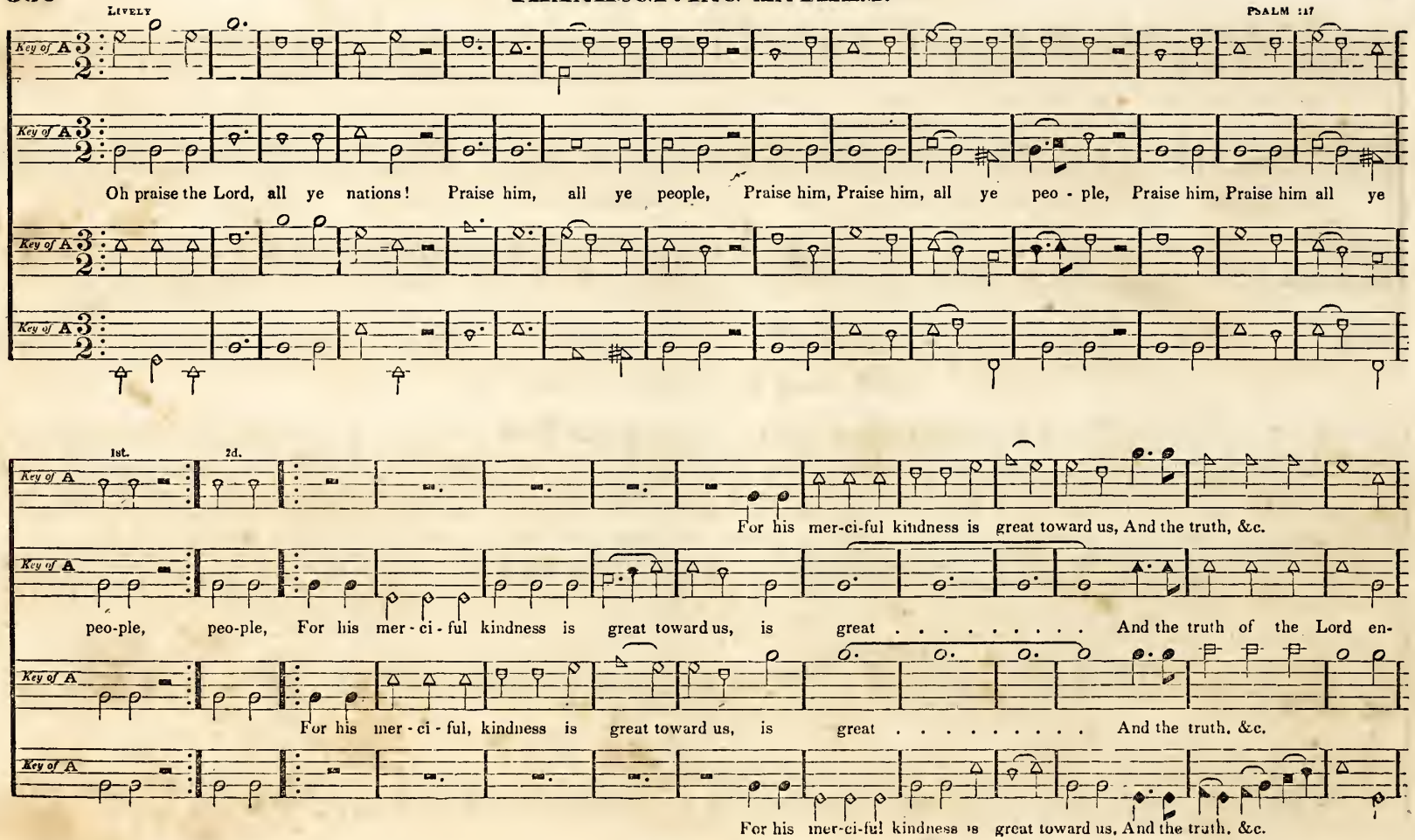
4. Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways;
That we, with those we love, may join
In never-ending praise.
Oh! that will be joyful! &c.

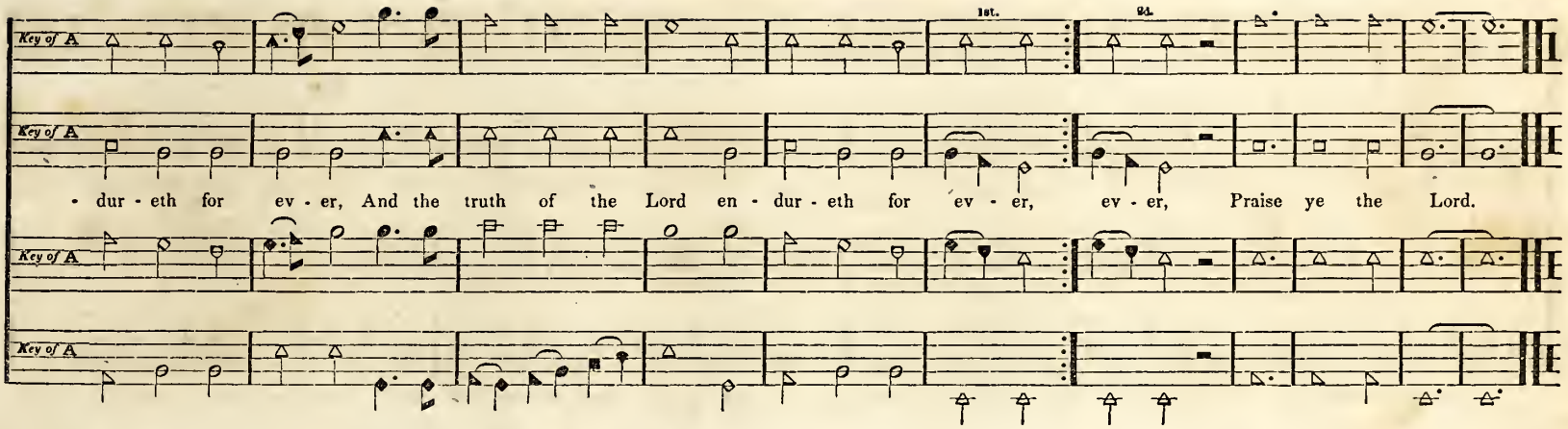

Key of A
meet to part no more To meet to part no more, On Ca - naan's hap-py shore, And sing the ev - er - last-ing song, With those who've gone be fore.
Key of A
y of A

The Lord is great. [Hymn.]


Key of C
1. The Lord is great! ye hosts of heav'n, a - dore him, And ye who tread this earthly ball; In ho - ly songs re-joice aloud be - fore him, And shout his praise who made you all.
Key of C
2. The Lord is great! his ma-jes - ty how glorious! Resound his praise from shore to shore; O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victorious, He rules and reigns for ev - er - more.
Key of C
3. The Lord is great! his mer - cy how a - bound - ing! Ye an - gels, strike your golden chords! Oh praise our God! with voice and harp resounding, The King of kings, and Lord of lords.
Key of C

THANKSGIVING ANTHEM.


Lively
Psalm 117
Key of A
Oh praise the Lord, all ye nations! Praise him, all ye people, Praise him, Praise him, all ye peo - ple, Praise him, Praise him all ye
1st.
2d.
For his mer-ci-ful kindness is great toward us, And the truth, &c.
peo-ple, peo-ple, For his mer - ci - ful kindness is great toward us, is great . . . . . And the truth of the Lord en-
For his mer - ci - ful, kindness is great toward us, is great . . . . . And the truth, &c.
For his mer-ci-ful kindness is great toward us, And the truth, &c.



Praise the Lord. [Thanksgiving Hymn.]

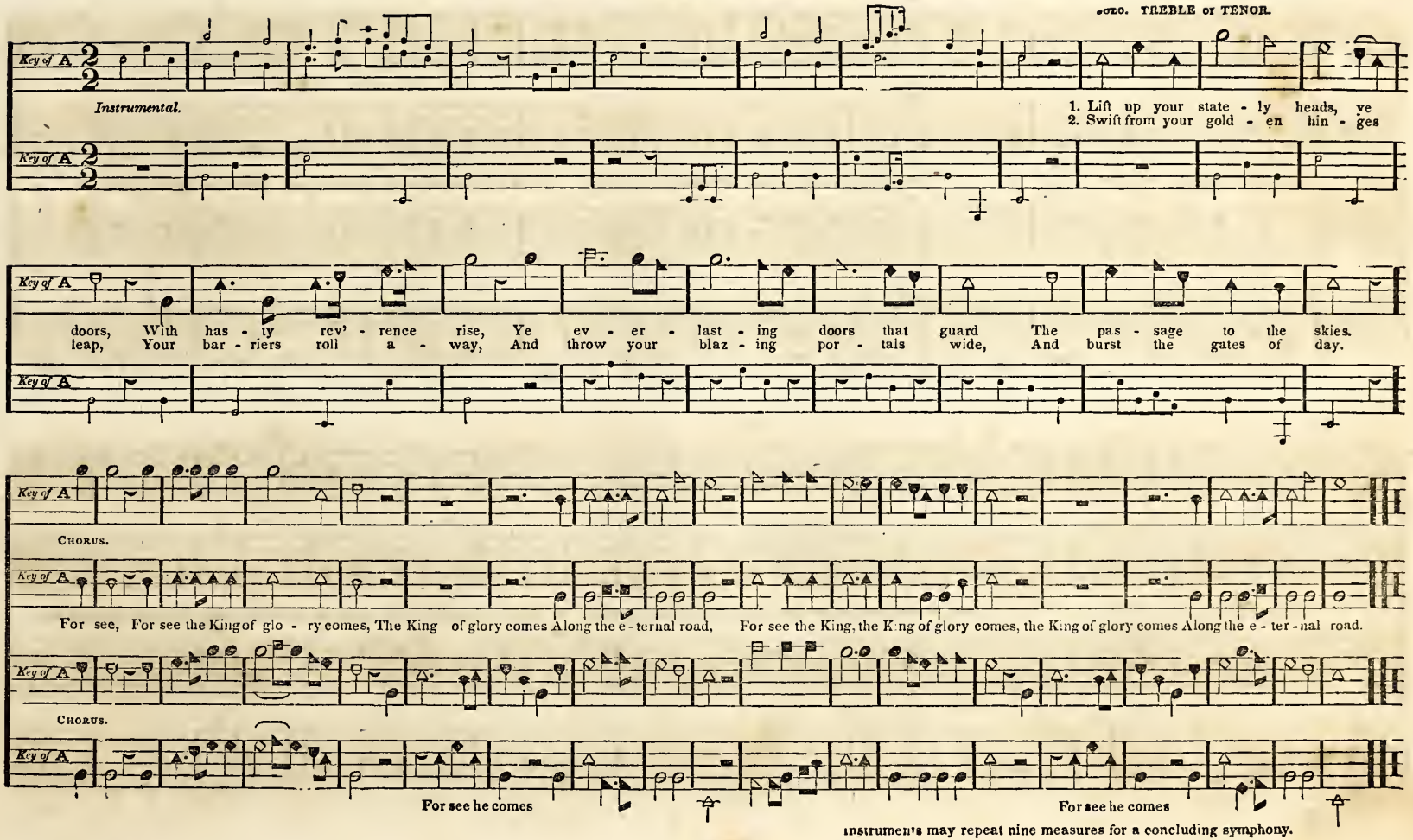
Words translated from the German.
Music arranged from ROLLE.

Lively.
Key of C
1. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, when blush - ing morning Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew; Praise him when revived cre-a-tion Beams with beauties fair and new.
2. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, when ear - ly breezes Come so fra-grant from the flowers; Praise, thou willow, by the brook side; Praise, ye birds a - mong the bowers.
3. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, and may his blessiug Guide us in the way of truth: Keep our feet from paths of error, Make us ho-ly in our youth.
4. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven; An - gels, sing your sweet - est lays, All things ut-ter forth his glory; Sound a-loud Je - ho - vah's praise.

How heavy is the Night. [Hy. 98, Book I. Dr. Watts.]

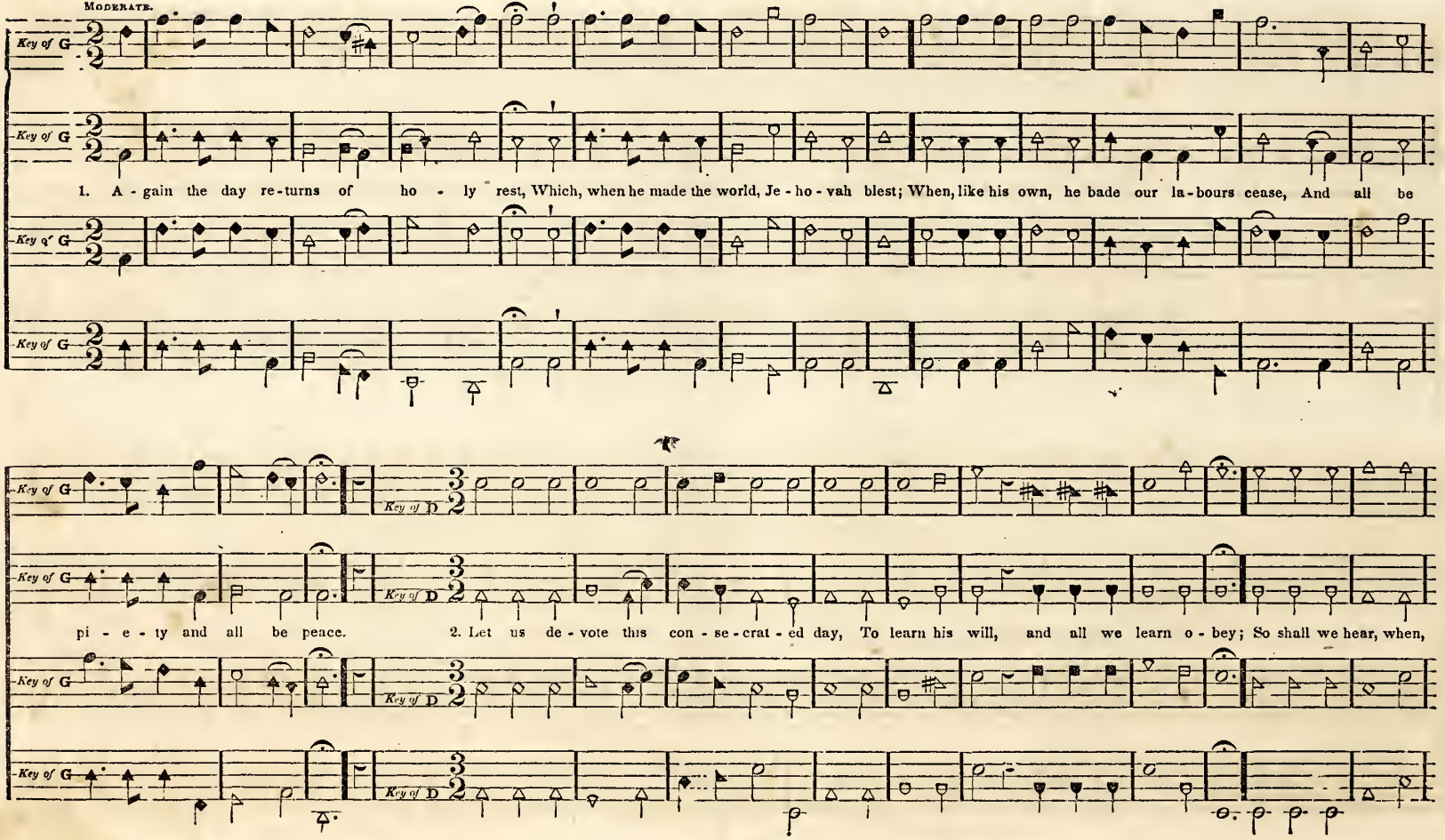
Key of G
Key of E
1. How hea - vy is the night That hangs up - on our eyes, Till Christ, with his re - viv - ing light, O - ver our souls a - rise:
2. Our guilt - y spir - its dread To meet the wrath of heav'n; But in his right - eous-ness ar - ray'd We see our sins for - giv'n.
3. Un - ho - ly and im - pure Are all our thoughts and ways; His hands in - fect - ed na - ture cure, With sanc - ti - fy - ing grace.
4. The pow'rs of hell a - gree To hold our souls, in vain: He sets the sons of bond - age free, And breaks the curs - ed chain.
f
p
5. Lord, we a - dore thy ways To bring us near to God; Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace, And thine a - ton - ing blood, And thine a - ton - ing blood.

Lift up your stately Heads, ye Doors. [Psalm.]


Solo. Treble or Tenor.
Key of A
Instrumental.
1. Lift up your state - ly heads, ye
2. Swift from your gold - en hin - ges
doors, With has - ty rev' - rence rise, Ye ev - er - last - ing doors that guard The pas - sage to the skies.
leap, Your bar - riers roll a - way, And throw your blaz - ing por - tals wide, And burst the gates of day.
Chorus.
For see, For see the King of glo - ry comes, The King of glory comes Along the e - ternal road, For see the King, the King of glory comes, the King of glory comes Along the e - ter - nal road.
Chorus.
For see he comes
For see he comes

Instruments may repeat nine measures for a concluding symphony.

Again the Day returns of holy Rest. [Hymn.]

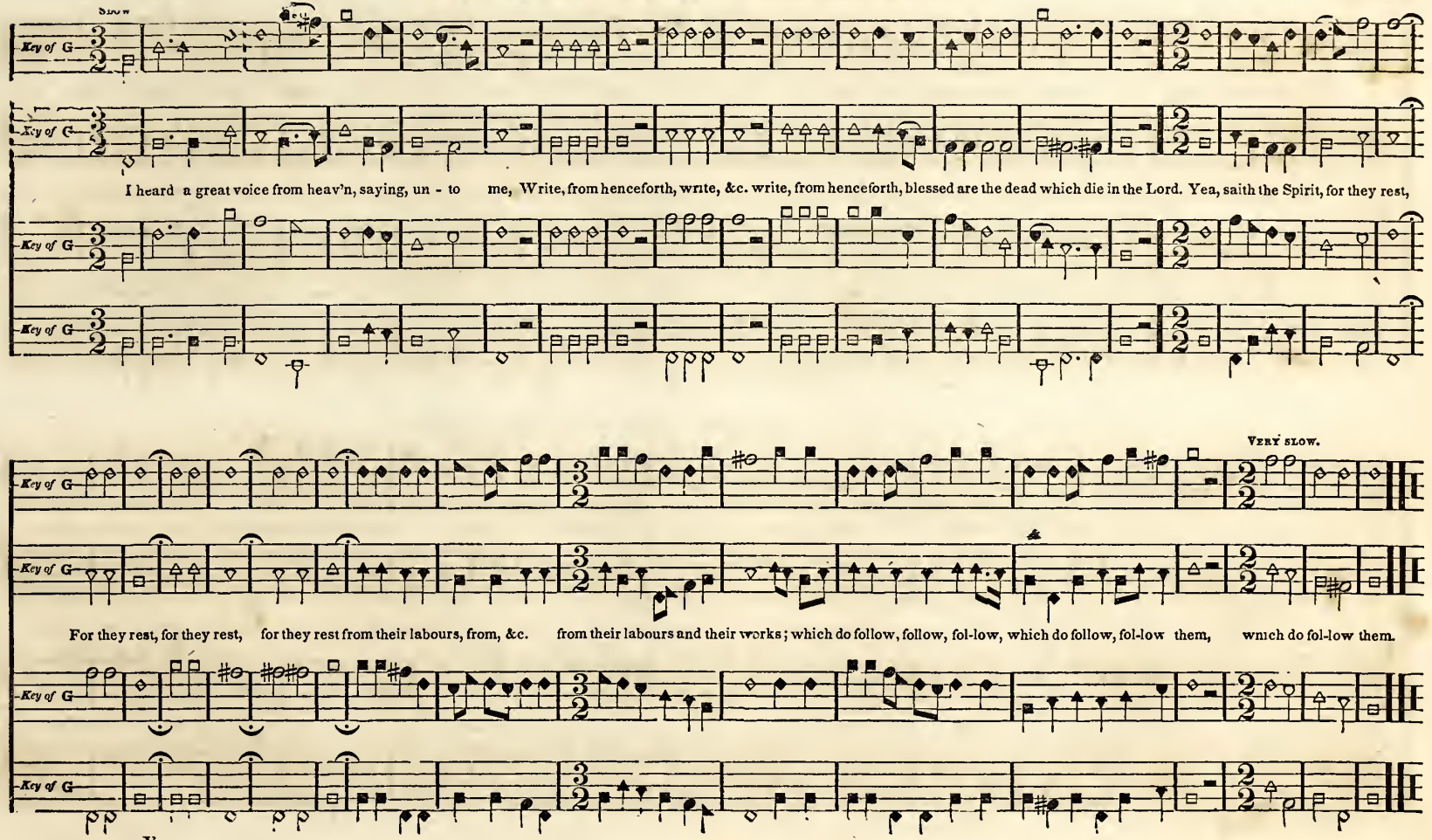

Moderate.
Key of G
Key of D
1. A - gain the day re - turns of ho - ly rest, Which, when he made the world, Je - ho - vah blest; When, like his own, he bade our la - bours cease, And all be
pi - e - ty and all be peace.
2. Let us de - vote this con - se - crat - ed day, To learn his will, and all we learn o - bey; So shall we hear, when,

Key of D
Key of G
fervent-ly we raise our sup - pli - cations, and our songs of praise.
3. Fa-ther of heav'n! In whom our hopes confide, Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide;
Glo-ry supreme be thine, Glo-ry supreme be thine,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend; Glo-ry supreme be thine, be thine, Till time shall end.
Slow.
Glo-ry supreme be thine, be thine,
Glo ry supreme be thine, Glo-ry supreme be thine,

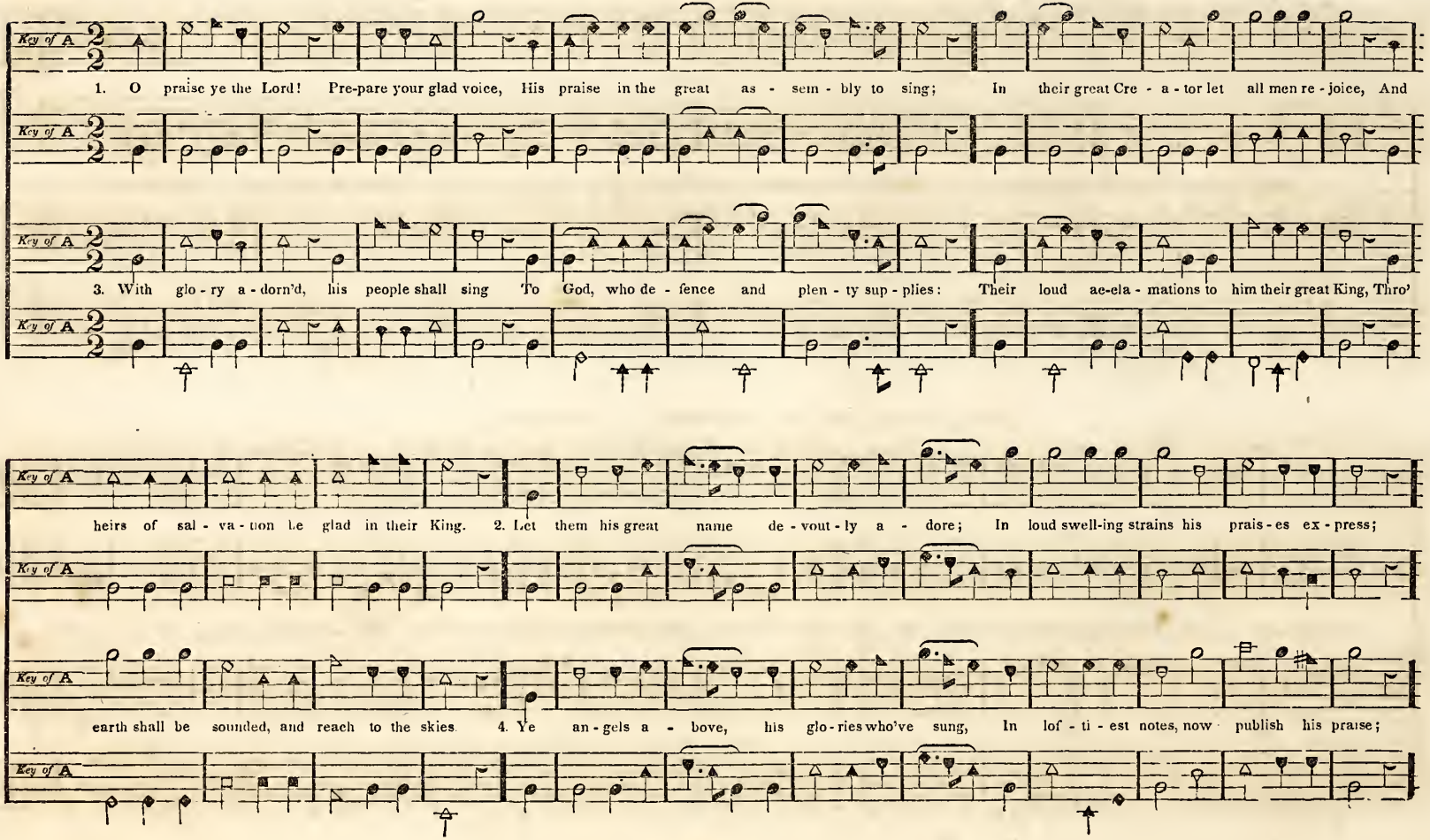
How beauteous are their Feet! [Hymn.]

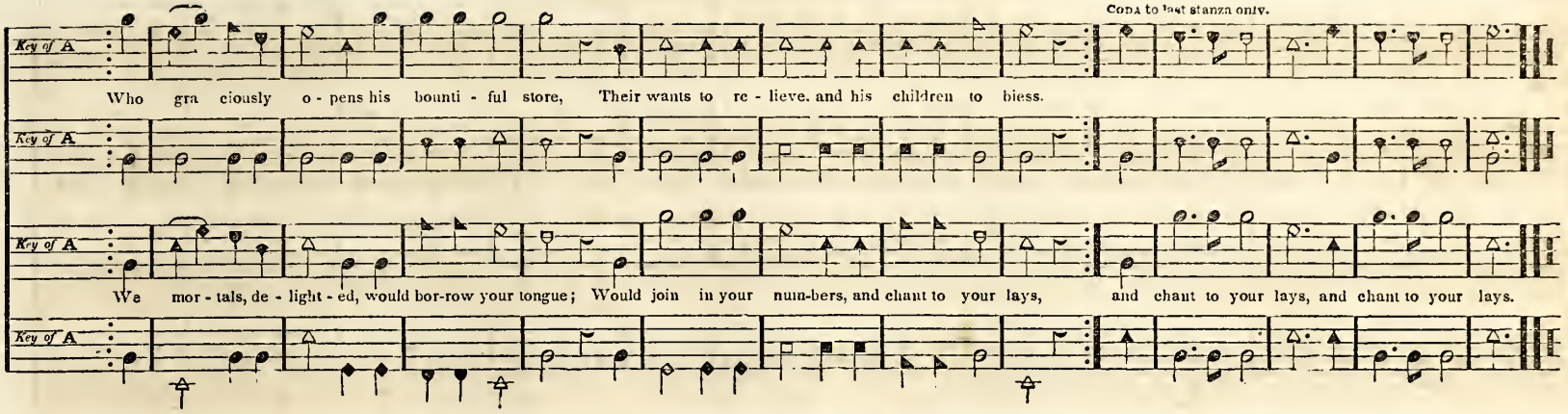
Key of G
6/4
1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill; Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal! 2. How charming is their voice! How
3. How hap - py are our ears, That hear this joy - ful sound, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought but nev - er found! 4. How blessed are our eyes, That
5. The watchmen join their voice, And tune - ful notes em - ploy; Je - ru - sa-lem breaks forth in songs, And deserts learn the joy. 6. The Lord makes bare his arm, Through
sweet the tid - ings are! "Zi - on, be - hold thy Sa - viour— King, He reigns and tri - umphs here," He reigns, He reigns and tri - umphs here.
see this heav'n - ly light! Prophets and kings de - sired it long, [. . . . .] But died, But died with - out the sight.
all the earth a - broad; Let ev' - ry na - tion now be - hold Their Saviour and their God, Be - hold their Sa - viour and their God.

Note.—The first two lines of the 3d and 4th stanzas should be sung as a Duet by Treble voices. In the 4th stanza omit the music between the brackets, [.] so as to avoid a repetition of the line "Prt died without the sight" and let this line be sung slow and soft.


Slow
Key of G
I heard a great voice from heav'n, saying, un - to me, Write, from henceforth, write, &c. write, from henceforth, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest,
Very slow.
For they rest, for they rest, for they rest from their labours, from, &c. from their labours and their works; which do follow, follow, fol-low, which do follow, fol-low them, which do fol-low them.

Subject from MOZART

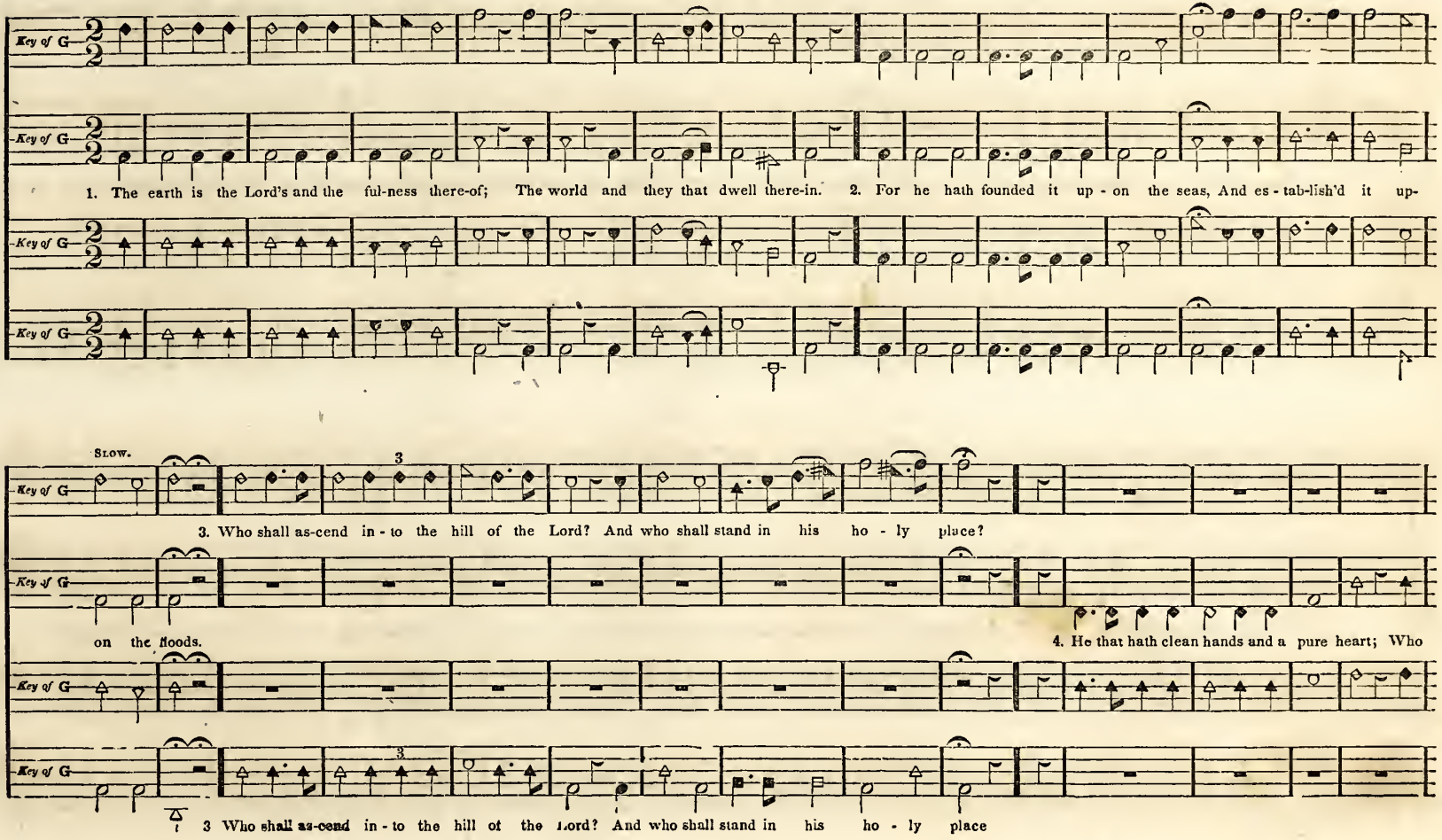

Key of A
1. O praise ye the Lord! Pre-pare your glad voice, His praise in the great as - sem - bly to sing; In their great Cre - a - tor let all men re - joice, And
3. With glo - ry a - dorn'd, his people shall sing To God, who de - fence and plen - ty sup - plies: Their loud ac-cla - mations to him their great King, Thro'
heirs of sal - va - tion be glad in their King. 2. Let them his great name de - vout - ly a - dore; In loud swell-ing strains his prais - es ex - press;
earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies. 4. Ye an - gels a - bove, his glo - ries who've sung, In lof - ti - est notes, now publish his praise;

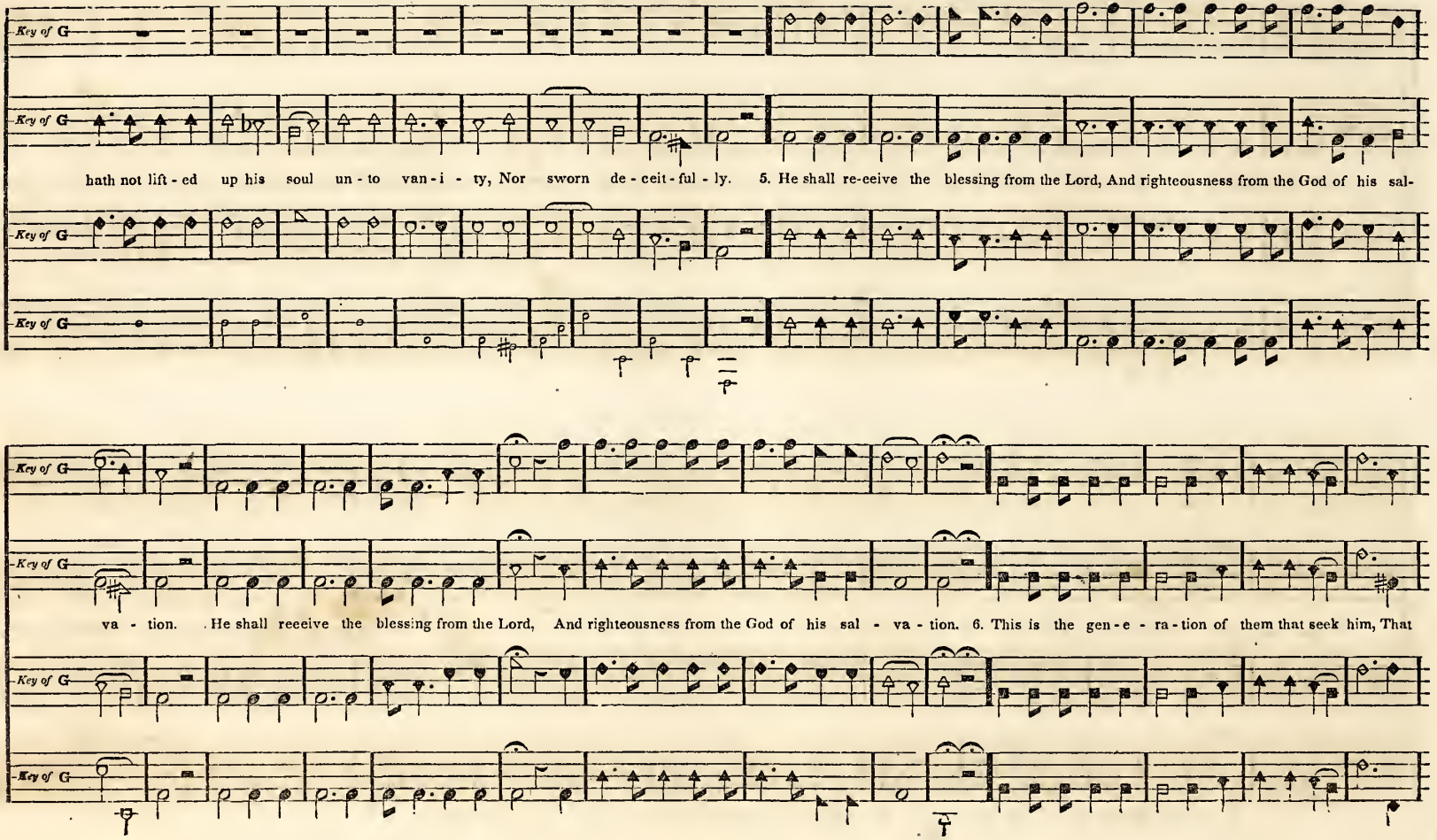

Coda to last stanza only.
Key of A
Who gra ciously o - pens his bounti - ful store, Their wants to re - lieve, and his children to biess.
Key of A
Key of A
We mor - tals, de - light - ed, would bor-row your tongue; Would join in your num-bers, and chant to your lays, and chant to your lays, and chant to your lays.
Key of A

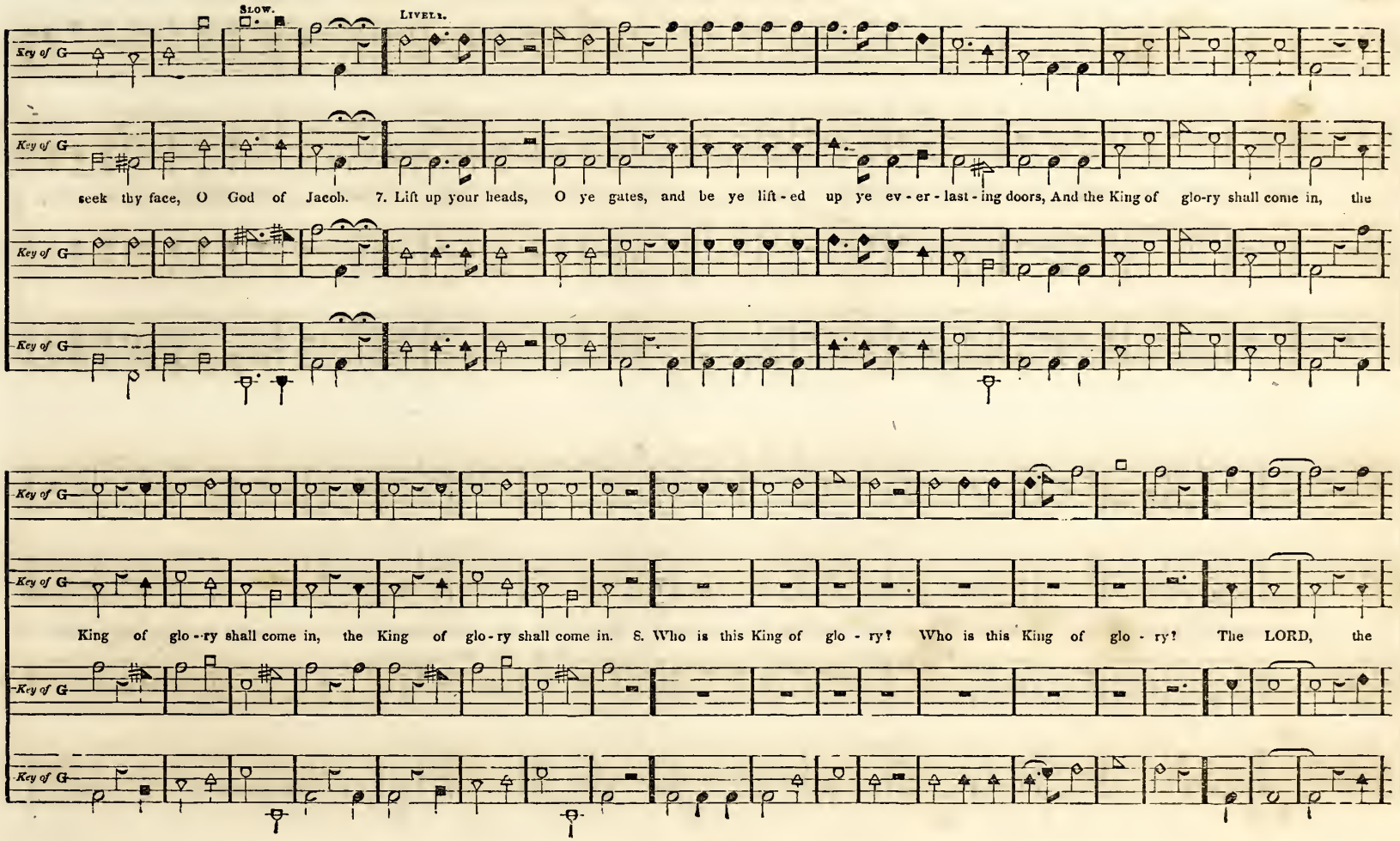
Holy Lord God of Sabaoth. [SENTENCE.]

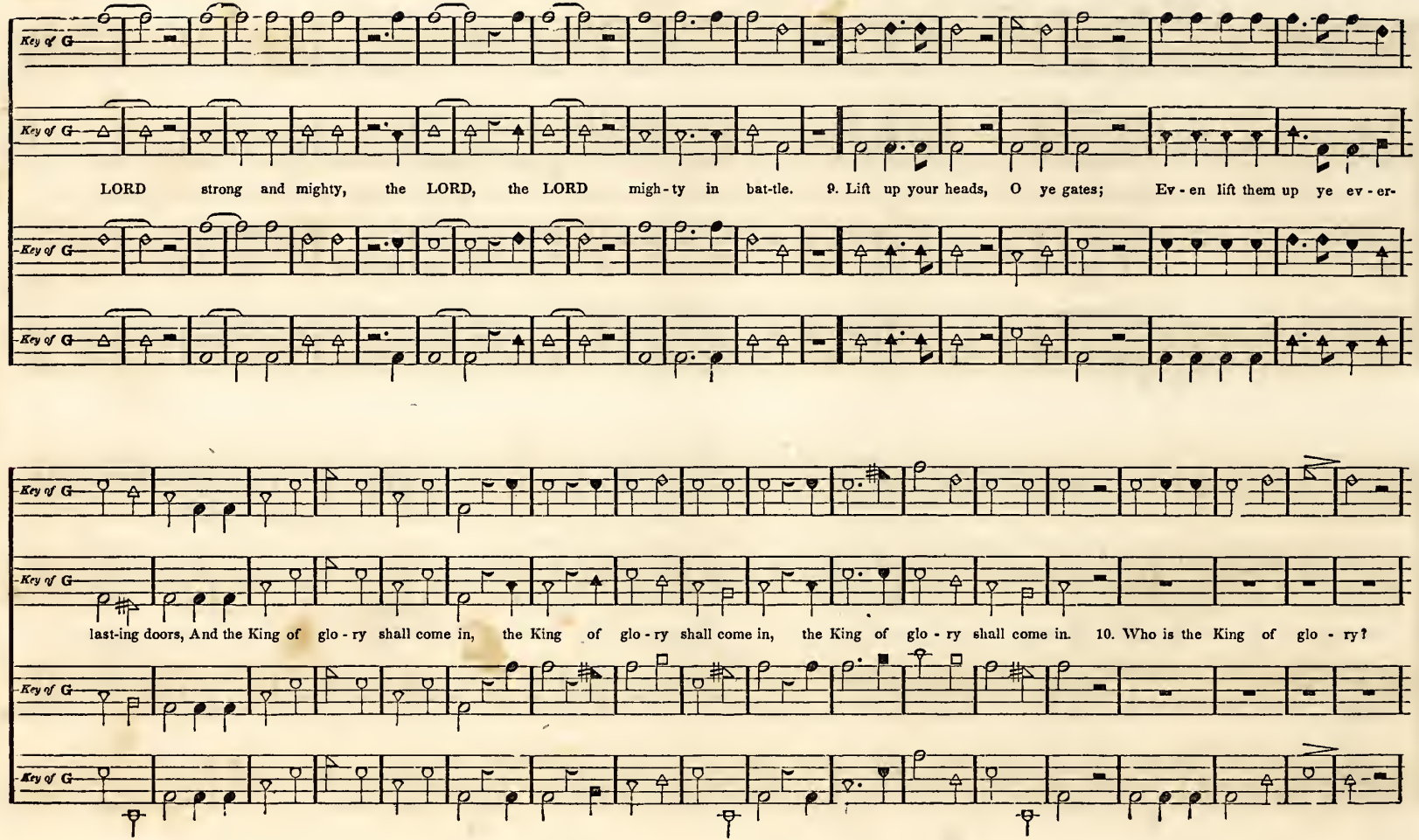
SLOW.
Key of G
Key of G
Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy great glo - ry,
Key of G
Key of G

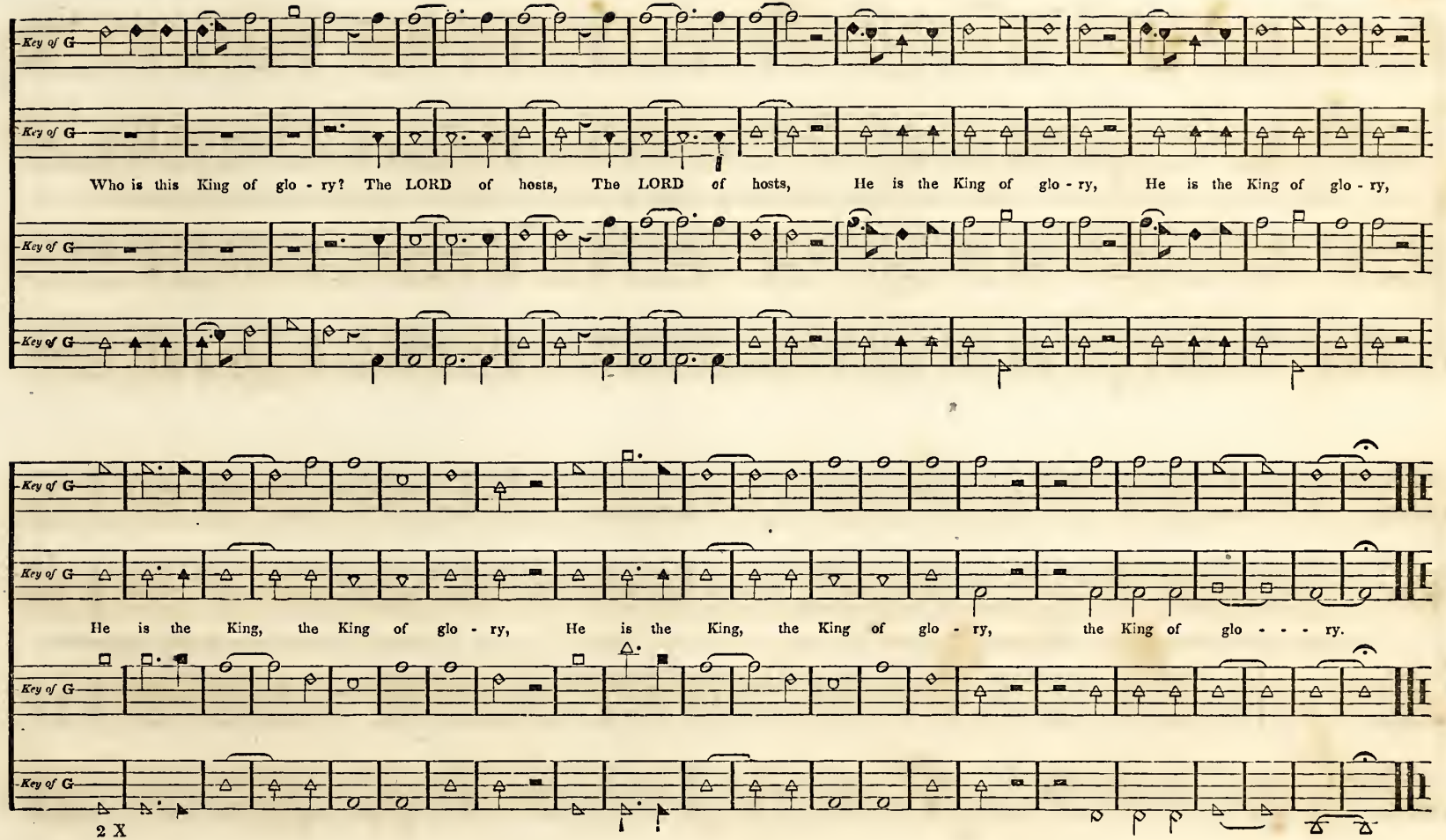
Key of G
Glo-ry be to thee,
Heav'n and earth are full, Heav'n and earth are full of the ma-jes-ty of thy great glo - ry. Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to
Glo - ry be to thee,
Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee...
thee, Glo - ry be to thee, to thee... Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord, O Lord Most High.
Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee.


Key of G
1. The earth is the Lord's and the ful-ness there-of; The world and they that dwell there-in. 2. For he hath founded it up - on the seas, And es - tab-lish'd it up-
Slow.
3. Who shall as-cend in - to the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his ho - ly place?
on the floods.
4. He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; Who
3 Who shall as-cend in - to the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his ho - ly place


Key of G
Key of G
hath not lift - ed up his soul un - to van - i - ty, Nor sworn de - ceit - ful - ly. 5. He shall re-ceive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his sal-
Key of G
Key of G
va - tion. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his sal - va - tion. 6. This is the gen - e - ra - tion of them that seek him, That
Key of G
Key of G

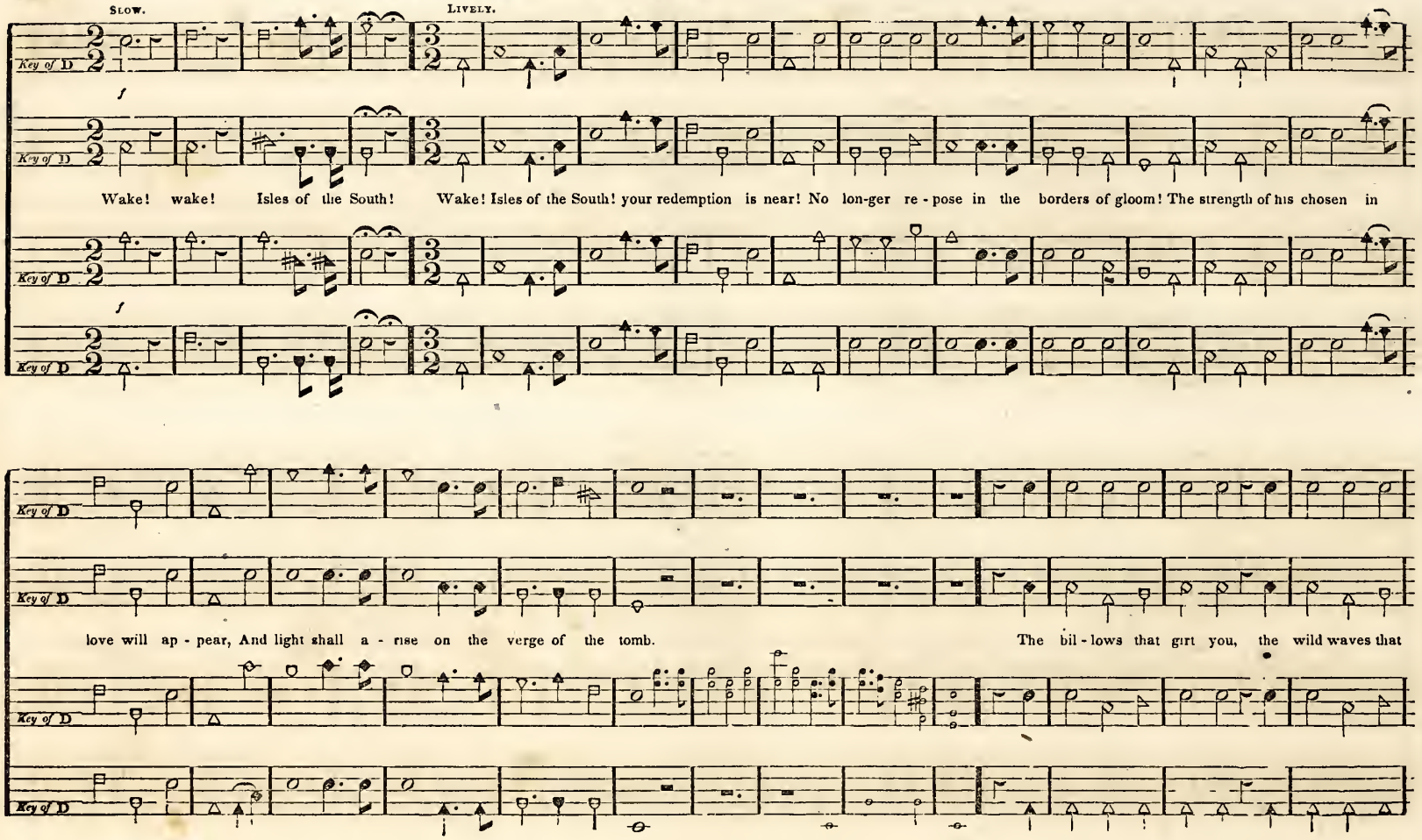

SLOW.
LIVELY.
Key of G
seek thy face, O God of Jacob. 7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift-ed up ye ev-er-last-ing doors, And the King of glo-ry shall come in, the
King of glo-ry shall come in, the King of glo-ry shall come in. 8. Who is this King of glo-ry? Who is this King of glo-ry? The LORD, the

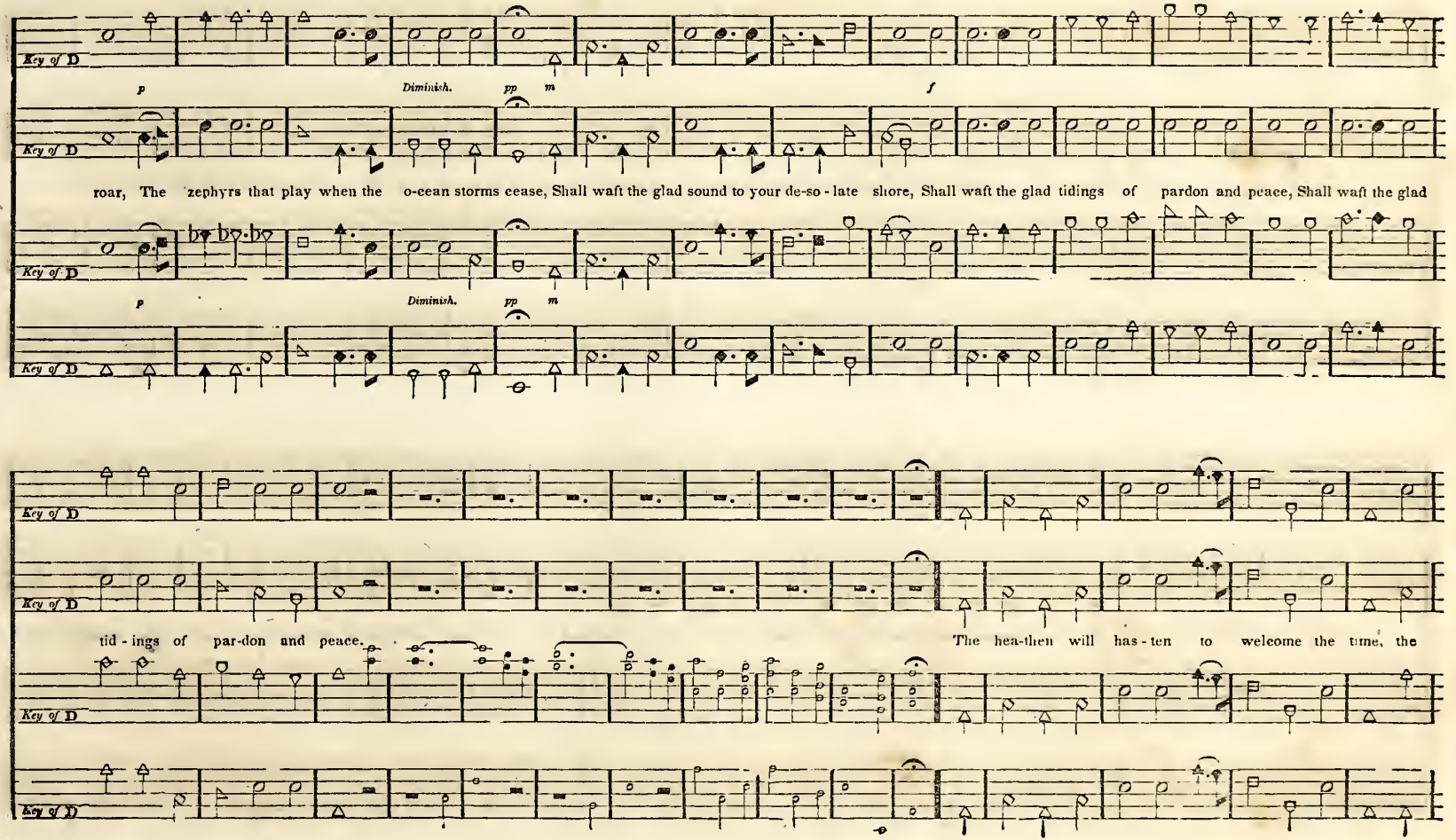

Key of G
LORD strong and mighty, the LORD, the LORD migh-ty in bat-tle. 9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; Ev-en lift them up ye ev-er-
last-ing doors, And the King of glo-ry shall come in, the King of glo-ry shall come in, the King of glo-ry shall come in. 10. Who is the King of glo-ry?

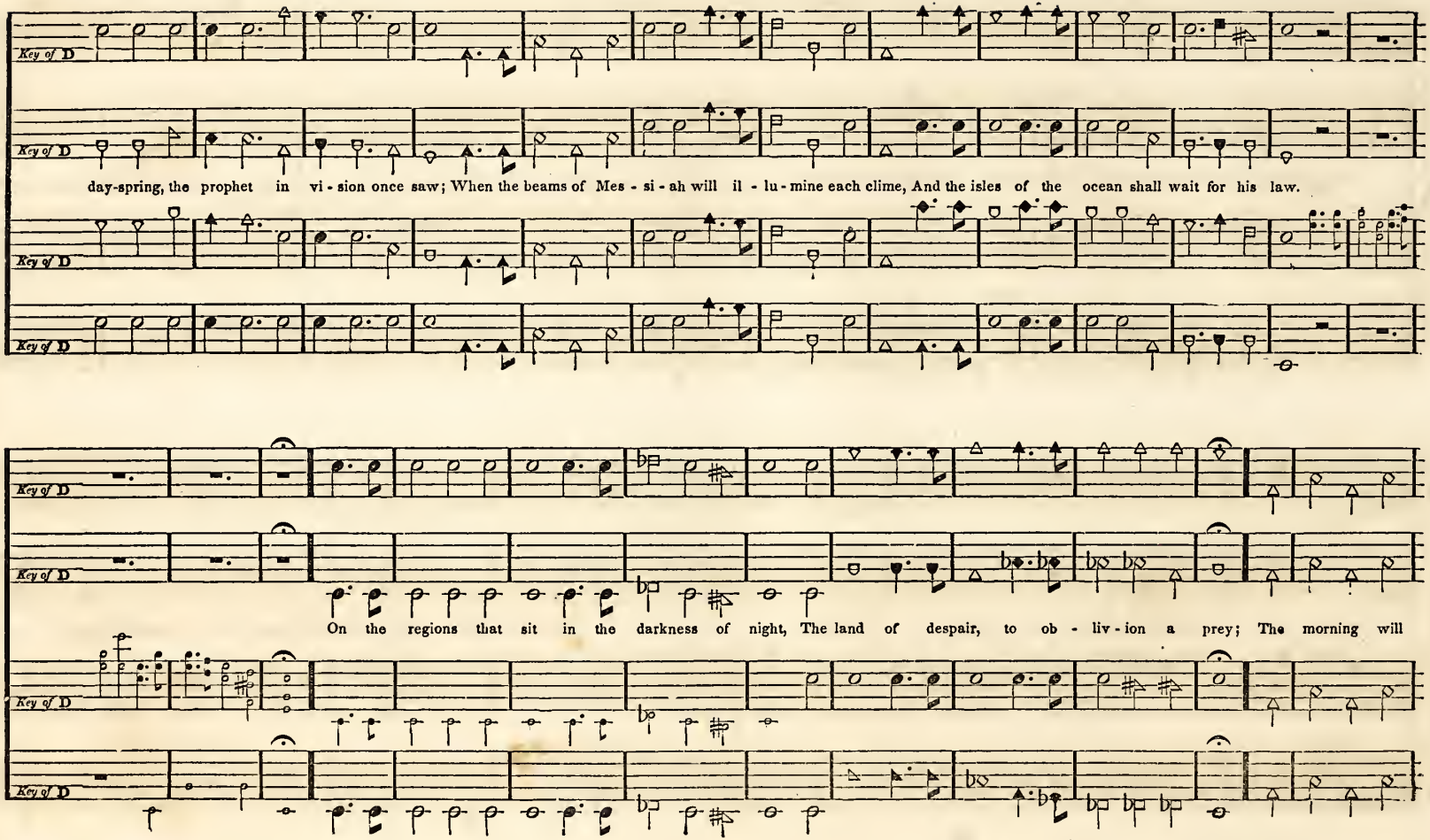

Key of G
Key of G
Who is this King of glo - ry? The LORD of hosts, The LORD of hosts, He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King of glo - ry,
Key of G
Key of G
Key of G
Key of G
He is the King, the King of glo - ry, He is the King, the King of glo - ry, the King of glo - - - ry.
Key of G
Key of G
2 X

Wake! Isles of the South. [Missionary Hymn.]

L. MASON.

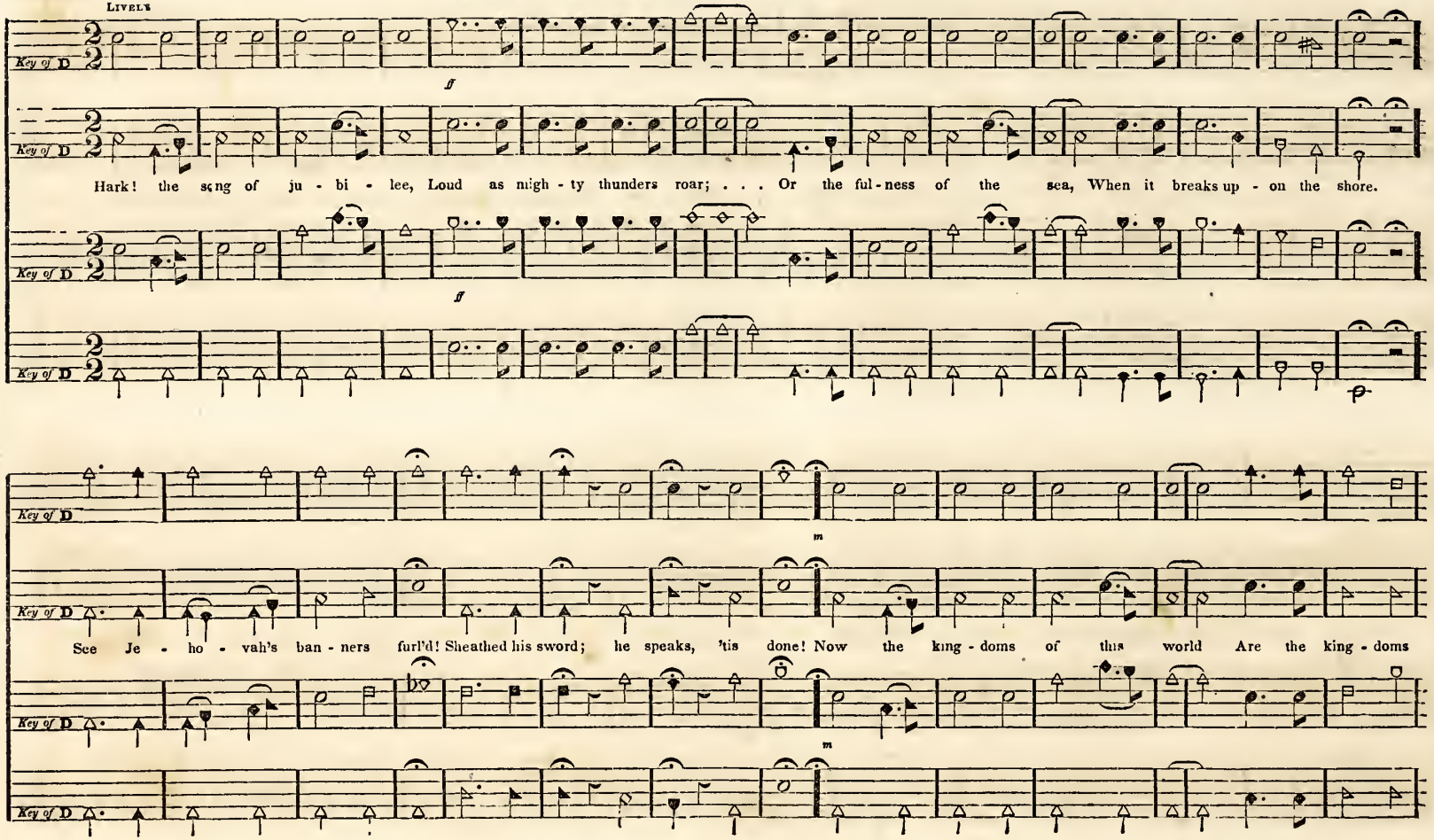

Slow.
Lively.
Key of D
Wake! wake! Isles of the South! Wake! Isles of the South! your redemption is near! No lon-ger re - pose in the borders of gloom! The strength of his chosen in
love will ap - pear, And light shall a - rise on the verge of the tomb. The bil - lows that girt you, the wild waves that

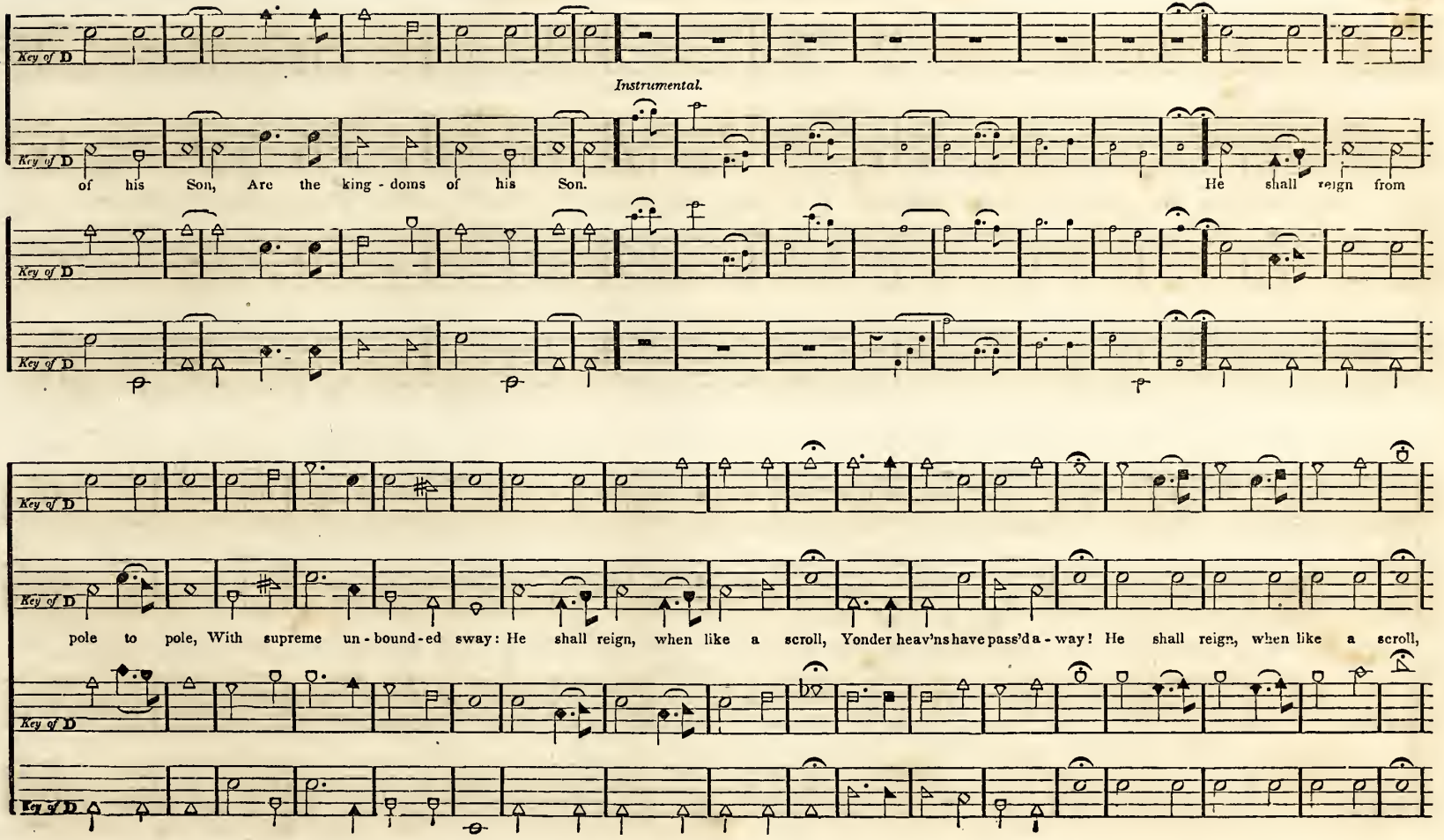

Key of D
p
Diminish.
pp
m
f
roar, The zephyrs that play when the o-cean storms cease, Shall waft the glad sound to your de-so-late shore, Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace, Shall waft the glad
tid-ings of par-don and peace.
The hea-then will has-ten to welcome the time, the

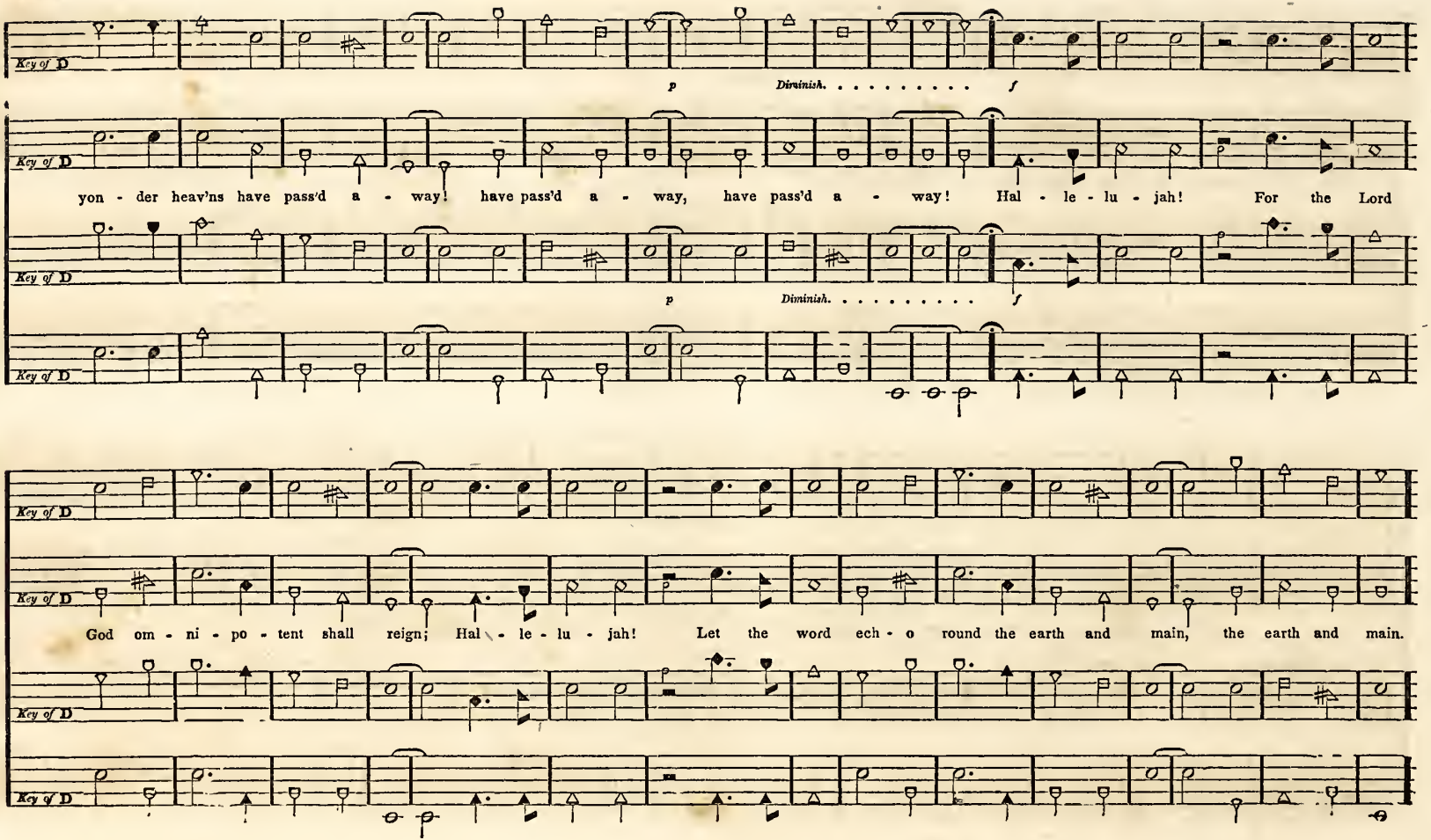

Key of D
Key of D
day-spring, the prophet in vi - sion once saw; When the beams of Mes - si - ah will il - lu - mine each clime, And the isles of the ocean shall wait for his law.
Key of D
Key of D
Key of D
Key of D
On the regions that sit in the darkness of night, The land of despair, to ob - liv - ion a prey; The morning will
Key of D
Key of D

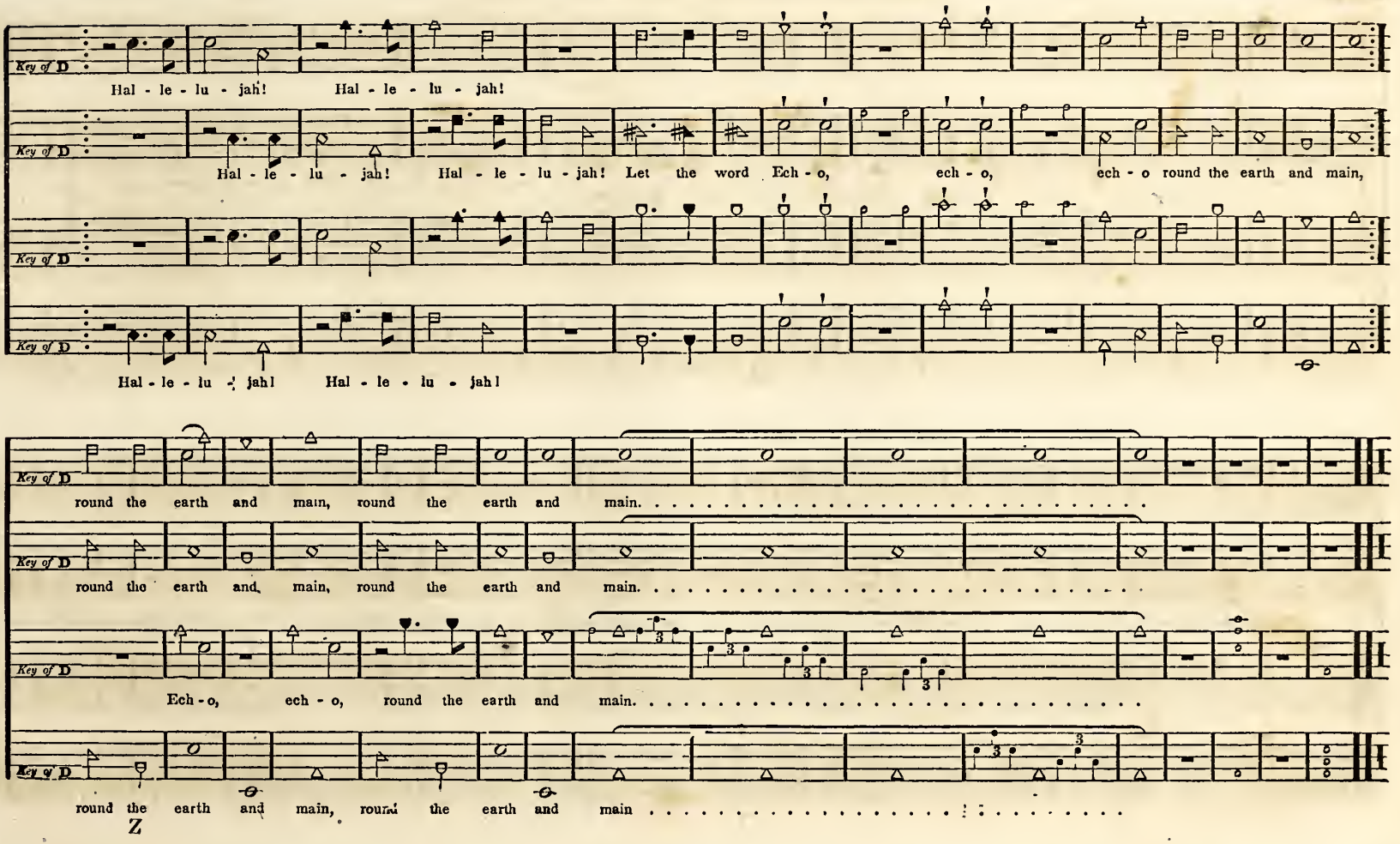
Key of D
m
f
o - pen with healing and light; The glad star of Bethlehem will brighten to - day, The glad star of Bethlehem will brighten to - day, The glad star of Bethlehem will brighten to-
ff
day, The glad star of Bethlehem will brighten to - day, The glad star of Bethlehem will brighten to - day, will brighten to - day, will brighten to - day.

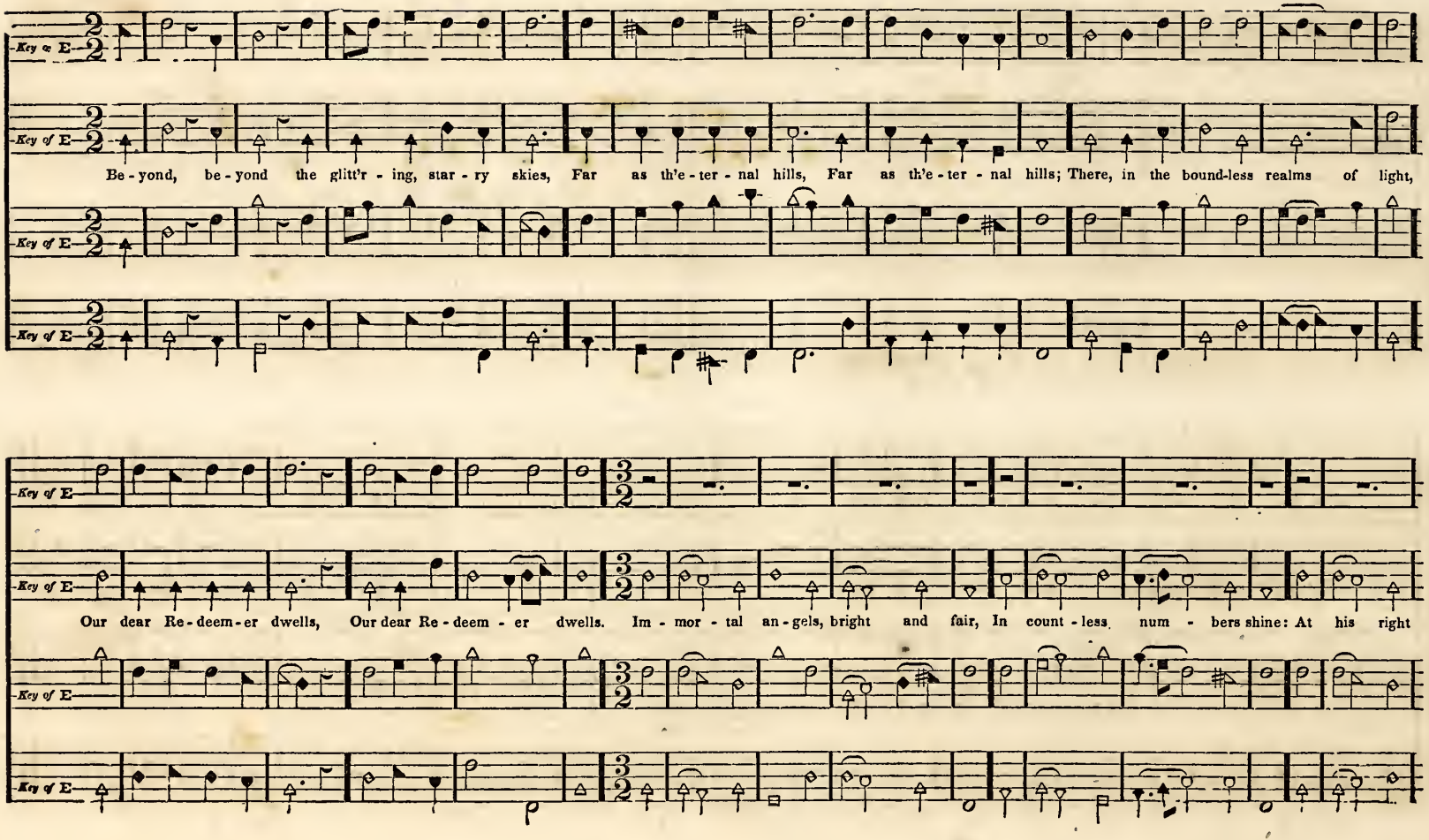
Hark! the Song of Jubilee. [Hymn.]

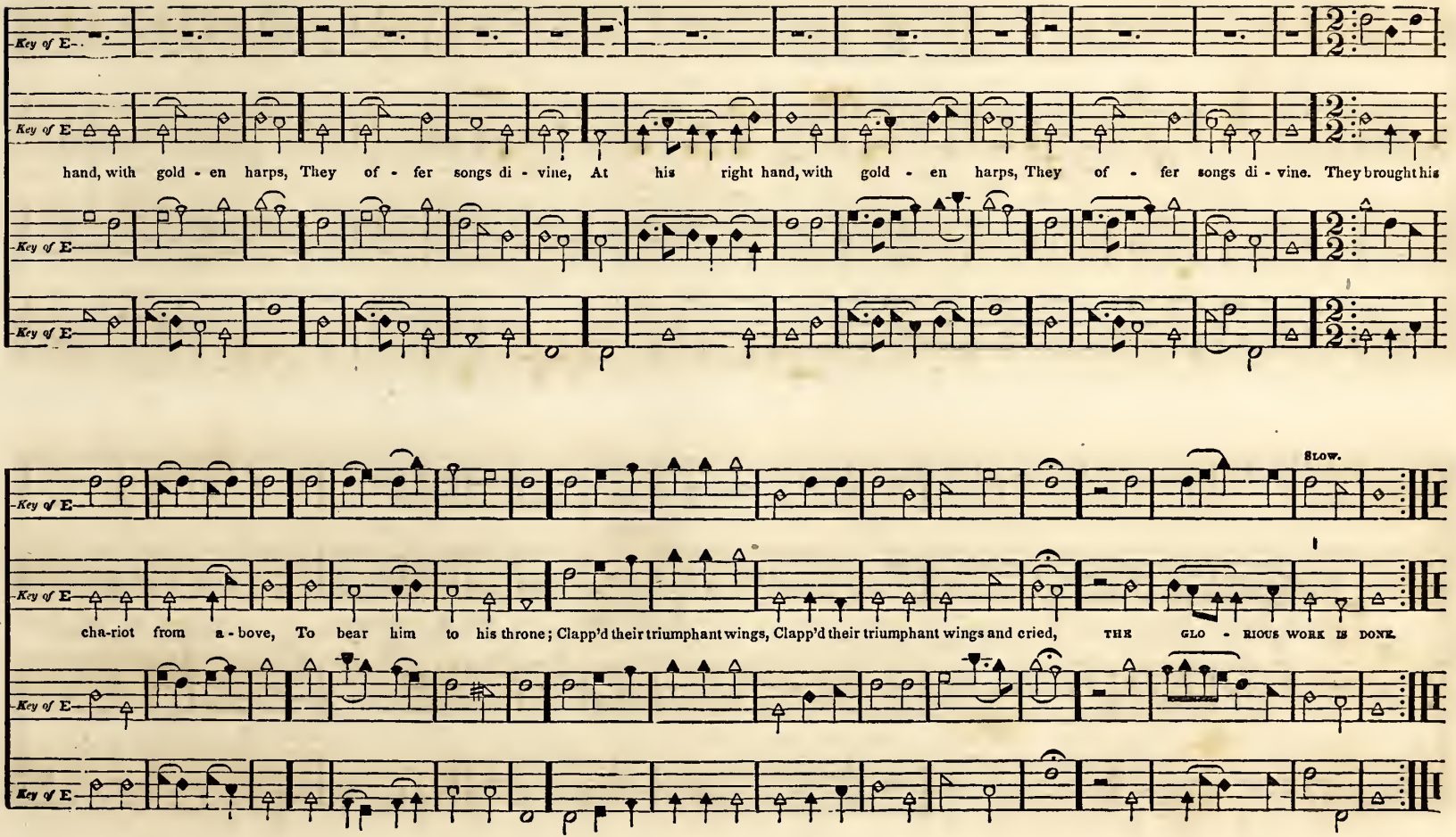

Lively
Key of D
ff
Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as migh - ty thunders roar; . . . Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore.
ff
p
m
See Je - ho - vah's ban - ners furl'd! Sheathed his sword; he speaks, 'tis done! Now the king - doms of this world Are the king - doms
m


Key of D
Instrumental.
of his Son, Are the king - doms of his Son. He shall reign from
pole to pole, With supreme un - bound - ed sway: He shall reign, when like a scroll, Yonder heav'ns have pass'd a - way! He shall reign, when like a scroll,


Key of D
p
Diminish. . . . . f
yon - der heav'ns have pass'd a - way! have pass'd a - way, have pass'd a - way! Hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord
God om - ni - po - tent shall reign; Hal - le - lu - jah! Let the word ech - o round the earth and main, the earth and main.

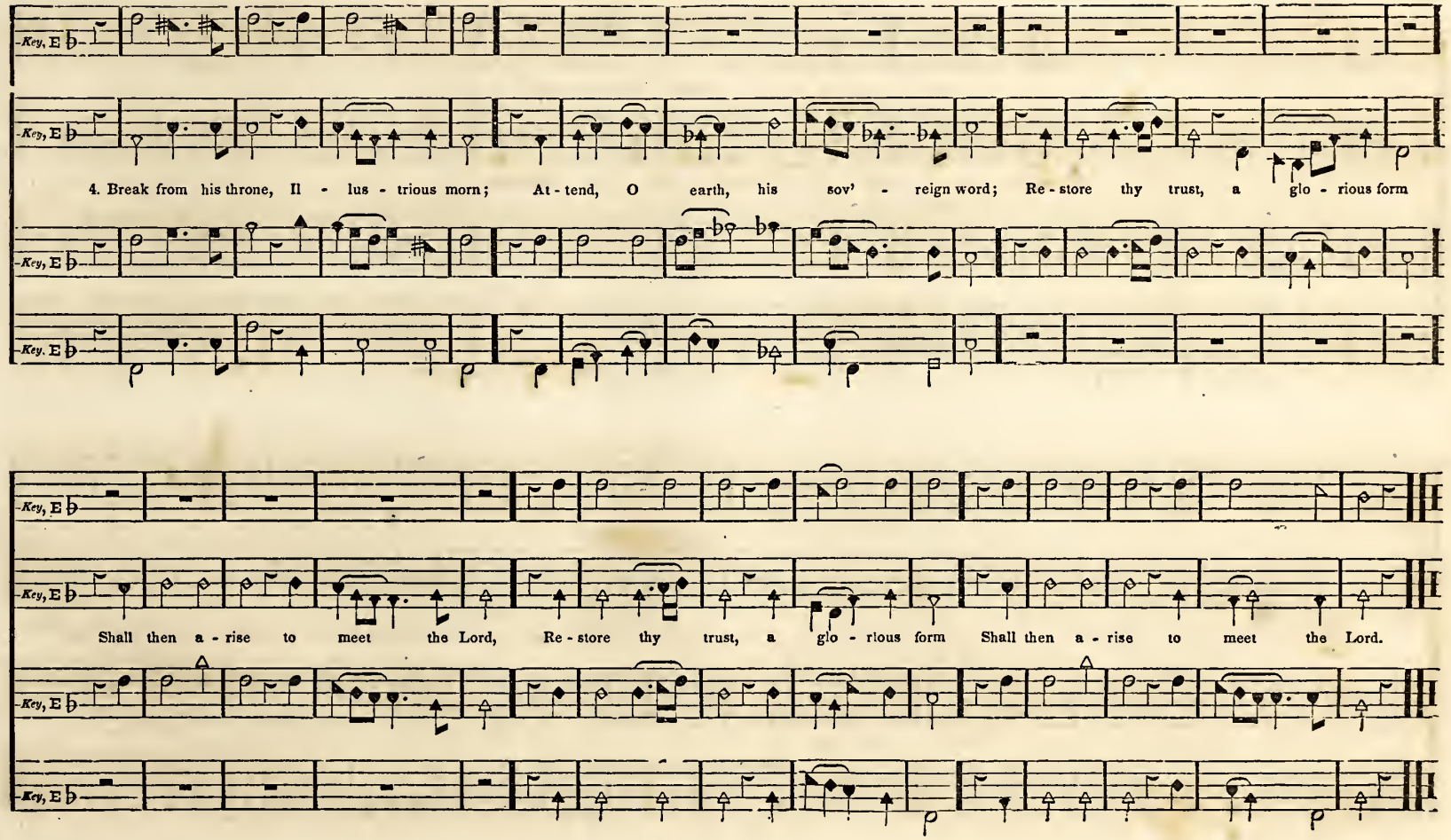

Key of D
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Let the word Ech - o, ech - o, ech - o round the earth and main,
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
round the earth and main, round the earth and main.
round the earth and main, round the earth and main.
Ech - o, ech - o, round the earth and main.
round the earth and main, round the earth and main
Z


Key of E
Be - yond, be - yond the glitt'r - ing, star - ry skies, Far as th'e - ter - nal hills, Far as th'e - ter - nal hills; There, in the bound-less realms of light,
Our dear Re - deem - er dwells, Our dear Re - deem - er dwells. Im - mor - tal an - gels, bright and fair, In count - less num - bers shine: At his right


Key of E
Key of E
hand, with gold - en harps, They of - fer songs di - vine, At his right hand, with gold - en harps, They of - fer songs di - vine. They brought his
Key of E
Key of E
Slow.
Key of E
Key of E
cha-riot from a - bove, To bear him to his throne; Clapp'd their triumphant wings, Clapp'd their triumphant wings and cried, THE GLO - RIOUS WORK IS DONE.
Key of E
Key of E

Unvail thy Bosom, faithful Tomb. [Dead March in the Oratorio of Saul.]

Very slow.
Key, E♭
1. Un - vail thy bo - som, faith - ful tomb, Take this new trea-sure to thy trust; And give these sa - cred rel - ics room
2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear In - vade thy bounds. No mor - tal woes Can reach the peace - ful sleep - er here,
3. So Je - sus slept; God's dy - ing Son Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the bed; Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
To slum - ber in the si - lent dust, And give these sa - cred rel - ics room To slum - ber in the si - lent dust.
While an - gels watch the soft re - pose, Can reach the peace - ful sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the soft re - pose.
The morn - ing break, and pierce the shade, Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne The morn - ing break, and pierce the shade.


Key, E♭
4. Break from his throne, Il - lus - trious morn; At - tend, O earth, his sov' - reign word; Re - store thy trust, a glo - rious form
Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord, Re - store thy trust, a glo - rious form Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord.

SANCTUS AND HOSANNA.

Slow.
More lively.
Key of F
Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo-ry;
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Sab - a - oth! Heav'n and earth are full, are full of thy glo-ry; Glo - ry, glo - ry be to thee, O Lord;
Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo-ry;
Distinct and rather slow.
Glo - ry, glo - ry be to thee, O Lord.
Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord, who cometh in the name of the Lord.

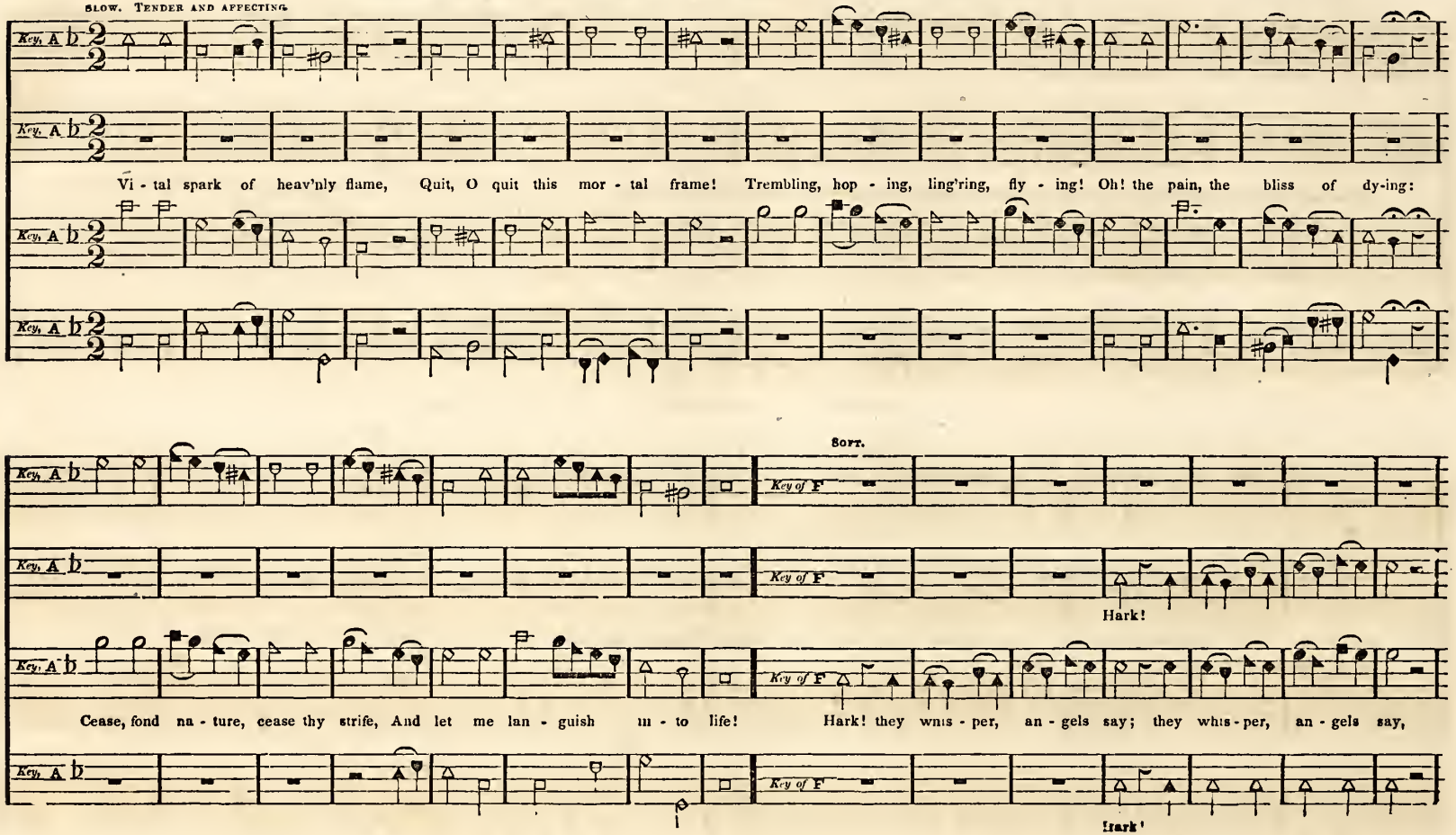
Key of F
Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, in the high - - est, Ho - san - na in the highest, in the
Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est, in the high - - est, Ho - san - na in the high- - -
Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the highest, in the
high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, in the high - - - - - - - - - - est. A - men.
- - - - - - - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, in the high - - - - - - - - - - est. A - men.
high - est, Ho - san - na in the high-est, in the high - - - - - - - - - - est. A - men.

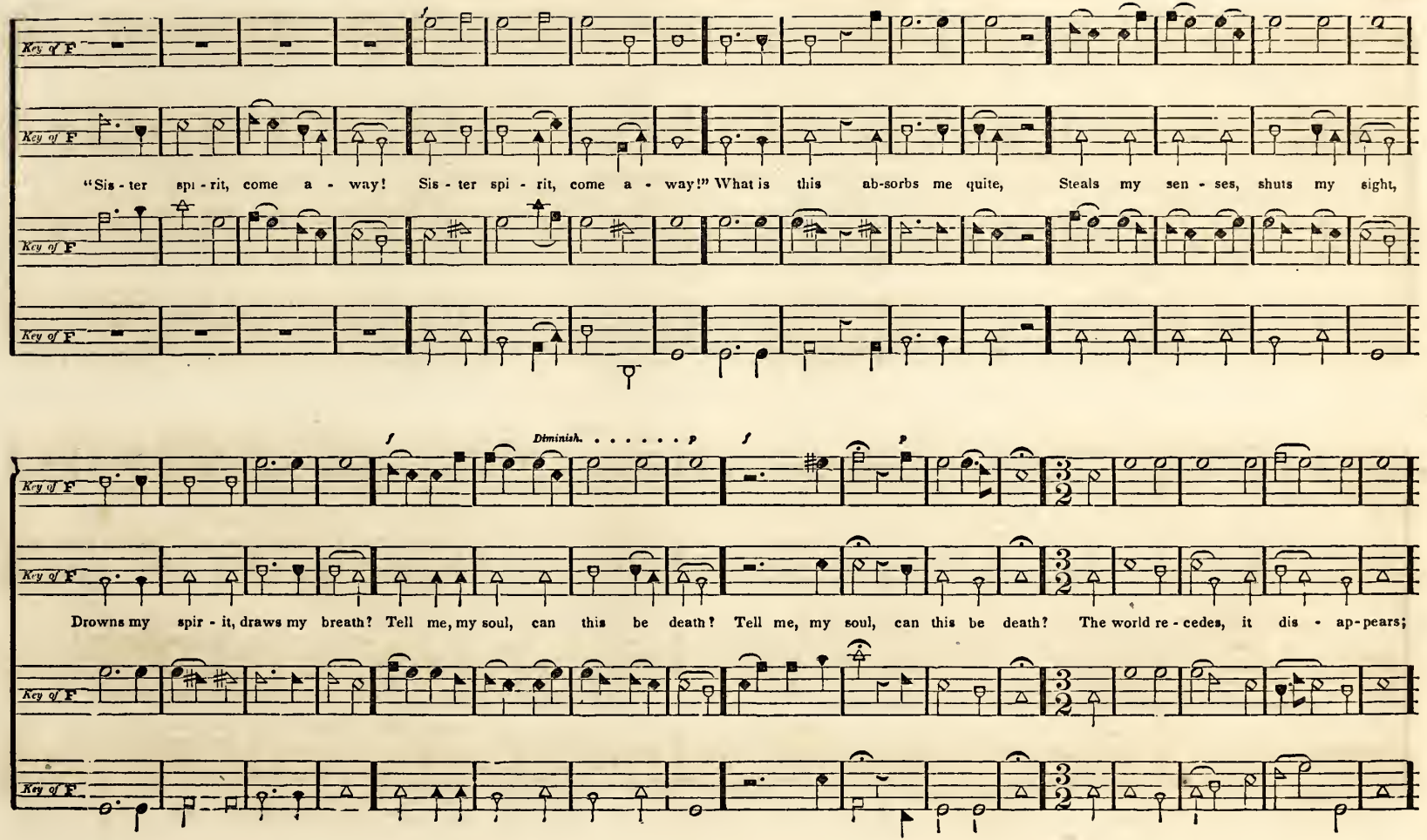
Make a joyful Noise unto the Lord. [Anthem—Chanting style]

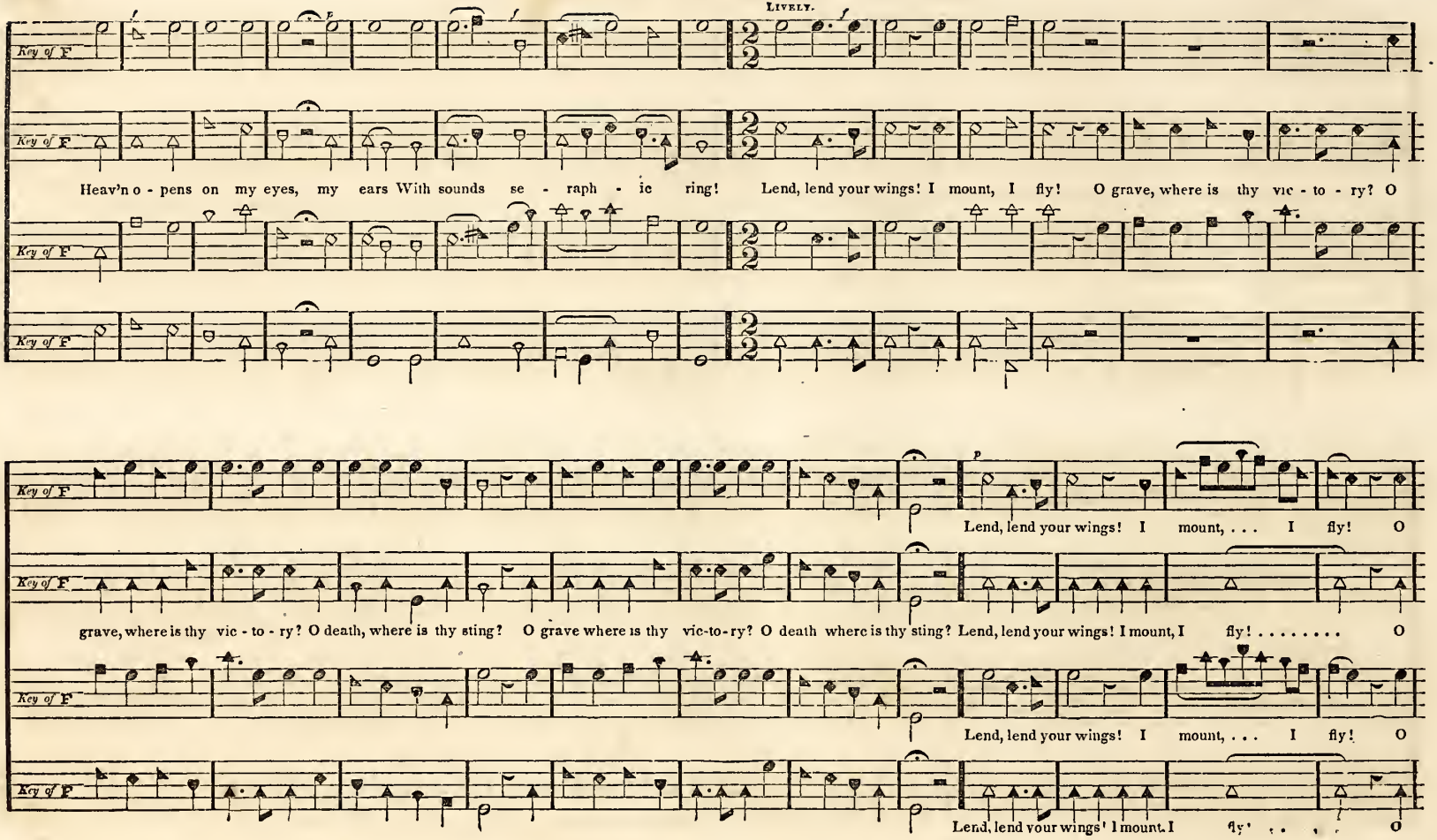
Key of G
Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all the earth: Make a loud noise, and re - joice, and sing praise. Sing un - to the Lord—un - to the Lord with the harp—
With the
With the harp and the voice of a psalm.
With the harp and the voice of a psalm. With trum-pet, with trum-pet, and sound of cor - net, Make a joy - ful noise be - fore the Lord the King.
harp . . . . . and the voice of a psalm.
With the harp and the voice of a psalm.

Key of G
The world . . and they that dwell there - in. Let the floods clap their hands:
Let the sea roar, and the ful - ness there-of; The world, the world and they that dwell there - in.
Let the floods clap their hands; Let the hills be
The world and they that dwell there - in.
Let the floods clap their hands;
The world and they that dwell there - in. Let the floods clap their hands;
VERY SLOW.
joy - ful be-fore the Lord—be - fore the Lord: For he cometh to judge the earth; With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the peo-ple with e - qui - ty. A-men.

Vital Spark of heavenly Flame. [Dying Christian] Harwood.


Slow. Tender and affecting.
Key, A b
Vi - tal spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, O quit this mor - tal frame! Trembling, hop - ing, ling'ring, fly - ing! Oh! the pain, the bliss of dy-ing:
Soft.
Key of F
Hark!
Cease, fond na - ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish in - to life! Hark! they whis - per, an - gels say; they whis - per, an - gels say,
Hark!

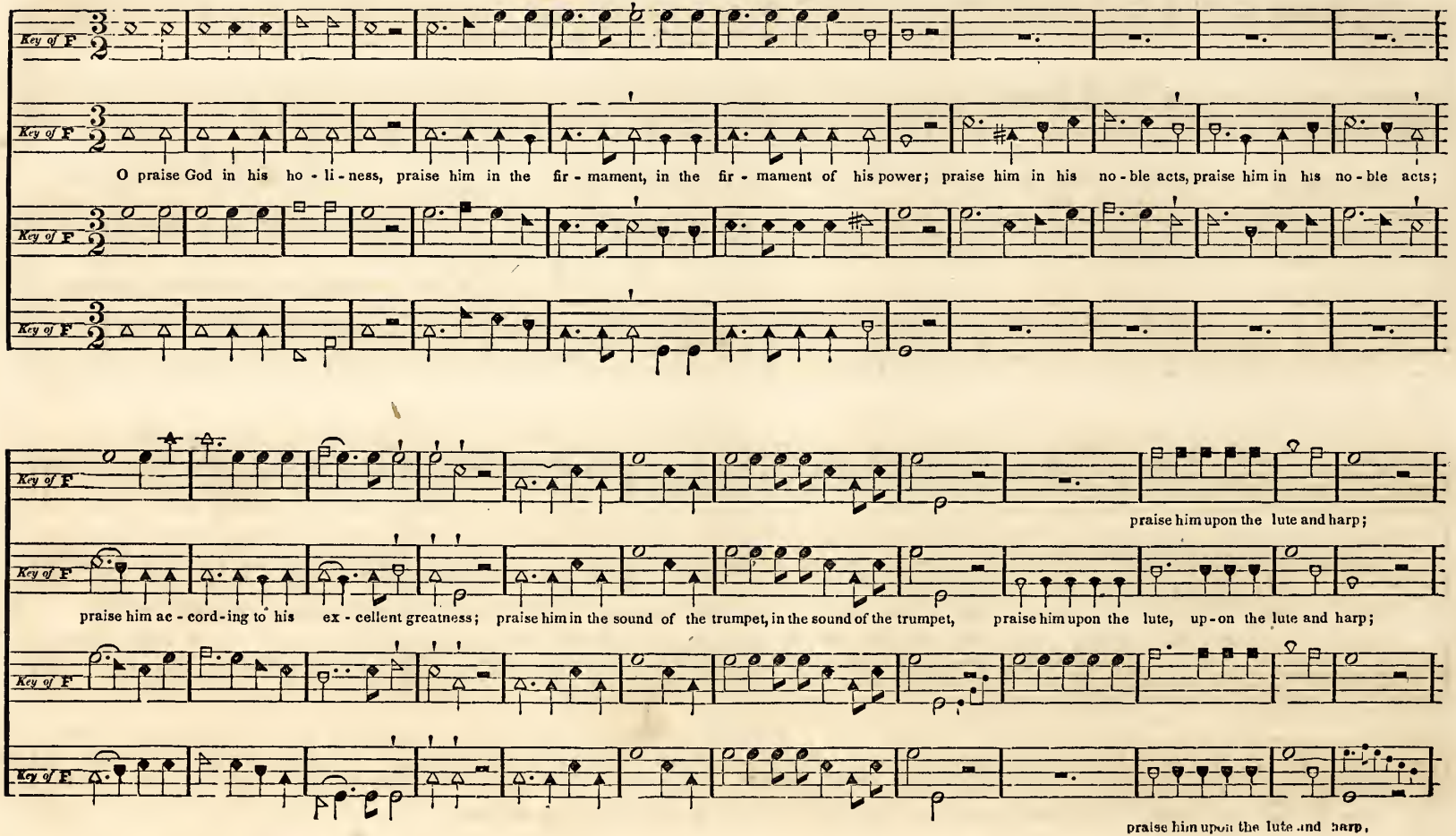

Key of F
Key of F
"Sis - ter spi - rit, come a - way! Sis - ter spi - rit, come a - way!" What is this ab-sorbs me quite, Steals my sen - ses, shuts my sight,
Key of F
Key of F
f
Diminish. . . . . p
f
p
Key of F
Key of F
Drowns my spir - it, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? The world re - cedes, it dis - ap-pears;
Key of F
Key of F

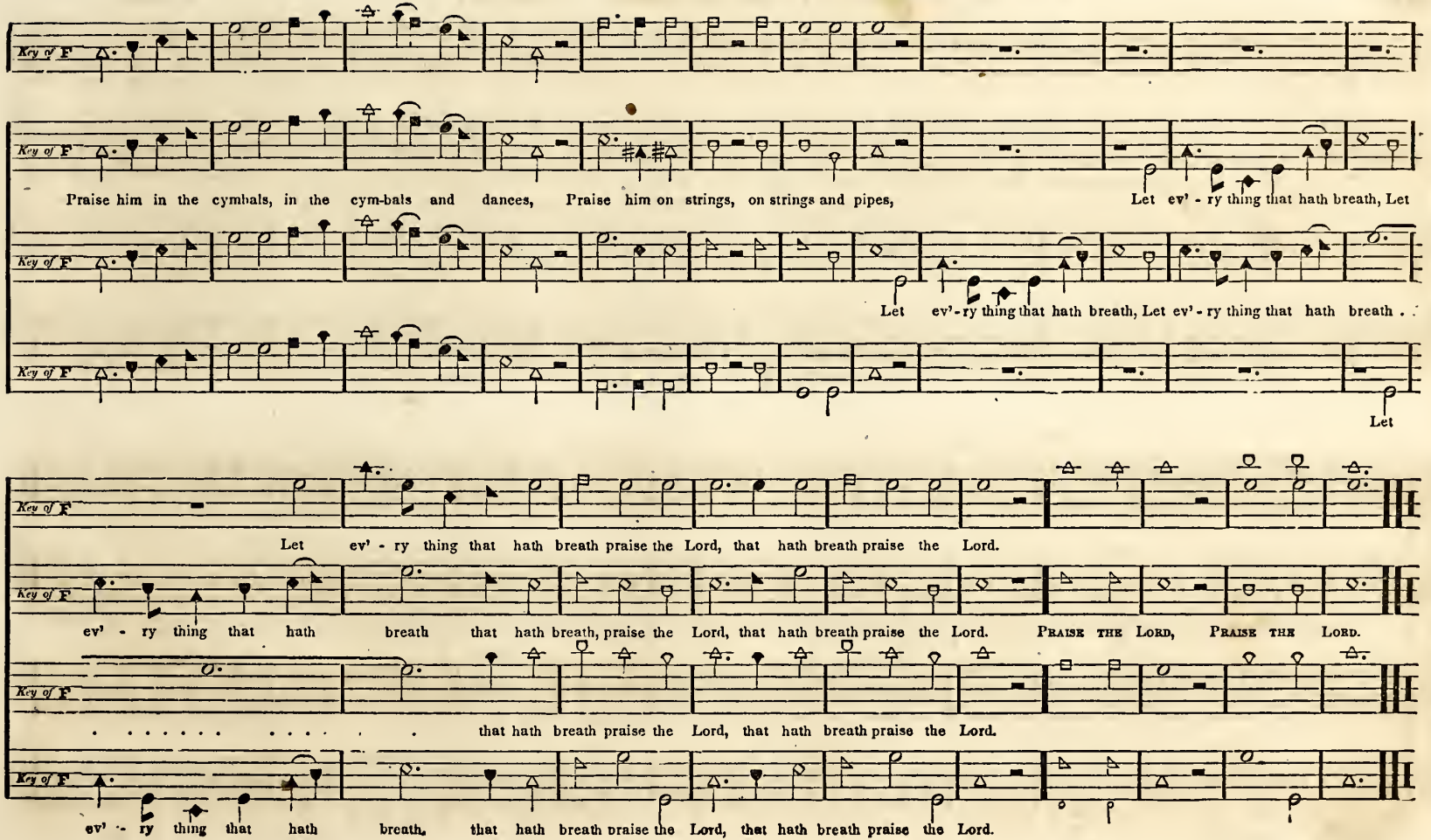

Lively.
Key of F
Heav'n o - pens on my eyes, my ears With sounds se - raph - ic ring! Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly! O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, . . . I fly! O
grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy vic-to-ry? O death where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly! . . . . . O
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, . . . I fly! O
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly! . . . . O

Key of F
grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting? O death, where is thy sting?
Key of F
Key of F
Key of F
VERY SLOW.
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly. O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O death, O death, where is thy sting?
Key of F
Key of F
Key of F

O praise God in his Holiness. [ANTHEM.]

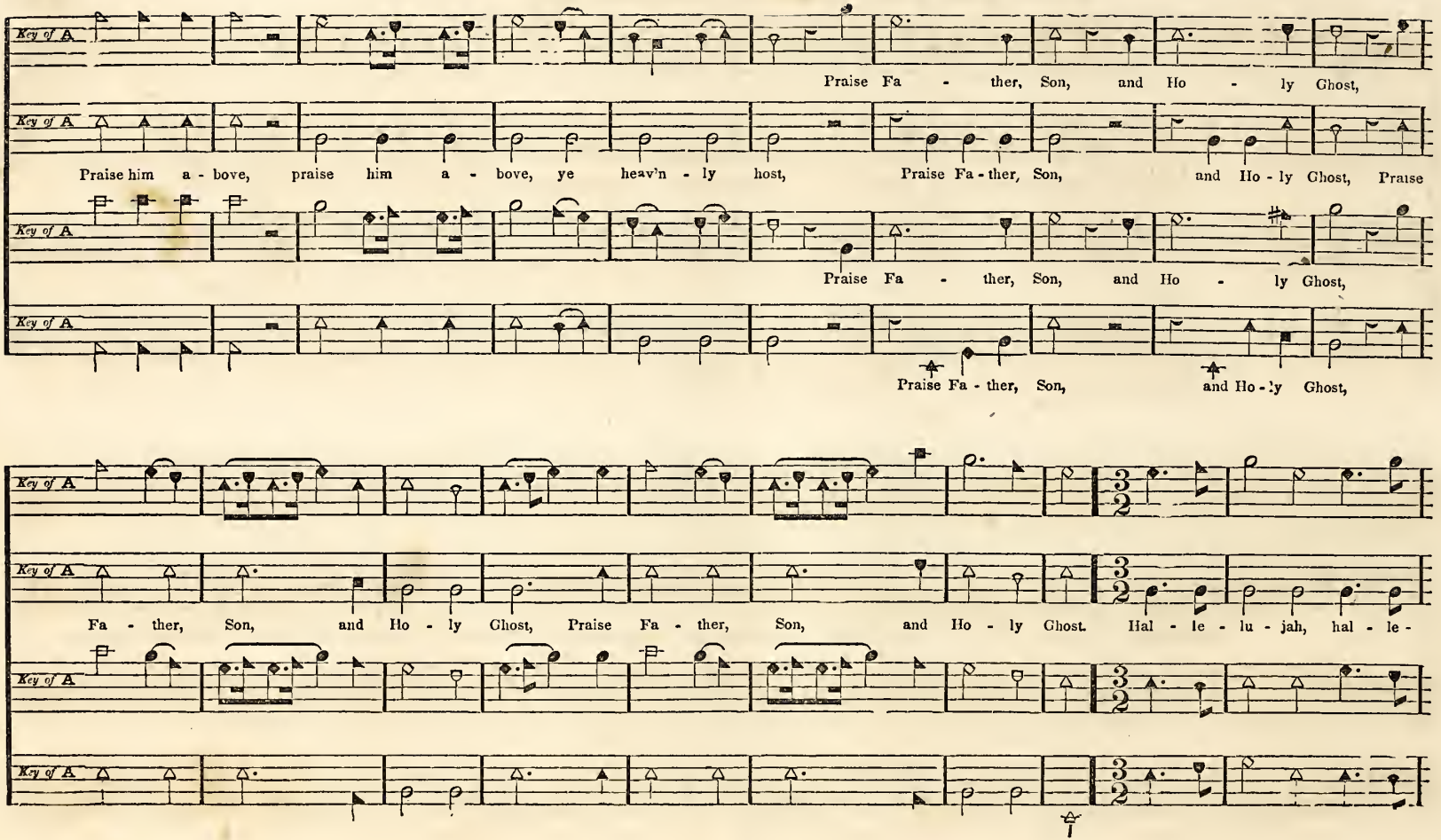
L. MASON.

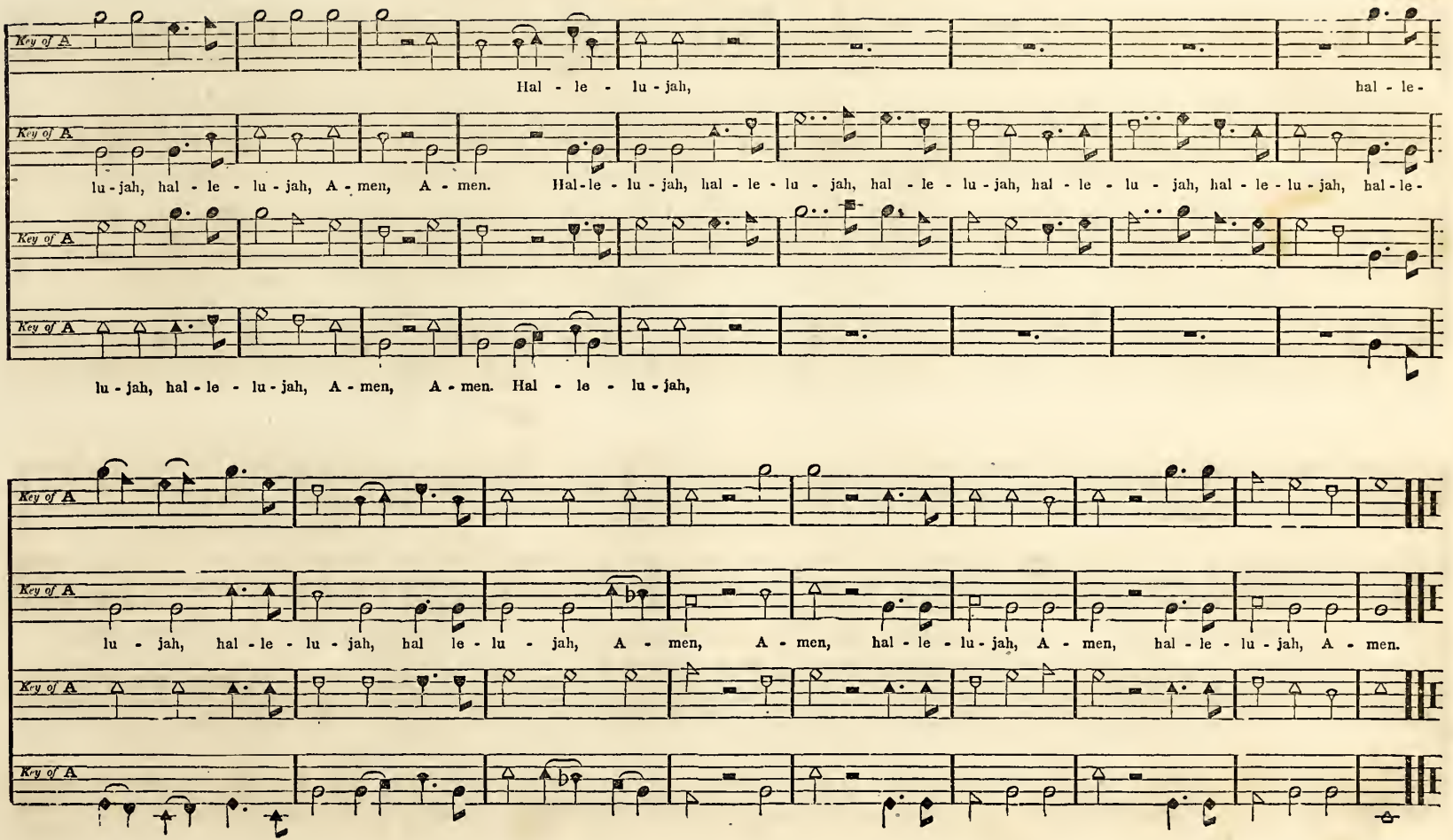

Key of F
O praise God in his ho - li - ness, praise him in the fir - mament, in the fir - mament of his power; praise him in his no - ble acts, praise him in his no - ble acts;
praise him upon the lute and harp;
praise him ac - cord - ing to his ex - cellent greatness; praise him in the sound of the trumpet, in the sound of the trumpet, praise him upon the lute, up - on the lute and harp;
praise him upon the lute and harp.


Key of F
Praise him in the cymbals, in the cym-bals and dances, Praise him on strings, on strings and pipes,
Let ev' - ry thing that hath breath, Let
Let ev' - ry thing that hath breath, Let ev' - ry thing that hath breath . .
Let
Let ev' - ry thing that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord.
ev' - ry thing that hath breath that hath breath, praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord. PRAISE THE LORD, PRAISE THE LORD.
that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord.
ev' - ry thing that hath breath. that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord.

Key of F
praise the Lord,
I will praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, in the con - gre - ga - tion, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, in the con - gre - ga - tion. I will praise the Lord, I will
praise the Lord,
VERY SLOW.
praise the Lord, in the con - gre - ga - tion, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, in the congre - ga - tion; praise the Lord, praise the Lord, in the con - gre - ga - tion. Praise the Lord. A - men.

Key of A
Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;
Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him, all crea-tures here be - low, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;
Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;
Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;
Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host,
Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host, Praise him a - bove,
Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host,
Praise him a - bove Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host,

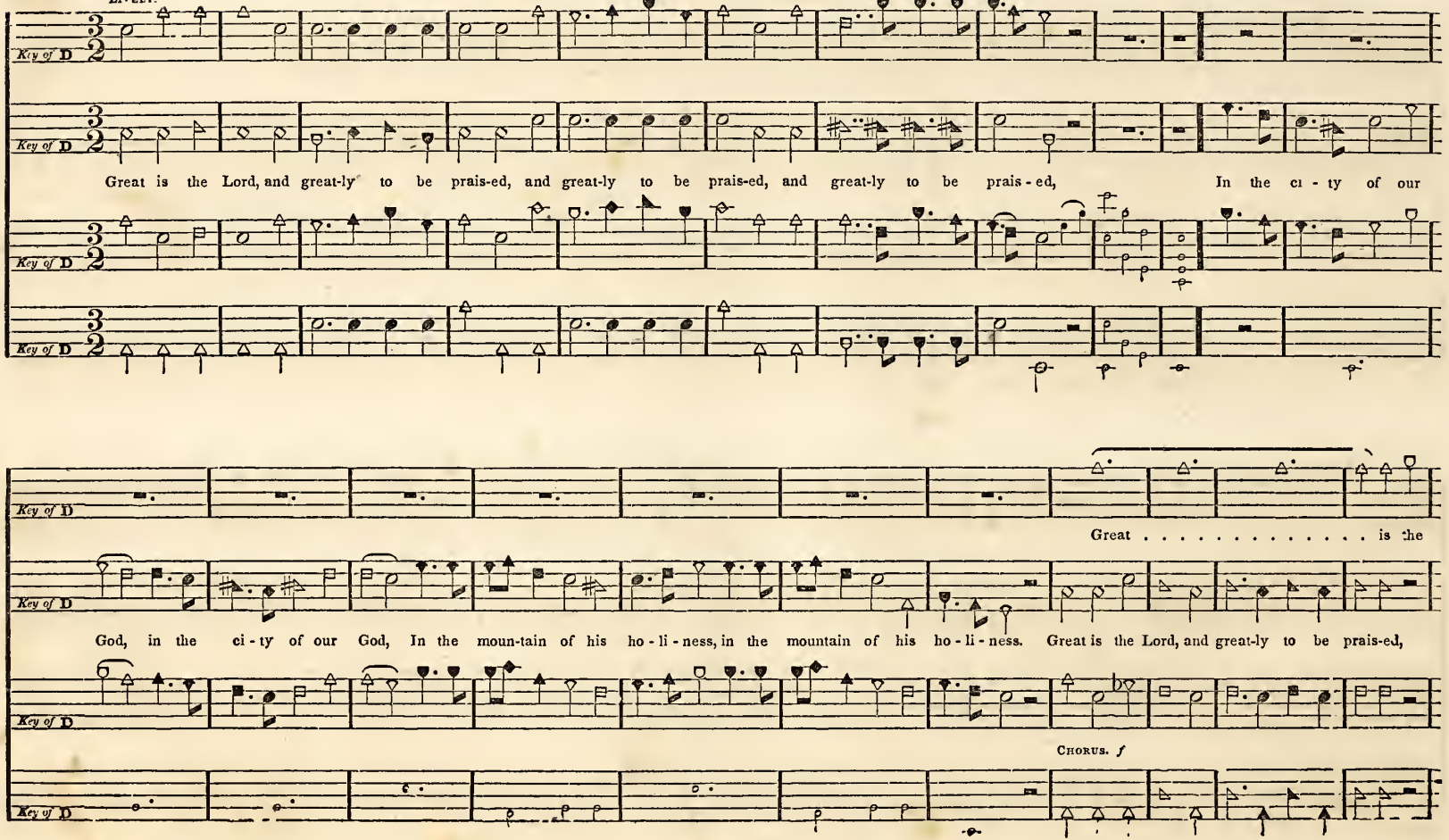

Key of A
Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,
Praise him a - bove, praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise
Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,
Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

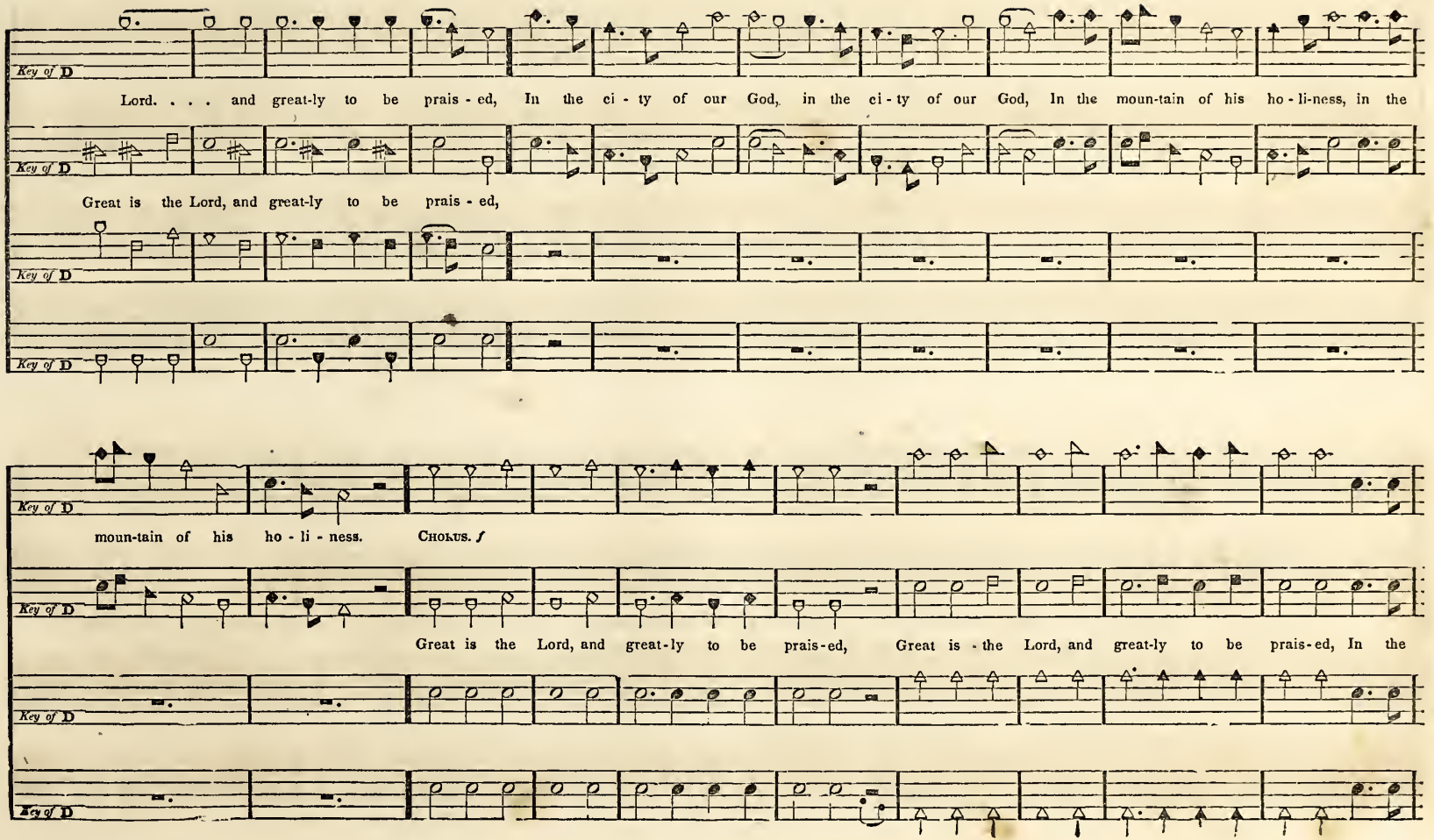

Key of A
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le-
lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men. Hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le-
lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah,
lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

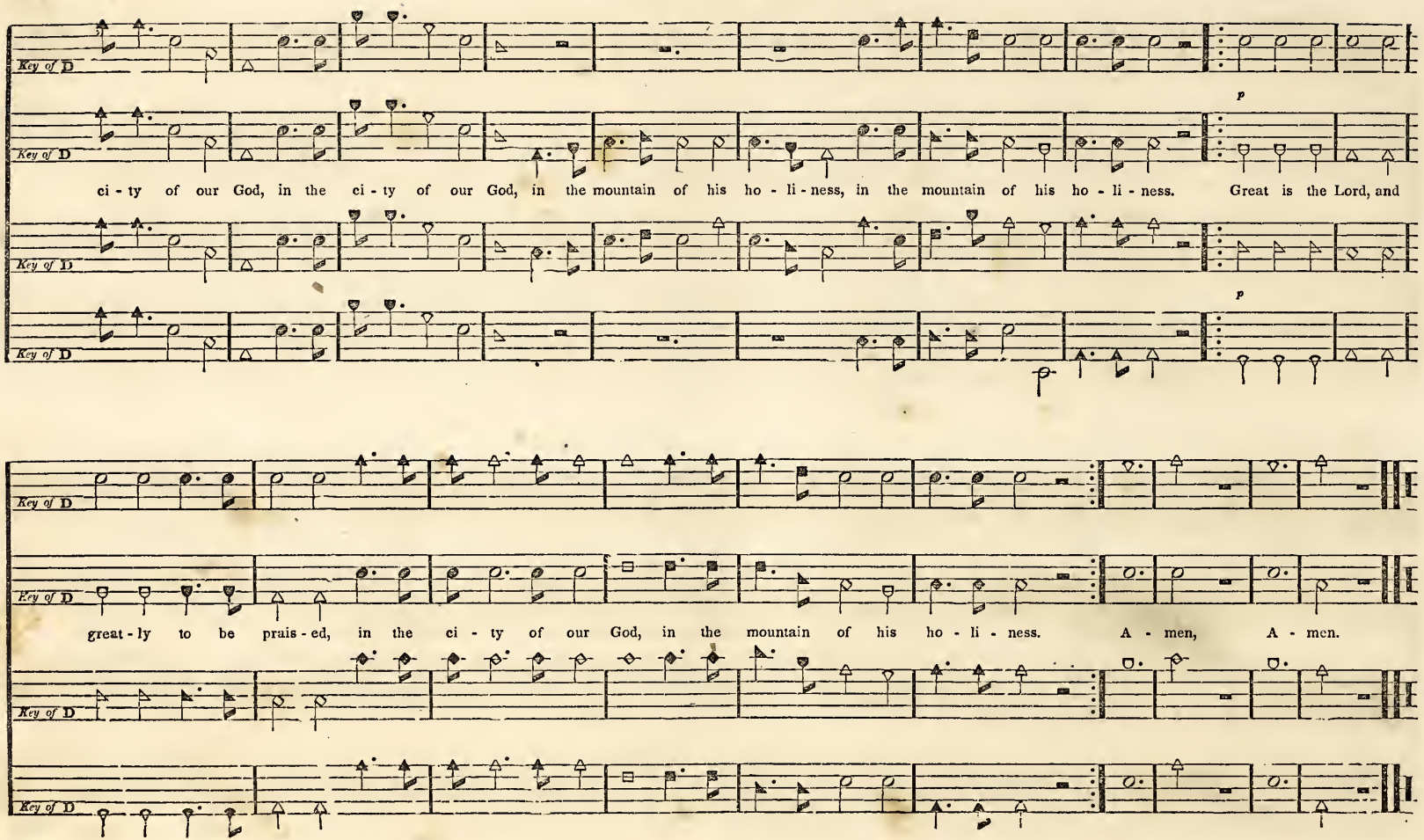
Great is the Lord. [ANTHEM.]

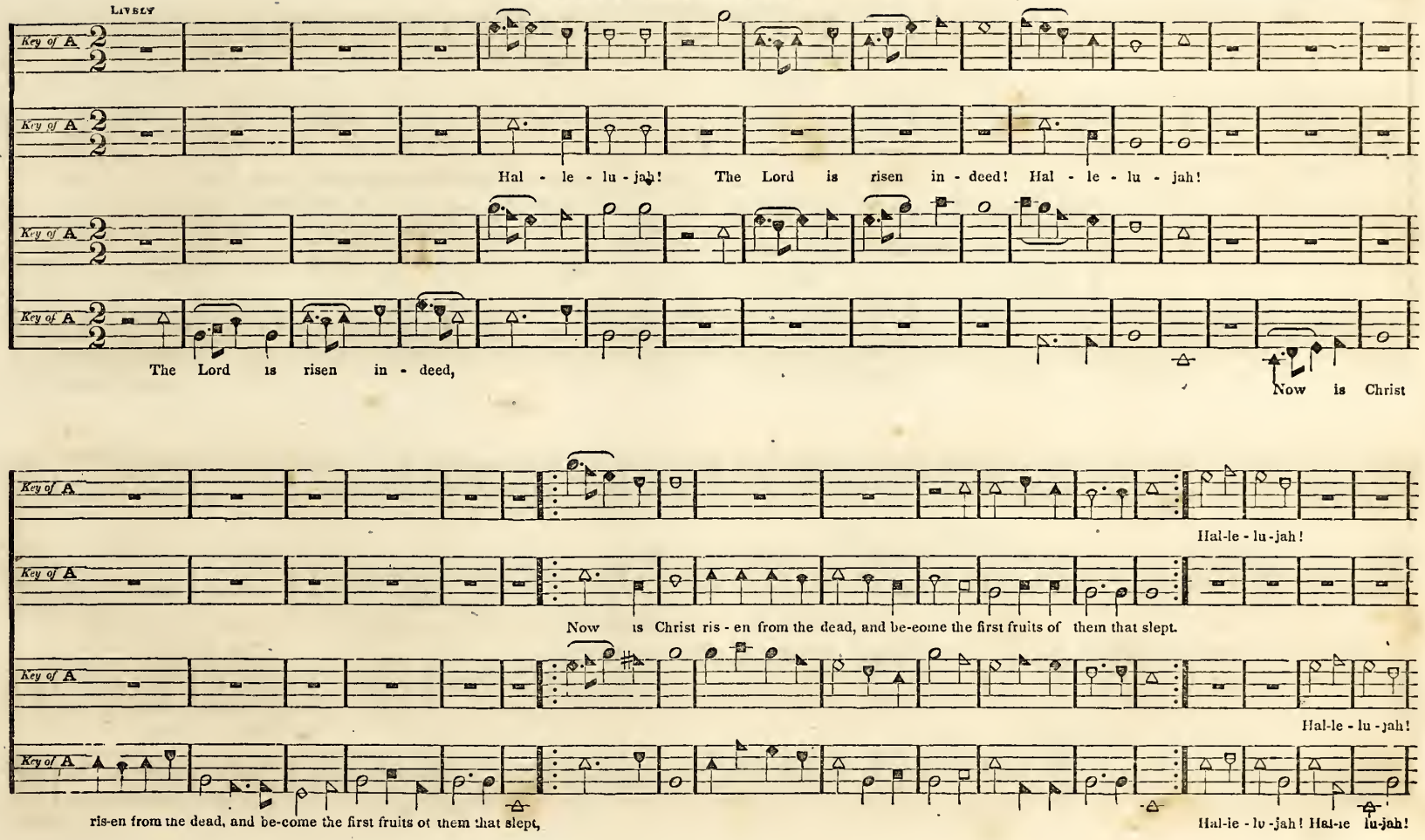
LIVELY.

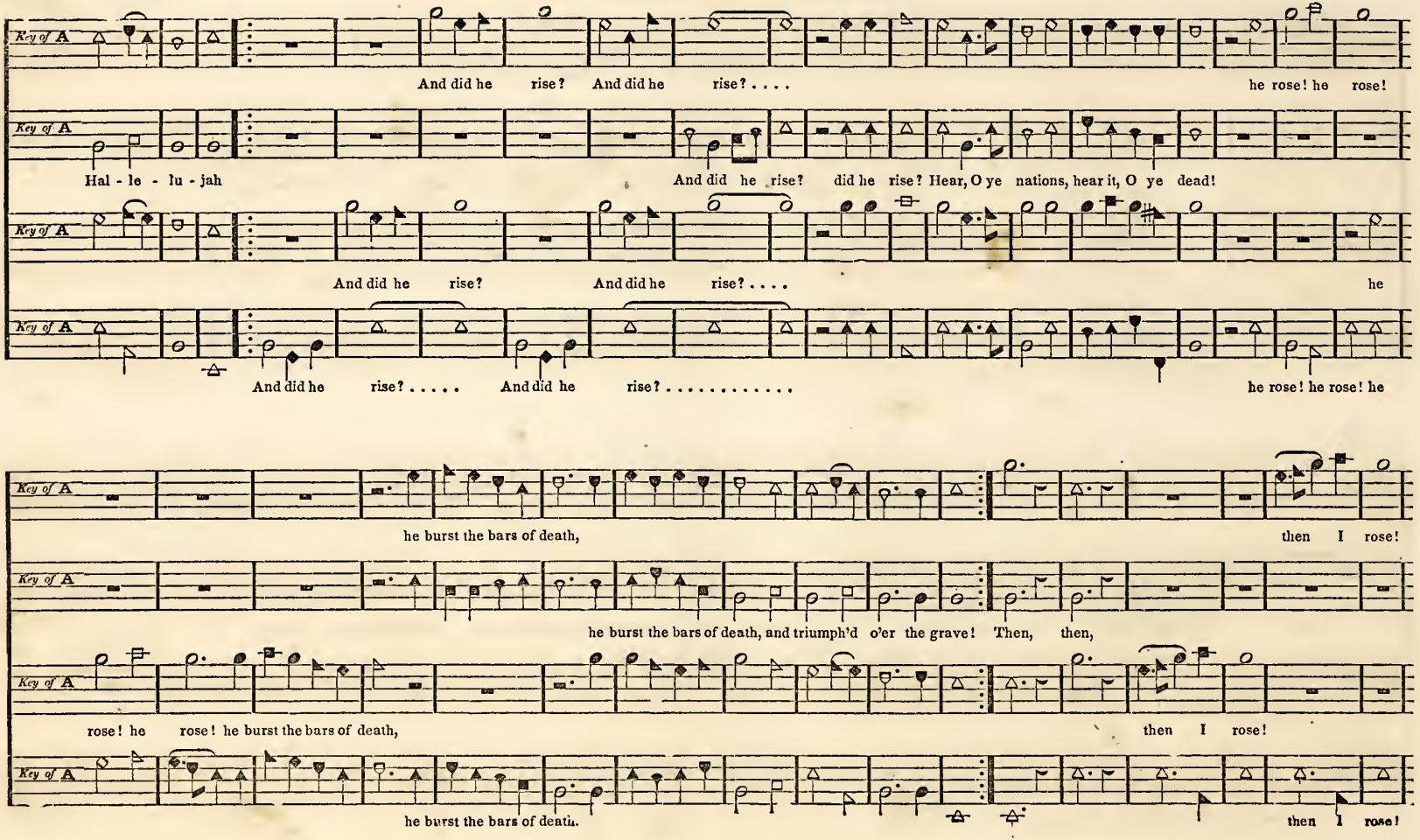
Altered from DR. CALCOTT.

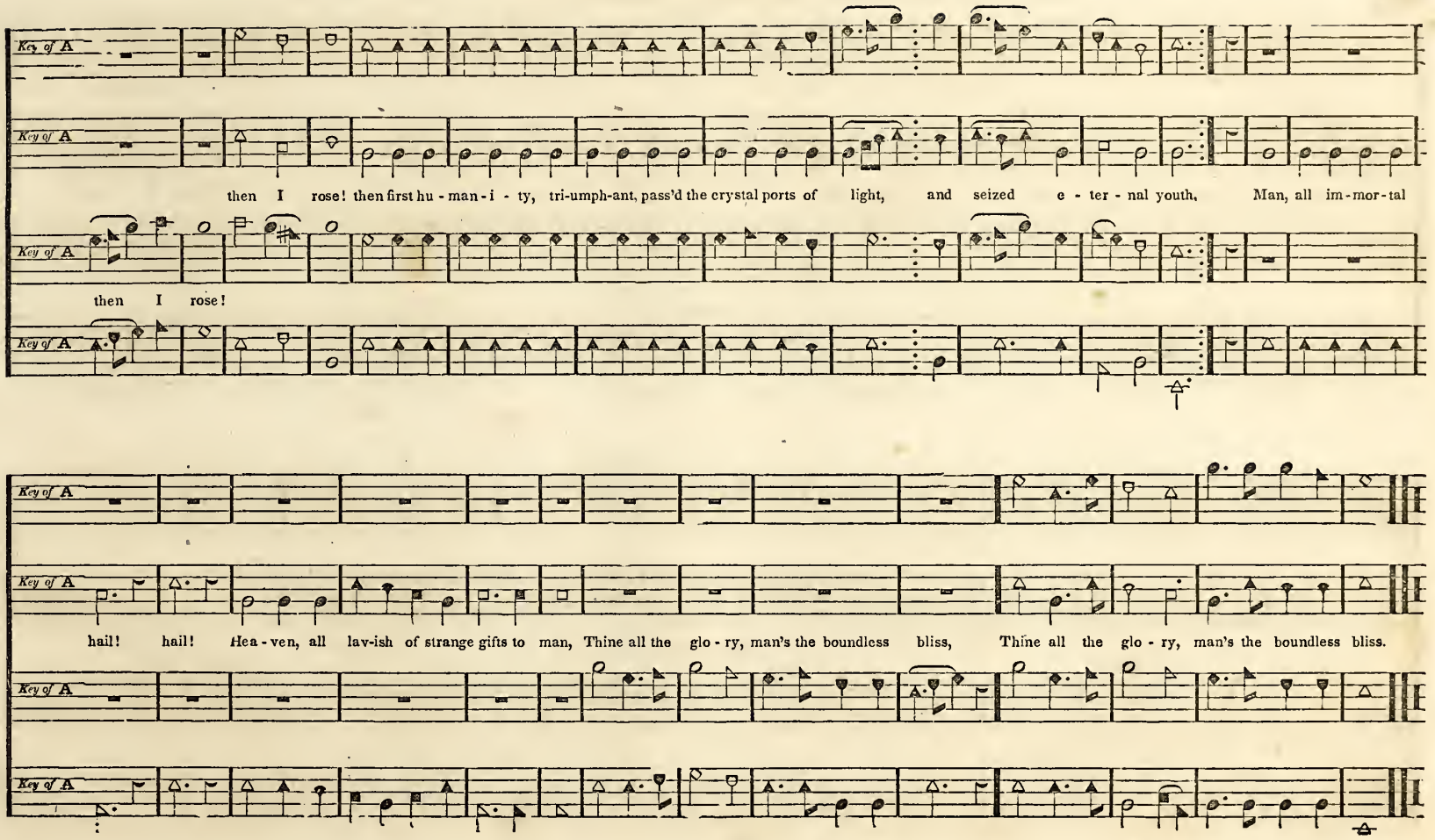

Key of D
Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, and great-ly to be prais-ed, and great-ly to be prais-ed, In the ci-ty of our
Great . . . . . is the
God, in the ci-ty of our God, In the moun-tain of his ho-li-ness, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness. Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed,
CHORUS. f


Key of D
Lord. . . . and great-ly to be prais - ed, In the ci - ty of our God, in the ci - ty of our God, In the moun-tain of his ho - li-ness, in the
Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais - ed,
moun-tain of his ho - li - ness. CHORUS. f
Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, Great is - the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, In the

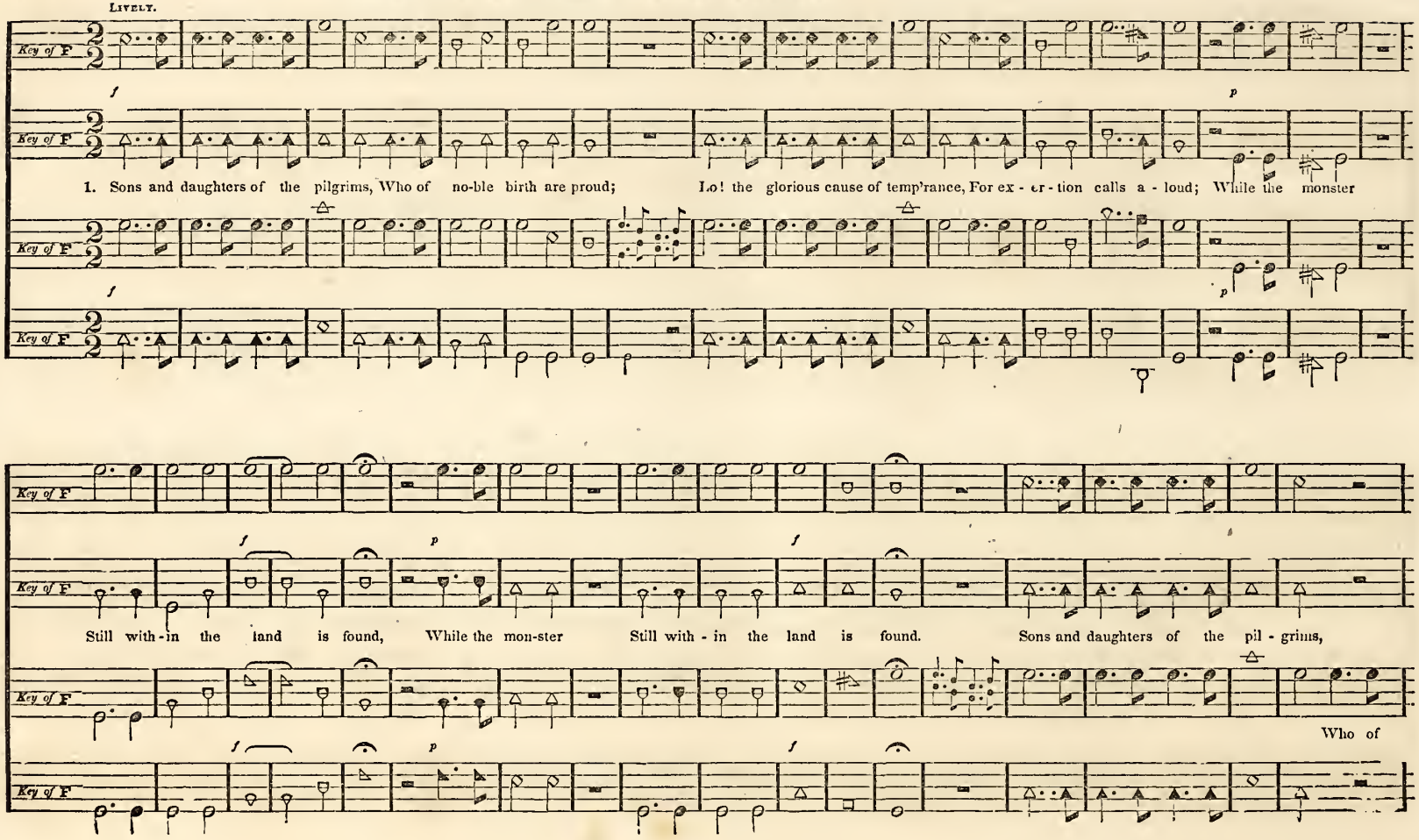

Key of D
p
ci - ty of our God, in the ci - ty of our God, in the mountain of his ho - li - ness, in the mountain of his ho - li - ness. Great is the Lord, and
great - ly to be prais - ed, in the ci - ty of our God, in the mountain of his ho - li - ness. A - men, A - men.

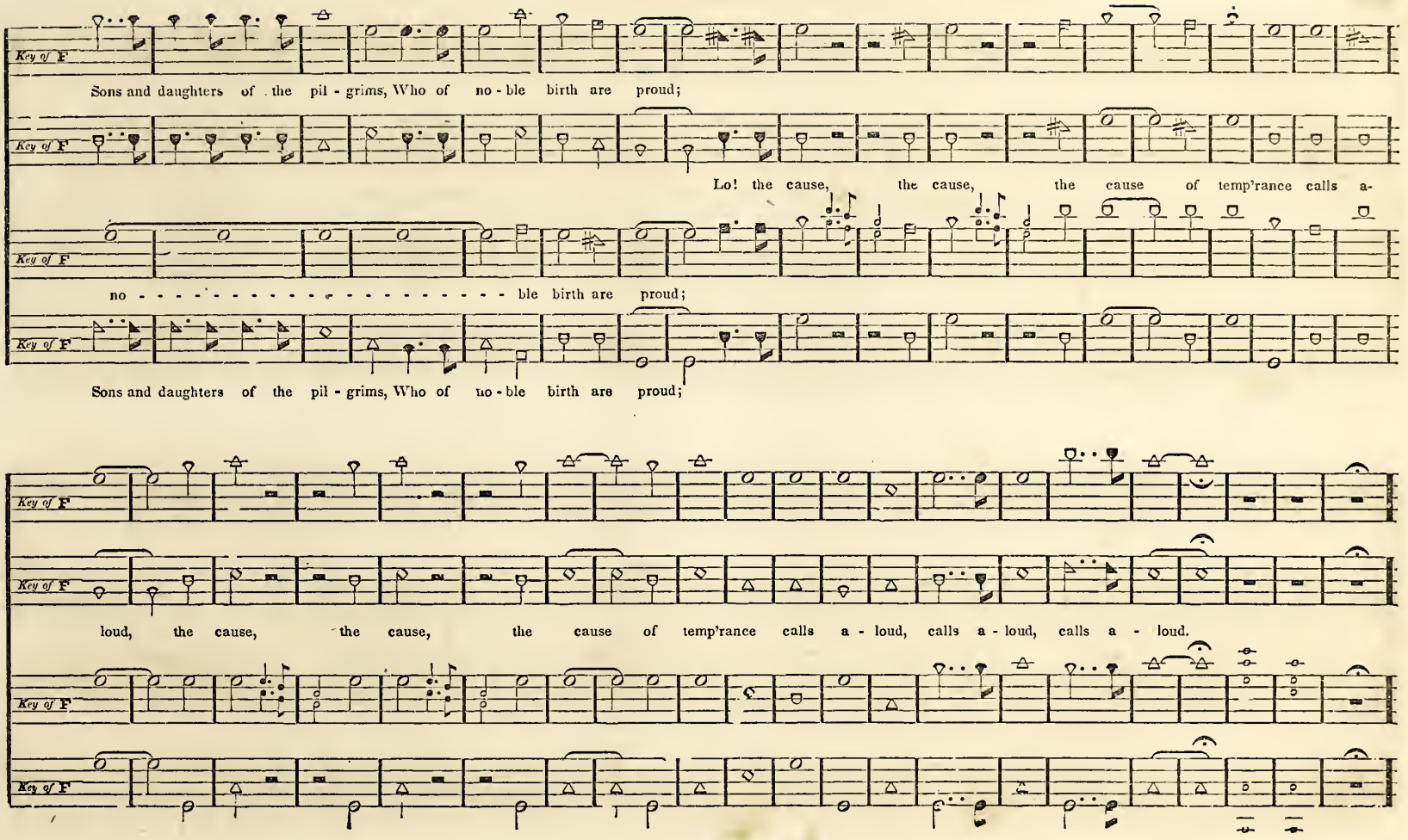

Lively
Key of A
Hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord is risen in - deed! Hal - le - lu - jah!
The Lord is risen in - deed,
Now is Christ
Hal-le - lu-jah!
Now is Christ ris - en from the dead, and be-come the first fruits of them that slept.
Hal-le - lu - jah!
ris-en from the dead, and be-come the first fruits of them that slept,
Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le lu-jah!

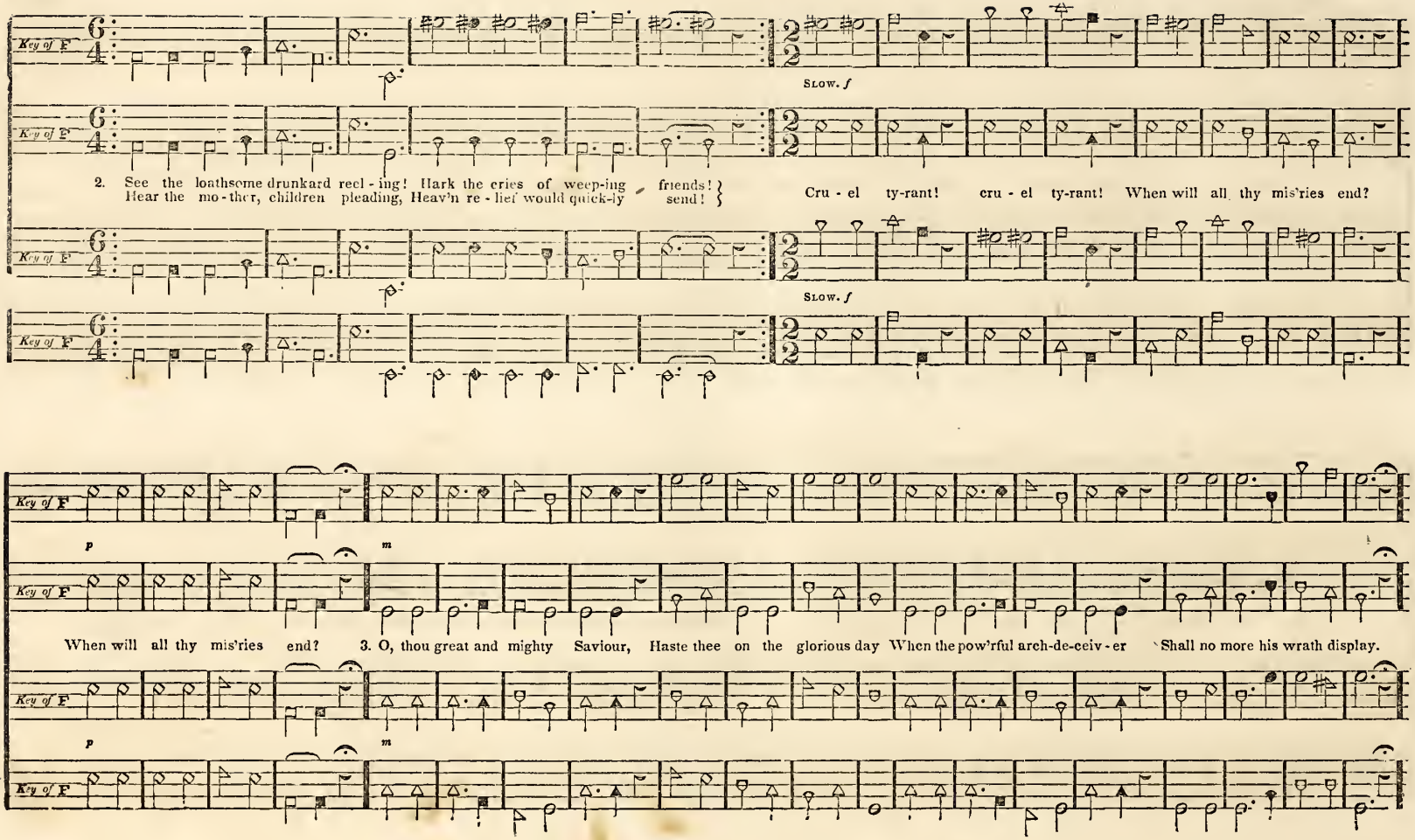

Key of A
And did he rise? And did he rise? . . . . he rose! he rose!
Hal - le - lu - jah And did he rise? did he rise? Hear, O ye nations, hear it, O ye dead!
And did he rise? And did he rise? . . . . he
And did he rise? . . . . . And did he rise? . . . . . he rose! he rose! he
he burst the bars of death, then I rose!
he burst the bars of death, and triumph'd o'er the grave! Then, then,
rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death, then I rose!
he burst the bars of death. then I rose!


Key of A
Key of A
then I rose! then first hu - man - i - ty, tri-umph-ant, pass'd the crystal ports of light, and seized e - ter - nal youth, Man, all im-mor-tal
Key of A
then I rose!
Key of A
Key of A
hail! hail! Hea - ven, all lav-ish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss, Thine all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss.
Key of A
Key of A

Sons and Daughters of the Pilgrims. [Temperance Hymn.]


Lively.
Key of F
1. Sons and daughters of the pilgrims, Who of no-ble birth are proud; Lo! the glorious cause of temp'rance, For ex - er - tion calls a - loud; While the monster
Still with - in the land is found, While the mon-ster Still with - in the land is found. Sons and daughters of the pil - grims,
Who of

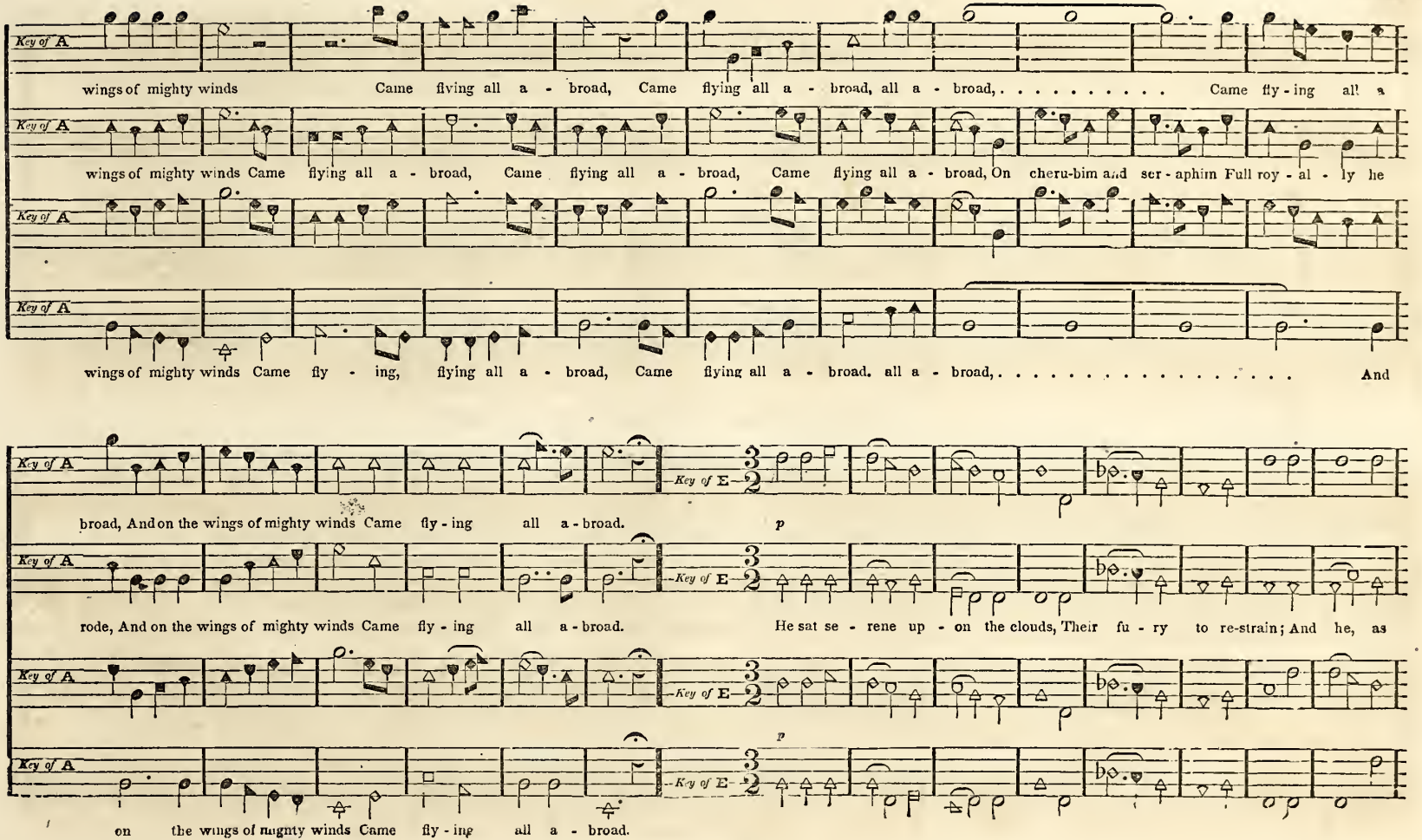

Key of F
Sons and daughters of the pil - grims, Who of no - ble birth are proud;
Lo! the cause, the cause, the cause of temp'rance calls a-
no - ble birth are proud;
Sons and daughters of the pil - grims, Who of no - ble birth are proud;
loud, the cause, the cause, the cause of temp'rance calls a - loud, calls a - loud, calls a - loud.

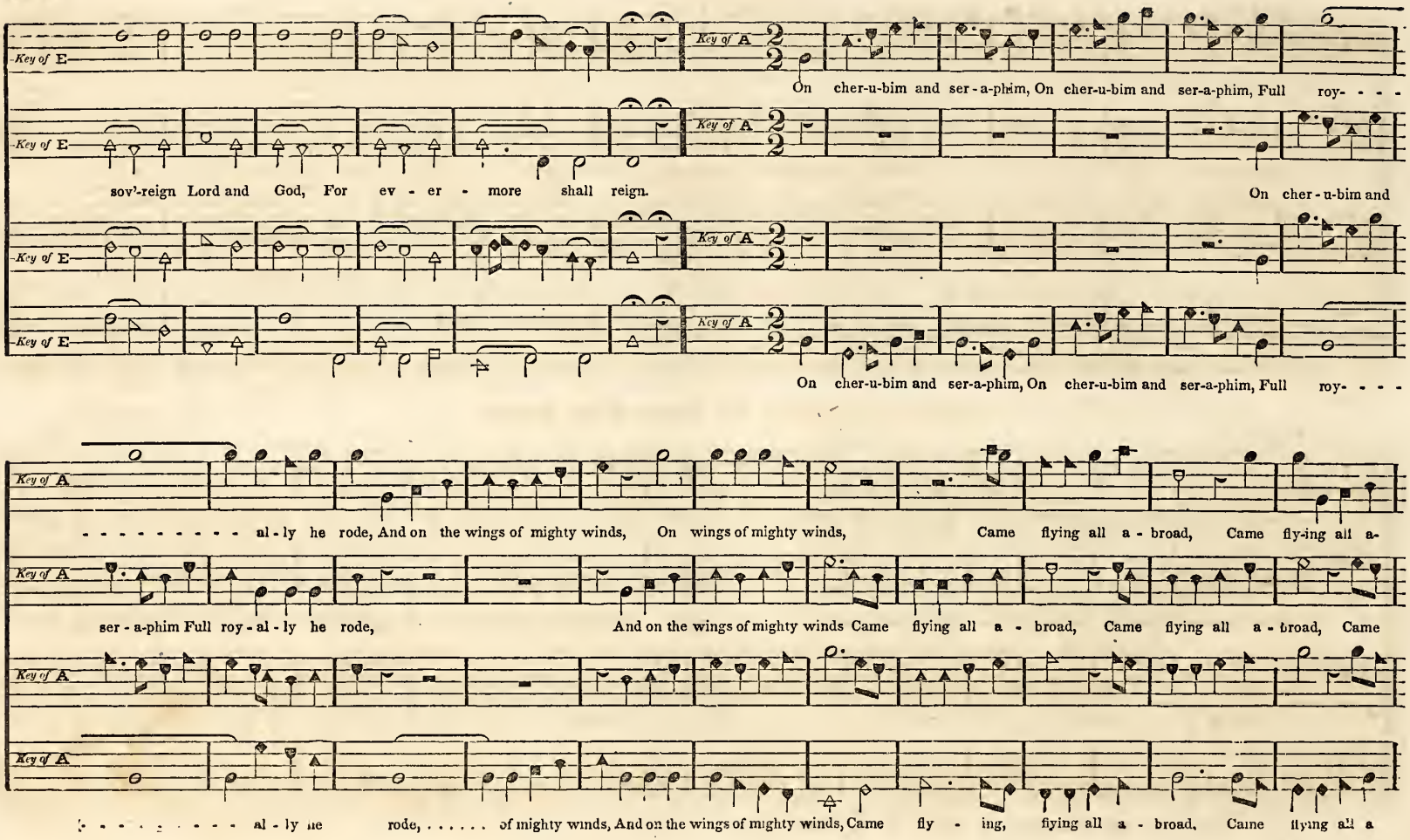

Key of F
Slow. f
2. See the loathsome drunkard reel - ing! Hark the cries of weep-ing friends!
Hear the mo - ther, children pleading, Heav'n re - lief would quick-ly send!
Cru - el ty-rant! cru - el ty-rant! When will all thy mis'ries end?
p
m
When will all thy mis'ries end?
3. O, thou great and mighty Saviour, Haste thee on the glorious day When the pow'rful arch-de-ceiv - er
Shall no more his wrath display.

LIVELY.
Key of F
f
ff
Then our cause, our cause Will gain the u-ni-ver - sal sway, Then our cause, our cause Will gain the u-ni-ver - sal sway, our cause, our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni-ver-sal sway, our
cause, our cause, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver-sal sway, the u - ni - ver - sal sway, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver-sal sway, our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway.
the u - ni - ver-sal sway

The Lord descended from above

Key of A
1. The Lord de - scend - ed from a - bove, And bow'd the heav'ns most high; And un - der - neath his feet he cast The darkness of the sky.
Full roy - al - ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds, on
On cher - u-bim and ser - a-phim Full roy - al - ly he rode, And on the
Full roy - al - ly he rode. . . . . of mighty winds on


Key of A
wings of mighty winds Came flying all a - broad, Came flying all a - broad, all a - broad, ... Came fly - ing all a
wings of mighty winds Came flying all a - broad, Came flying all a - broad, Came flying all a - broad, On cheru-bim and ser - aphim Full roy - al - ly he
wings of mighty winds Came fly - ing, flying all a - broad, Came flying all a - broad. all a - broad, ... And
Key of E
broad, And on the wings of mighty winds Came fly - ing all a - broad.
p
rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came fly - ing all a - broad. He sat se - rene up - on the clouds, Their fu - ry to re-strain; And he, as
on the wings of mighty winds Came fly - ing all a - broad.


Key of E
Key of A
On cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim, On cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim, Full roy- - - -
sov'-reign Lord and God, For ev - er - more shall reign.
On cher-u-bim and
On cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim, On cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim, Full roy- - - -
- - - - - - - - - al-ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds, On wings of mighty winds, Came flying all a-broad, Came fly-ing all a-
ser-a-phim Full roy-al-ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all a-broad, Came flying all a-broad, Came
- - - - - - - - - al-ly he rode, ... of mighty winds, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came fly-ing, flying all a-broad, Came flying all a

Key of A
broad, all a - broad, On cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim Full roy - - - - - - - - - al - ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all a - broad.
flying all a - broad, On cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim Full roy - al - ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all a - broad.
broad, all a - broad On cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim, Full roy - - - - - - - - - al - ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all a - broad.

There is a Calm for those who Weep.

Music by T. B. MASON.
Words by MONTGOMERY.

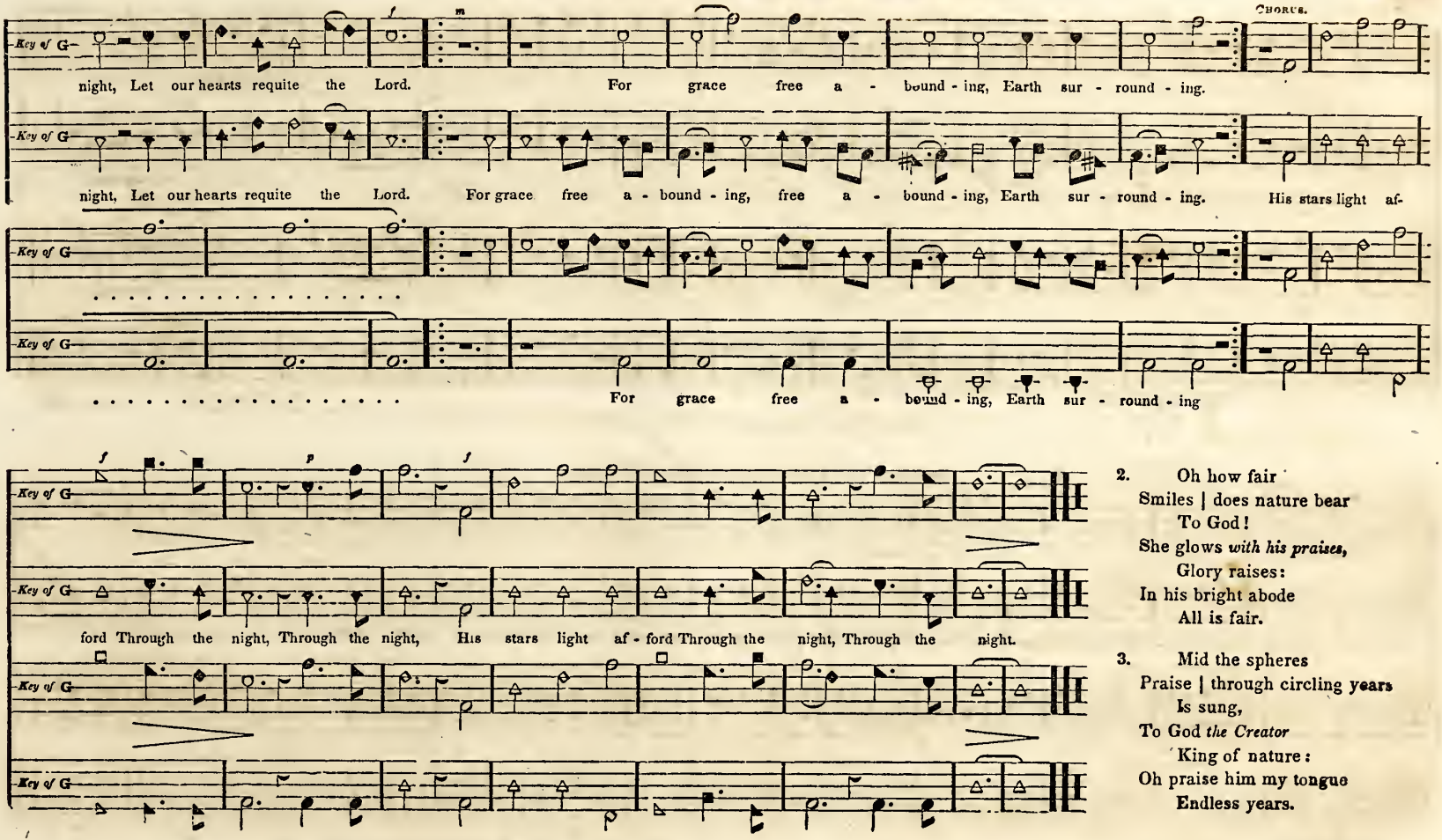
SLOW AND SOFT.
Key, A♭ 3/2
1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea - ry pil-grims found: They soft - ly lie, and sweet - ly sleep, Low in the ground, Low in the ground.
2. The storm that wrecks the win - ter sky No more dis - turbs their deep re - pose, Than sum-mer evening's lat - est sigh, That shuts the rose, That shuts the rose.
3. Thou traveller in the vale of tears, To realms of ev - er - last - ing light, Through time's dark wil-der - ness of years Pursue thy flight, Pur - sue thy flight.
4. What-e'er thy lot— wher-e'er thou be— Con - fess thy fol - ly— kiss the rod; And in thy chastening sor - rows see The hand of God, The hand of God
5. Though long of winds and waves the sport, Con - demn'd in wretch-ed - ness to roam, Thou soon shalt reach a shelt' - ring port, A qui - et home, A qui - et home.
6. Thy soul, re - new'd by grace di - vine, In God's own im - age, freed from clay, In heaven's e - ter - nal sphere shall shine, A star of day, A star of day.
- I long to lay this pain - ful head, And ach - ing heart be-neath the soil; To slum - ber in that dream - less bed From all my toil, From all my toil.

There's nothing true but Heaven.

TREBLE
Key of F
1. This world is all a fleet-ing show, For man's il-lu-sion given, This world is all a fleet-ing show, For man's il-lu-sion given; The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
BASE.
Key of F
2. And false the light on glory's plume, As fading hues of even, And false the light on glory's plume, As fading hues of ev'n; And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
3. Poor wand'rers of a stormy day, From wave to wave we're driven, Poor wand'rers of a stormy day, From wave to wave we're driven; And fan-cy's flash, and reason's ray,
Key of F
De-ceit-ful shine, de-ceit-ful flow; There's nothing true but heaven! There's nothing true . . . but heaven! There's no-thing true . . . but heaven!
Key of F
Are blossoms ga-ther'd for the tomb; There's nothing true but heaven! There's nothing true but heaven! There's nothing nothing true . . but heaven!
Serve but to light the trou-bled way; There's nothing ealm, &c.

Song of Praise in the Night. [Motet.]

Slow and soft.
Key of G
In the night, In the night, our hearts requite the Lord, our hearts requite the Lord, In the night, In the
Key of G
In the nignt . . . . . In the night . . . . Let our hearts requite, our hearts requite the Lord, our hearts requite the Lord, In the night, In the
Key of G
In the night, In the night, Let our hearts requite, our hearts requite the Lord, our hearts requite the Lord . . . . . .
Key of G
In the night, In the night our hearts requite the Lord, our hearts requite the Lord . . . . . .

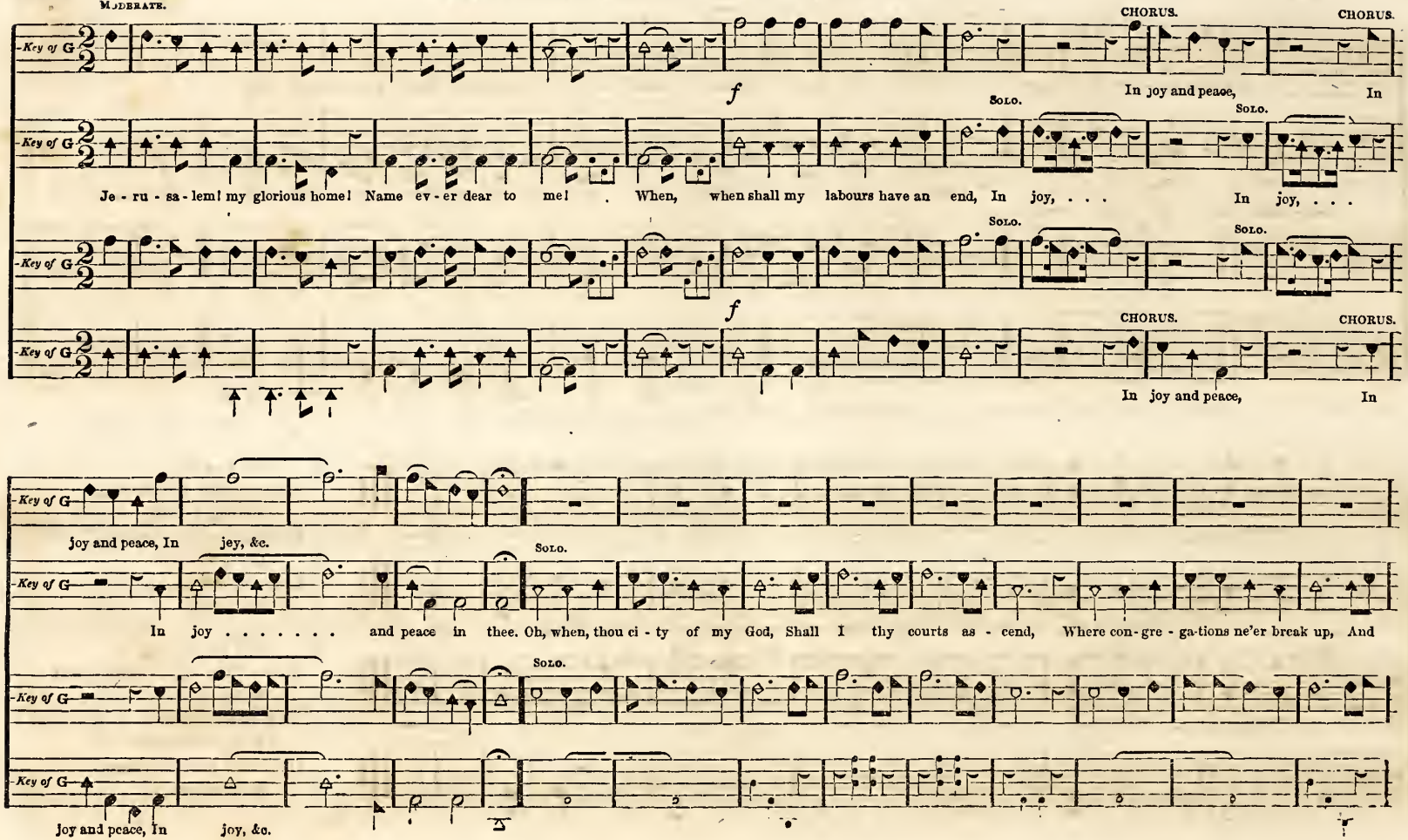

Chorus.
Key of G
night, Let our hearts requite the Lord. For grace free a - bound - ing, Earth sur - round - ing.
night, Let our hearts requite the Lord. For grace free a - bound - ing, free a - bound - ing, Earth sur - round - ing. His stars light af-
For grace free a - bound - ing, Earth sur - round - ing
ford Through the night, Through the night, His stars light af - ford Through the night, Through the night.

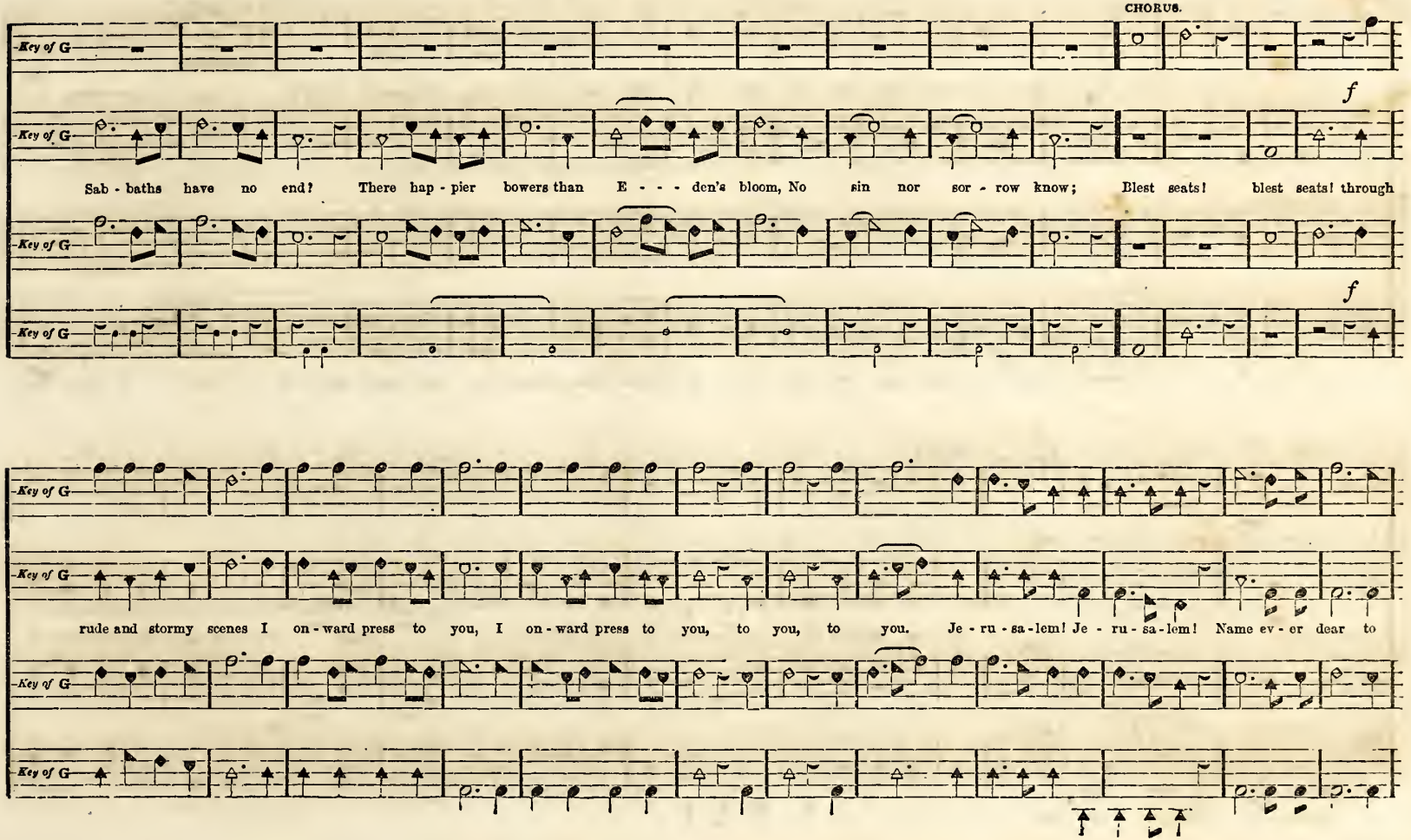
2. Oh how fair
Smiles | does nature bear
To God!
She glows *with his praises,*
Glory raises:
In his bright abode
All is fair.

3. Mid the spheres
Praise | through circling years
Is sung,
To God *the Creator*
King of nature:
Oh praise him my tongue
Endless years.

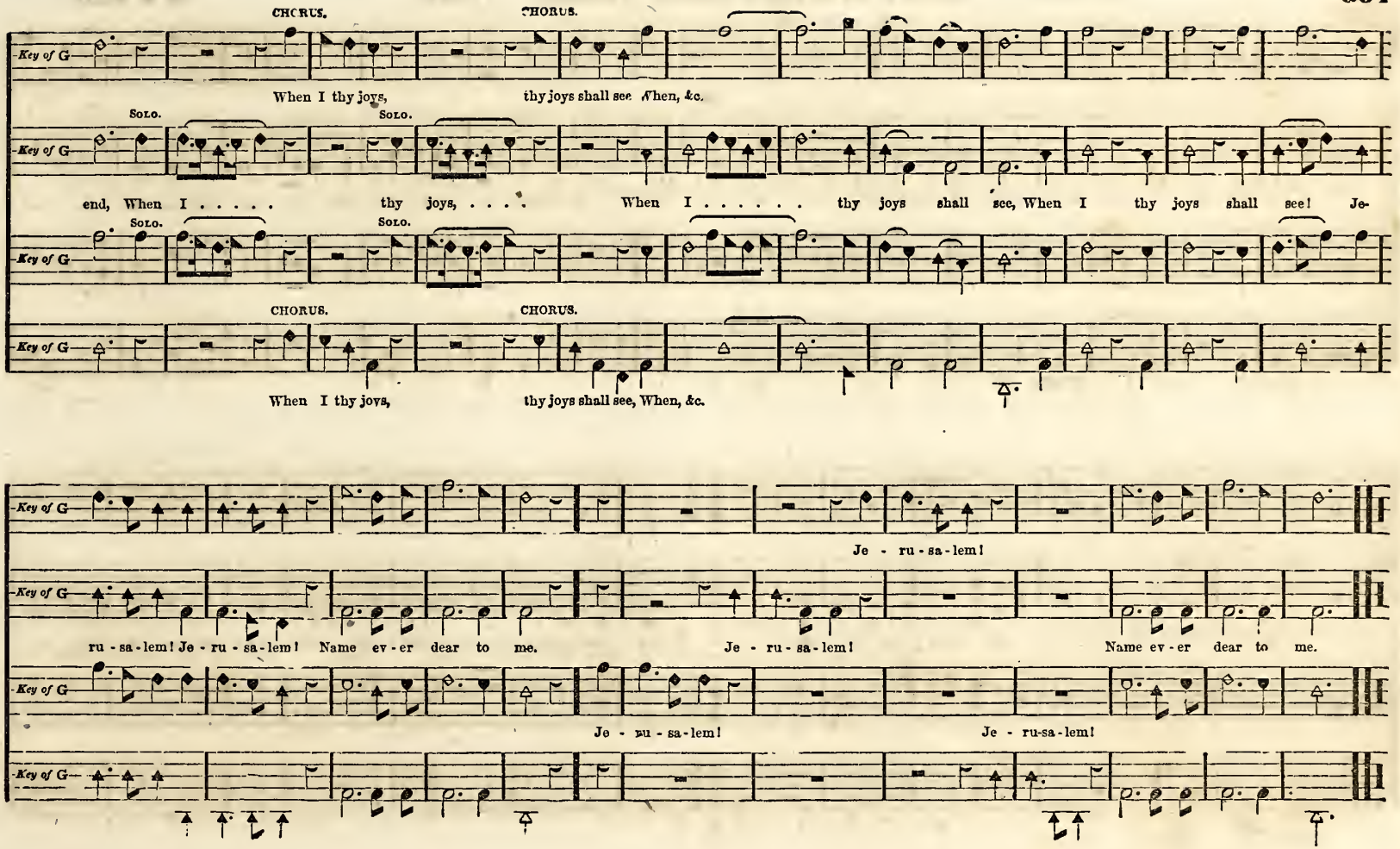
Jerusalem! my glorious home. [Hymn.]

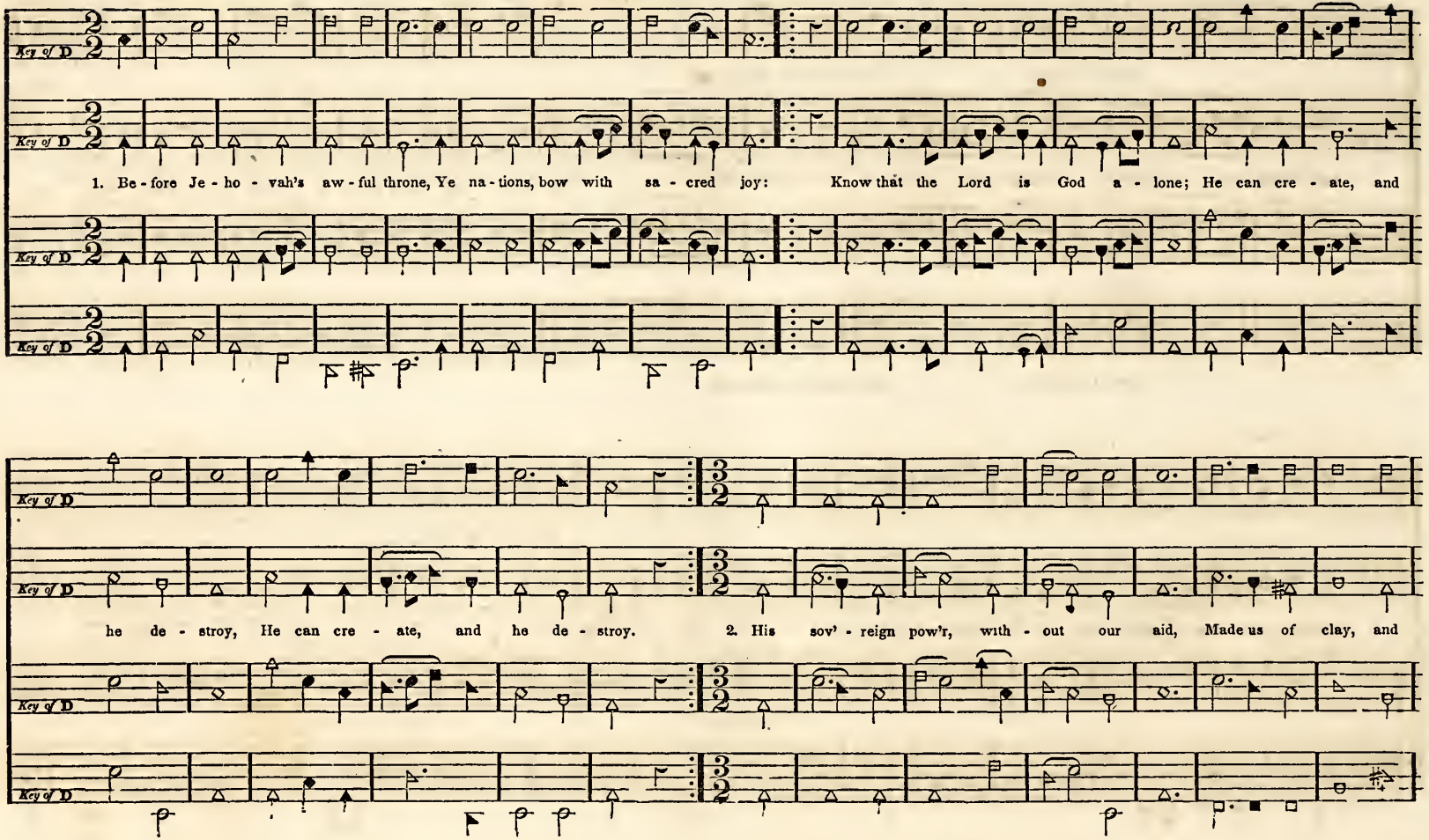
L. MASON.


Moderate.
Key of G
CHORUS.
CHORUS.
f
In joy and peace, In
Solo.
Solo.
Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! Name ev - er dear to me! When, when shall my labours have an end, In joy, . . . In joy, . . .
Solo.
Solo.
f
CHORUS.
CHORUS.
In joy and peace, In
joy and peace, In jey, &c.
Solo.
In joy . . . . . and peace in thee. Oh, when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where con - gre - ga-tions ne'er break up, And
Solo.
joy and peace, In joy, &c.


CHORUS.
Key of G
Key of G
Key of G
Key of G
f
f
Sab - baths have no end? There hap - pier bowers than E - - - den's bloom, No sin nor sor - row know; Blest seats! blest seats! through
Key of G
Key of G
Key of G
Key of G
rude and stormy scenes I on - ward press to you, I on - ward press to you, to you, to you. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to

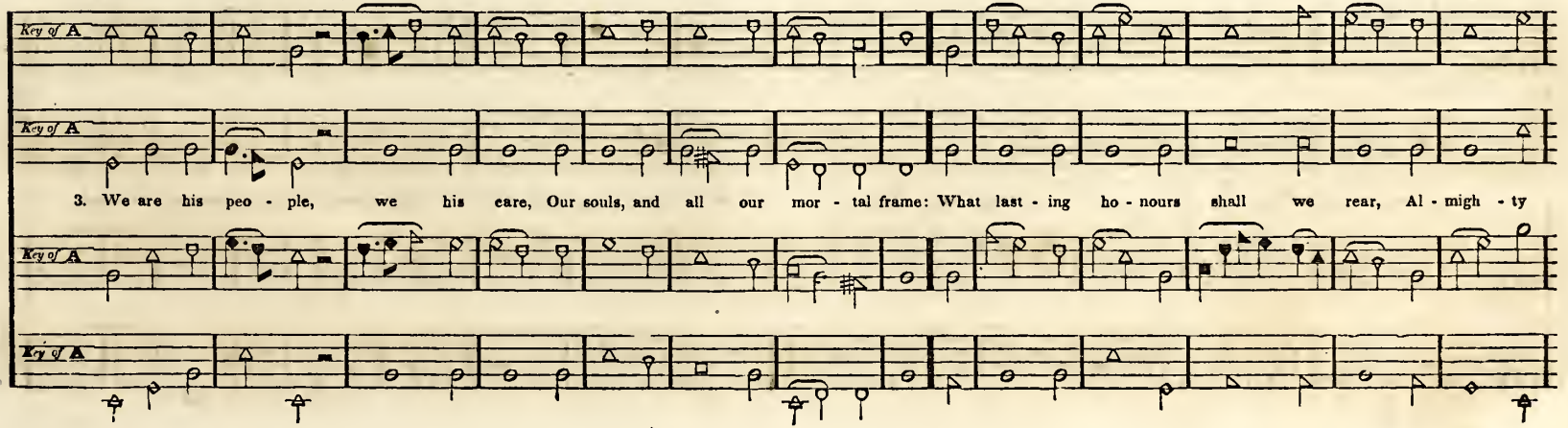
Key of G
f Solo.
Why should I shrink at pain and wo, Or feel at death dis - may? I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view, And
me.
Solo.
Why should I shrink at pain and wo, Or feel at death dis - may? I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view, And
Cres.
f
CHORUS.
realms of end - - - less day.
Je - ru - sa - lem! my glo-rious home! My soul still pants for thee, Then, then shall my la - bours have an
realms of end - - less day.

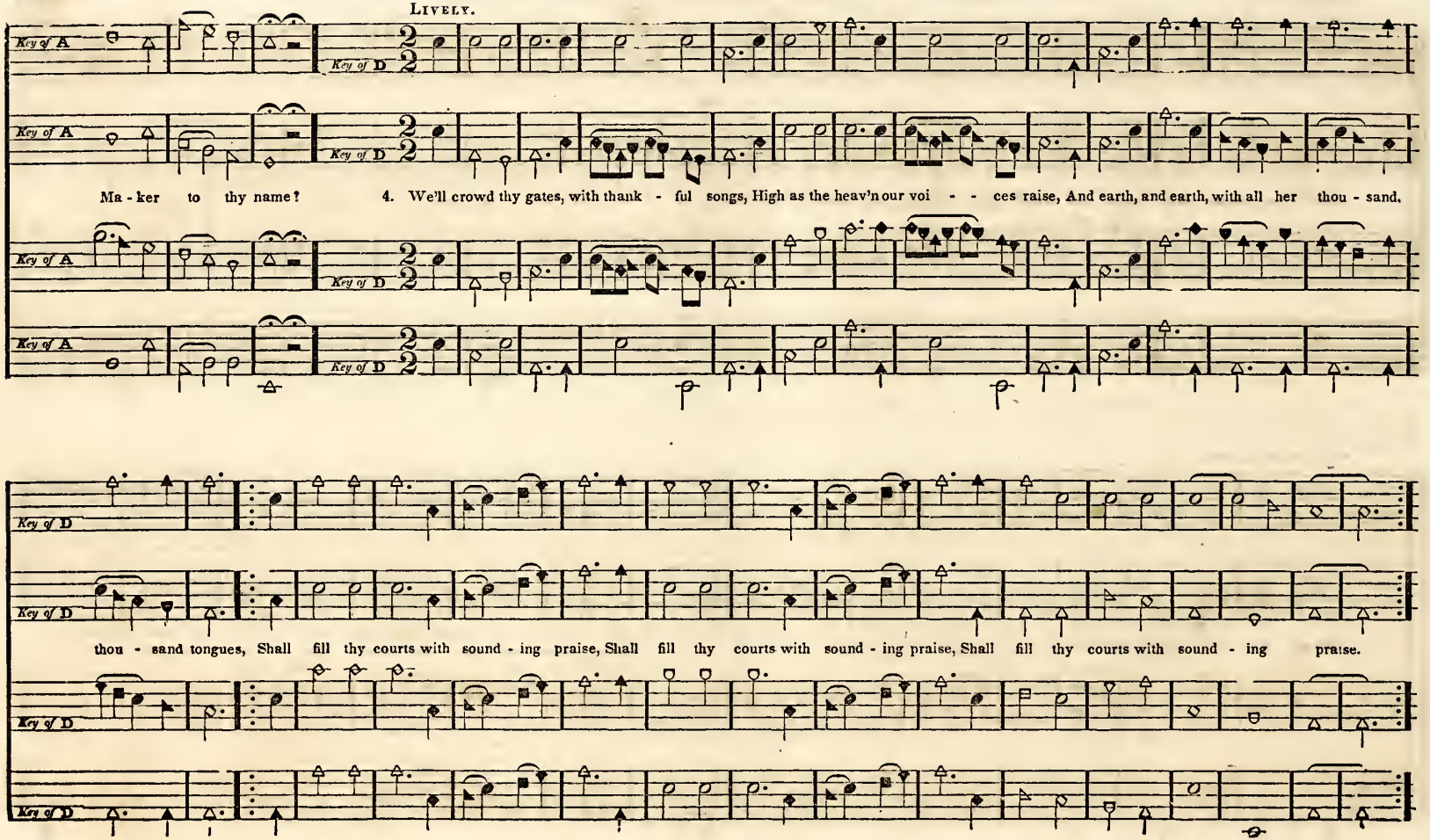

CHORUS.
CHORUS.
Key of G
When I thy joys, thy joys shall see When, &c.
SOLO.
SOLO.
end, When I . . . . . thy joys, ... When I . . . . . thy joys shall see, When I thy joys shall see! Je-
SOLO.
SOLO.
CHORUS.
CHORUS.
When I thy joys, thy joys shall see, When, &c.
Je - ru - sa - lem!
ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me.
Je - ru - sa - lem!
Name ev - er dear to me.
Je - ru - sa - lem!
Je - ru-sa-lem!

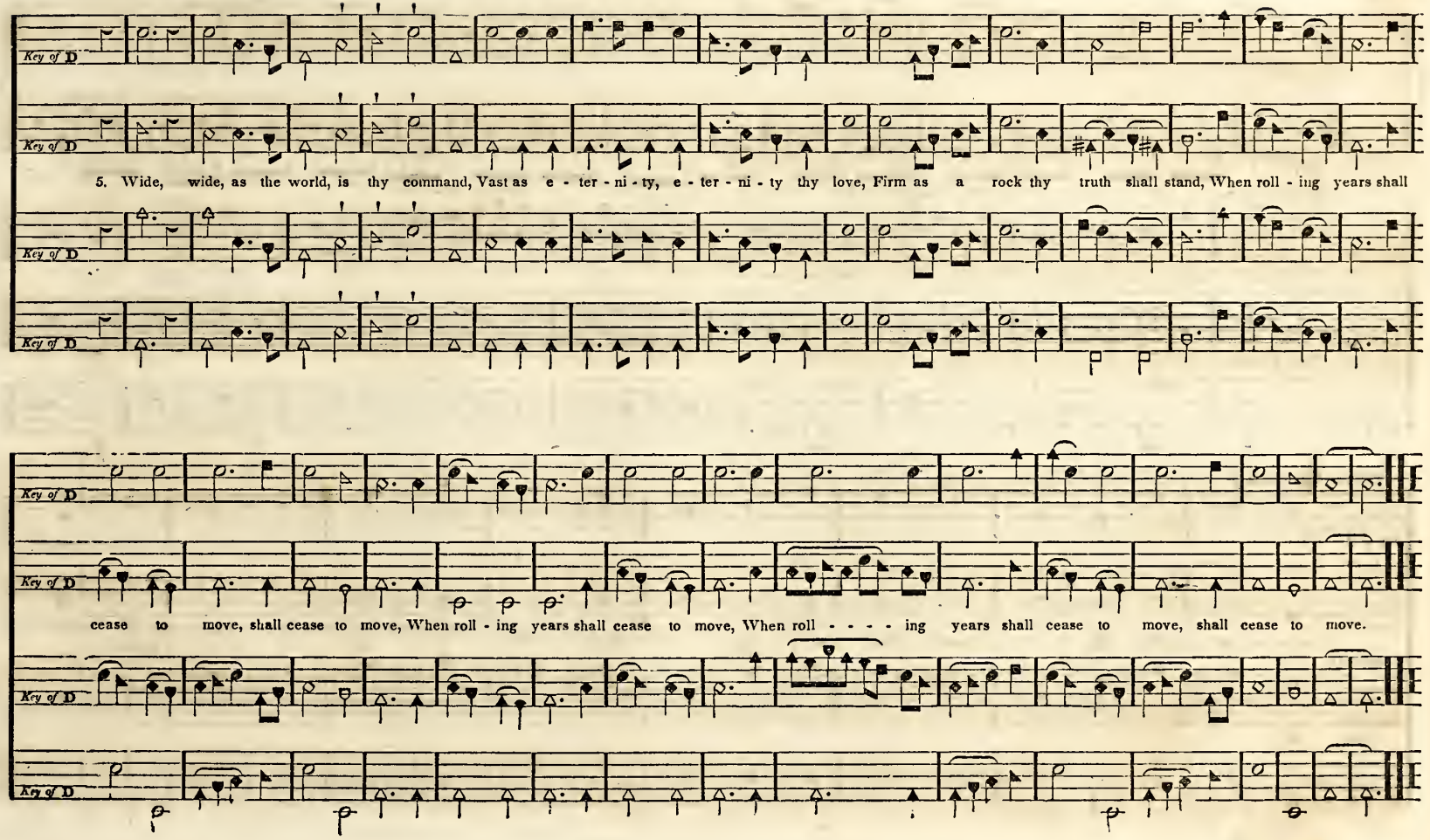

Key of D
1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy: Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and
he de - stroy, He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy.
2. His sov' - reign pow'r, with - out our aid, Made us of clay, and

Key of D
Key of D
form'd us men; And when, like wand' - ring sheep, we stray'd, He brought us to his fold a - gain, He brought us to his fold a - gain.
Key of D
Key of D

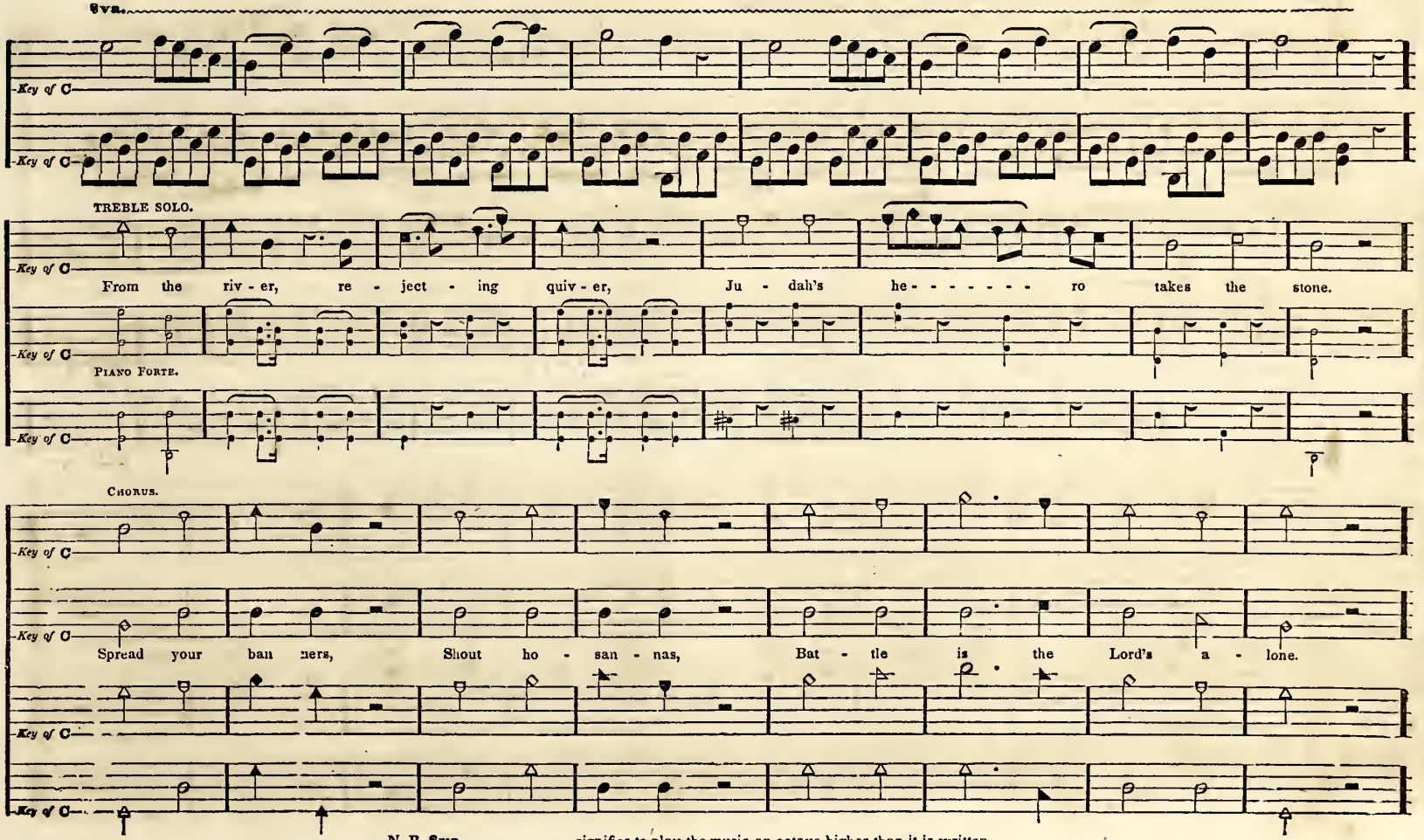
Added for the 3d stanza.


Key of A
Key of A
3. We are his peo - ple, we his care, Our souls, and all our mor - tal frame: What last - ing ho - nours shall we rear, Al - migh - ty
Key of A
Key of A

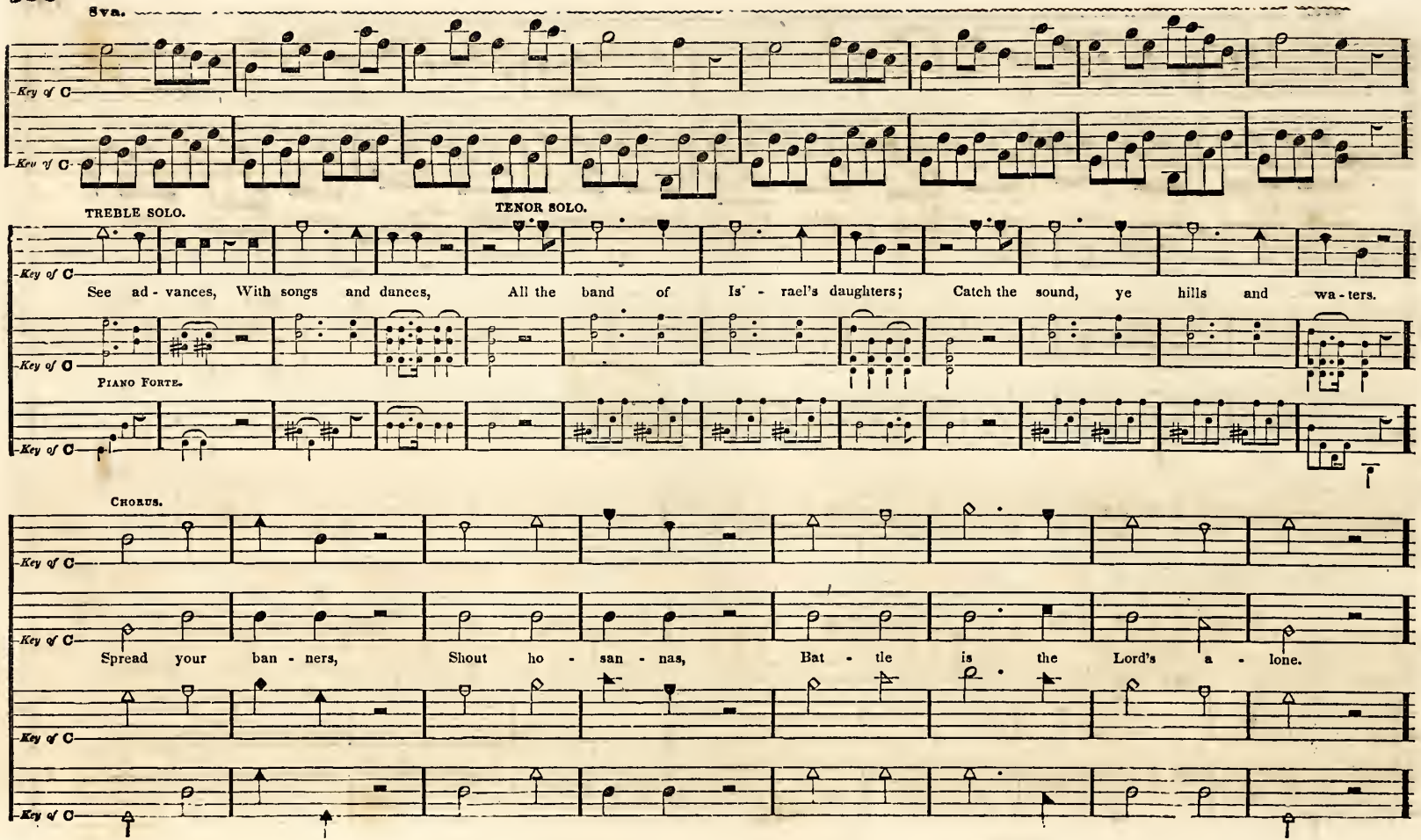

LIVELY.
Key of A
Key of D
Ma - ker to thy name?
4. We'll crowd thy gates, with thank - ful songs, High as the heav'n our voi - - ces raise, And earth, and earth, with all her thou - sand,
thou - sand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sound - ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with sound - ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with sound - ing praise.


Key of D
Key of D
5. Wide, wide, as the world, is thy command, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty thy love, Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When roll - ing years shall
Key of D
Key of D
Key of D
Key of D
cease to move, shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, When roll - - - - ing years shall cease to move, shall cease to move.
Key of D
Key of D

Key of C
TREBLE SOLO.
Strike the cym - bal, roll the tym - bal, Let the trump . . . . . of tri - umph sound.
PIANO FORTE.
TENOR. CHORUS. f
ALTO.
Pow'r - ful sling - ing, head - long bring - ing, Proud Go - li - ath to the ground.
TREBLE.
BASE.

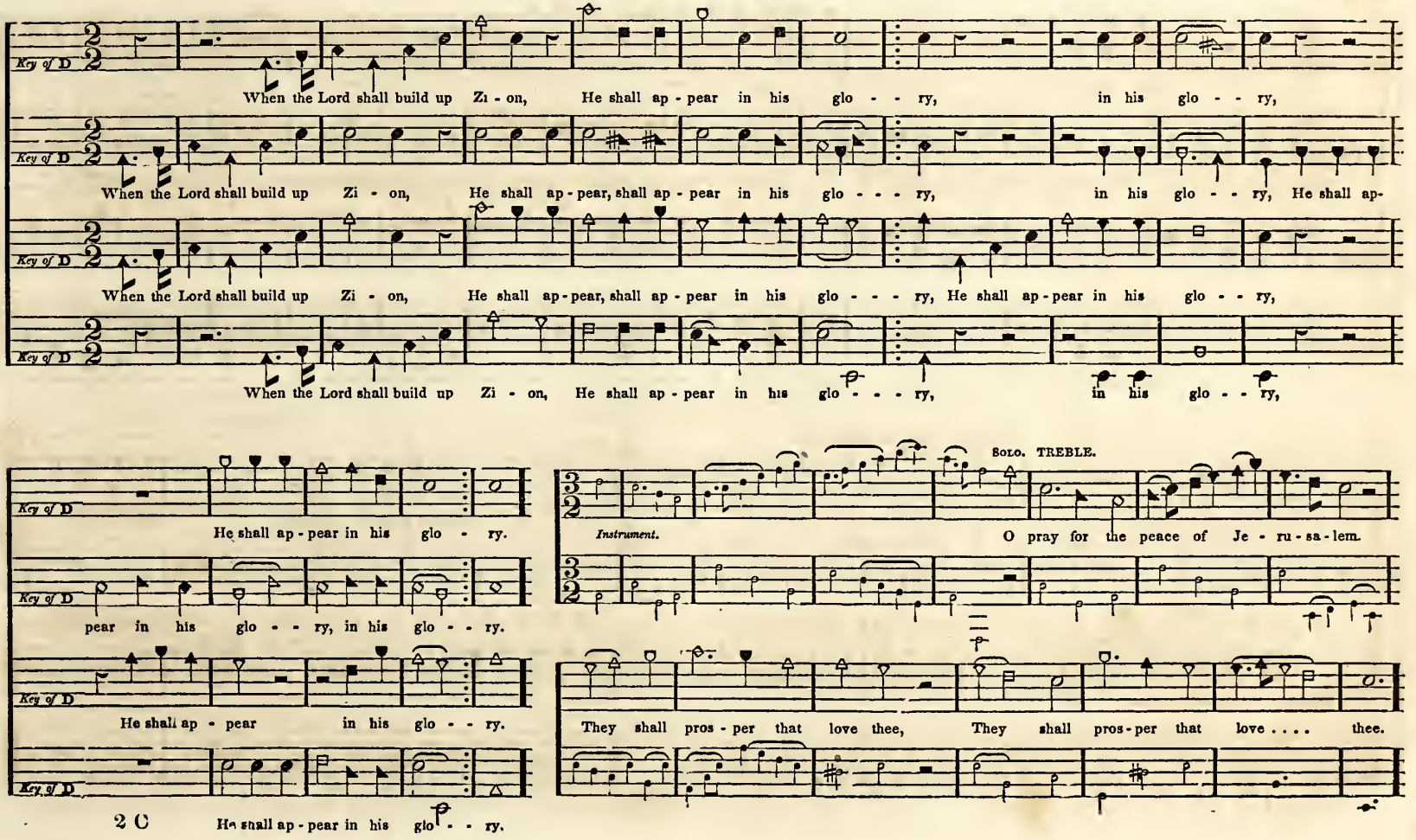

8va.
Key of C
Key of C
TREBLE SOLO.
Key of C
From the riv - er, re - ject - ing quiv - er, Ju - dah's he - - - - - - ro takes the stone.
Key of C
PIANO FORTE.
Key of C
CHORUS.
Key of C
Spread your ban ners, Shout ho - san - nas, Bat - tle is the Lord's a - lone.
Key of C
Key of C

N. B. 8va. signifies to play the music an octave higher than it is written.


8va.
Key of C
Key of C
TREBLE SOLO.
TENOR SOLO.
Key of C
See ad - vances, With songs and dances, All the band of Is' - rael's daughters; Catch the sound, ye hills and wa - ters.
Key of C
PIANO FORTE.
Key of C
CHORUS.
Key of C
Spread your ban - ners, Shout ho - san - nas, Bat - tle is the Lord's a - lone.
Key of C
Key of C

8va.
Key of C
Key of C
Slow.
Chorus.
Key of C
Key of C
God of thunder, rend a - sunder, All the pow'r Phi - lis - tia boasts; What are nations what their stations? Israel's God is Lord of hosts.
Key of C
Key of C

Key of C
What are haughty monarchs now? Low be-fore Je - ho - vah bow. Pride of princes, strength of kings, To the dust Jehovah brings; Praise him, praise him, ex - ult-ing nations praise.
ff
Ho - san - - - na, Ho - san - - - na, Ho - - - - - san - na.
Ho - san - - - na, Ho - san - - - na, Ho - - - - - san - na.
Ho - san - - - na, Ho - san - - - na, Ho - - - - - san - na.


Key of D
When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall ap - pear in his glo - - ry, in his glo - - ry,
When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall ap - pear, shall ap - pear in his glo - - - ry, in his glo - - ry, He shall ap-
When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall ap - pear, shall ap - pear in his glo - - - ry, He shall ap - pear in his glo - - ry,
When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall ap - pear in his glo - - - ry, in his glo - - ry,
He shall ap - pear in his glo - ry.
pear in his glo - - ry, in his glo - - ry.
He shall ap - pear in his glo - - ry.
2 C
He shall ap - pear in his glo - - ry.
Solo. TREBLE.
Instrument.
O pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem.
They shall pros - per that love thee, They shall pros - per that love . . . . thee.

Chorus.
Key of D
Peace be with-in thy walls, Peace be with-in thy walls, with-in thy walls, and plenteousness within thy pa - la - ces, and plenteousness with
Peace be with-in thy walls, Peace be with-in thy walls, Peace be with-in thy walls, and plenteousness within thy pa - la - ces, and plenteousness with-
Peace be with-in thy walls, Peace be with-in thy walls, with-in thy walls, and plenteousness within thy pa - la - ces, and plenteousness with-
Very slow. Solo or Semi-chorus.
p
Chorus.
in thy pa - la - ces
Peace be with-in thy walls, Peace be with-in thy
in thy pa - la - ces. Oh pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - sa-lem. Peace be with in thy walls, Peace be with-in thy walls, and
in thy pa - la - ces.
Peace be with-in thy walls. Peace be with-in thy

First time omit the Amen, and pass to the Duett

Key of D

walls, and plenteousness within thy pa-la-ces. Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls,

Key of D

plenteousness, and plenteousness within thy pa-la-ces, Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness, and plenteousness within thy pa-la-ces.

Key of D

Key of D

walls, and plenteousness within thy pa-la-ces, Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls,

To be sung at the close only. FINE.

Key of D

Key of D

A - men, A - men.

Key of D

Key of D

DUETT. 1st and 2d TREBLES.

Key of G 3/2

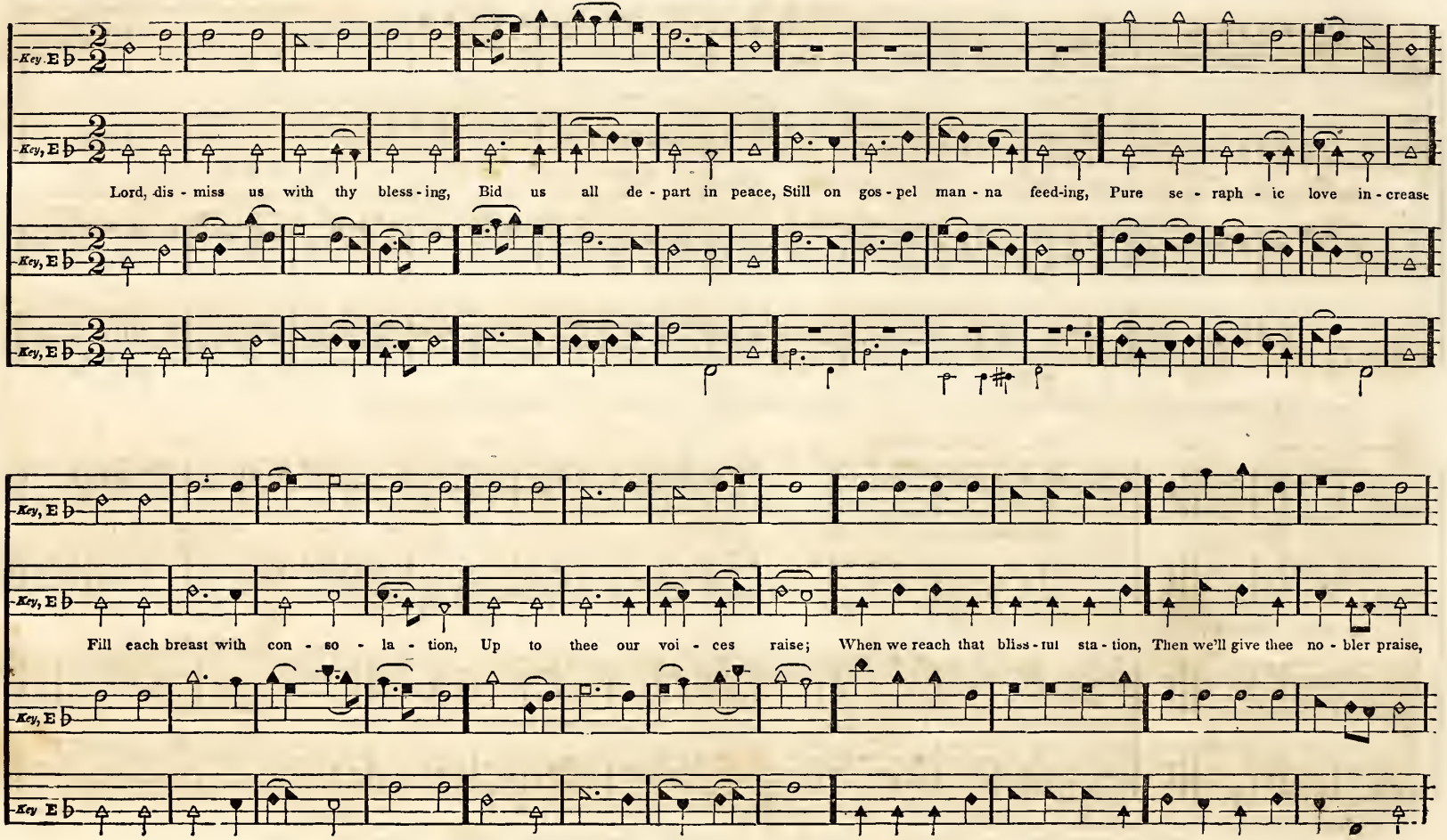
This shall be my rest, shall be my rest for ev - er, for ev - er, saith the Lord. Here will I dwell, Here will I dwell, for

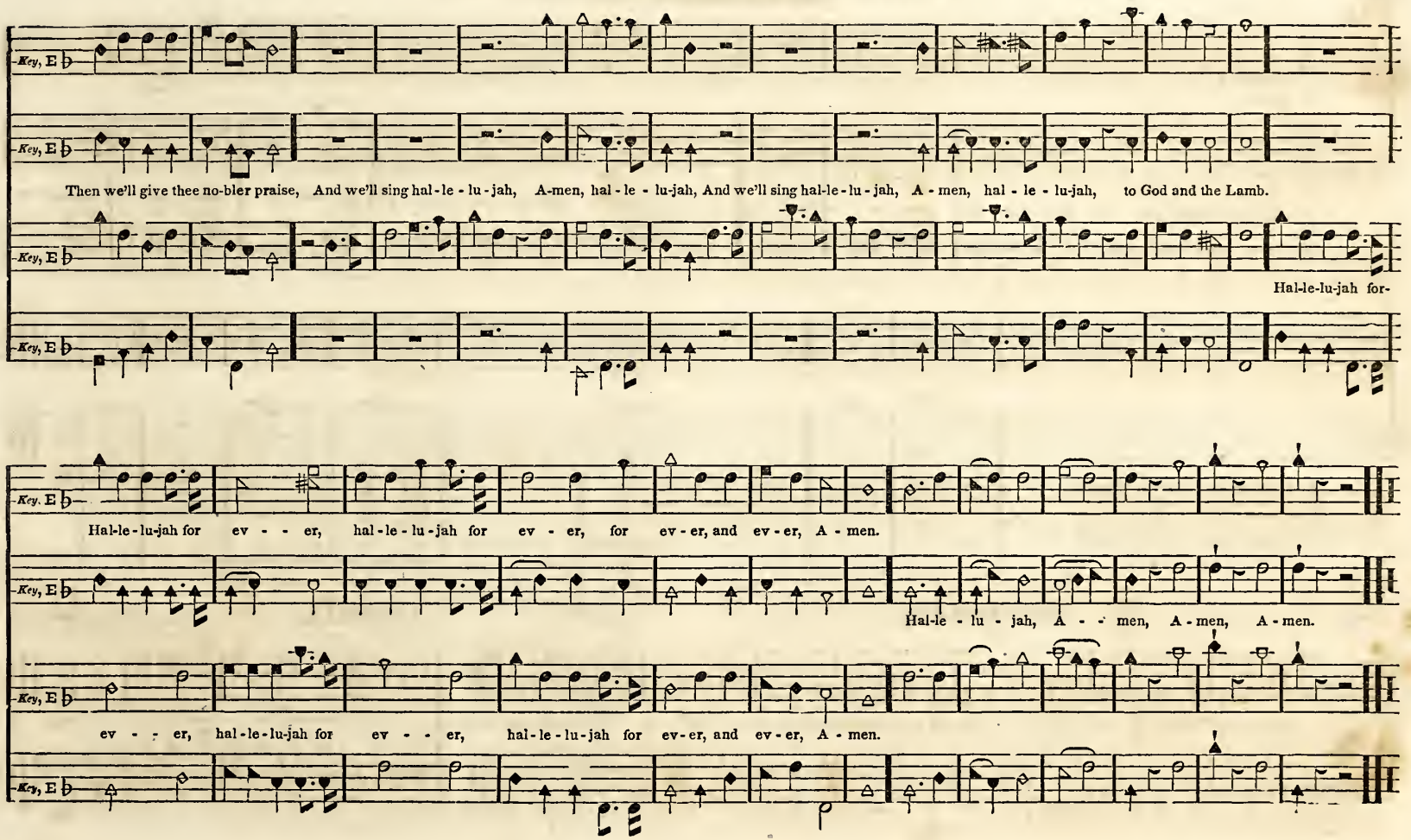
Key of G 3/2

I delight therein, for I delight there - in, Here will I dwell, Here will I dwell, for I delight therein, for I . . . . . de - light therein.

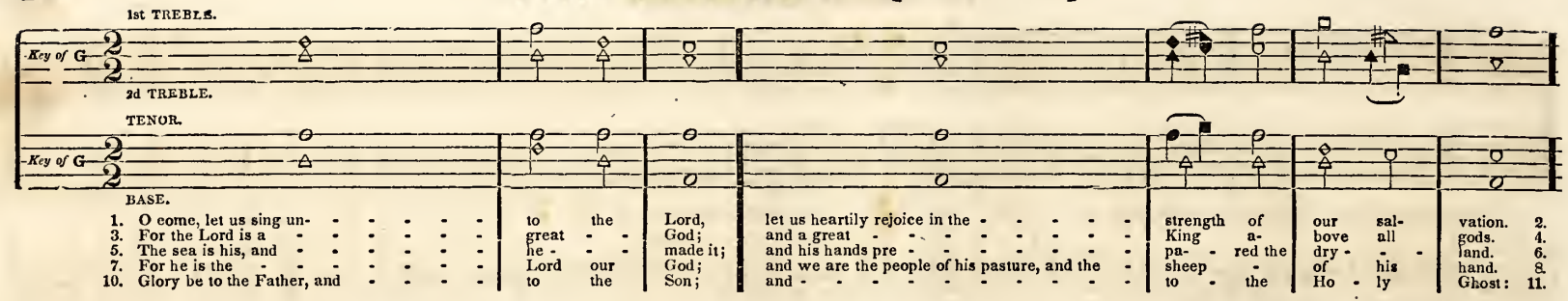
for I delight therein, delight there - in, Here will I dwell, Here will I dwell, for I delight, for I . . . . . de - light therein.

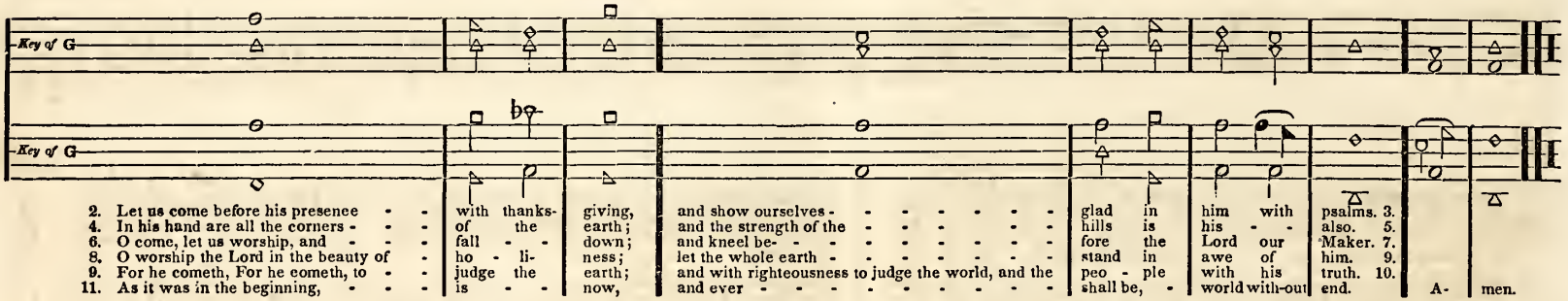
NOTE.—Repeat the Semi-chorus, "Oh pray for the peace," &c., and the Chorus. "Peace be within thy walls," and close with the Amen


Key E♭
Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Bid us all de - part in peace, Still on gos - pel man - na feed-ing, Pure se - raph - ic love in - crease
Fill each breast with con - so - la - tion, Up to thee our voi - ces raise; When we reach that bliss - ful sta - tion, Then we'll give thee no - bler praise,


Key, E♭
Then we'll give thee no-bler praise, And we'll sing hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, hal-le-lu-jah, And we'll sing hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, hal-le-lu-jah, to God and the Lamb.
Hal-le-lu-jah for-
Hal-le-lu-jah for ev - - er, hal-le-lu-jah for ev-er, for ev-er, and ev-er, A-men.
Hal-le-lu-jah, A - - men, A-men, A-men.
ev - - er, hal-le-lu-jah for ev - - er, hal-le-lu-jah for ev-er, and ev-er, A-men.

VENITE EXULTEMUS. [Double Chant.]

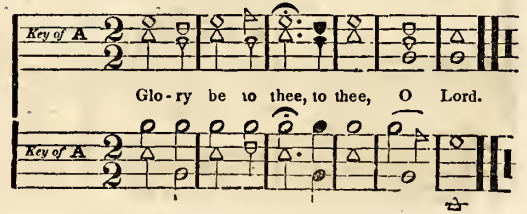

1st TREBLE.
Key of G
2d TREBLE.
TENOR.
Key of G
BASE.
1. O come, let us sing un- to the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our sal- vation. 2.
3. For the Lord is a great God; and a great King a- bove all gods. 4.
5. The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands pre pa- red the dry land. 6.
7. For he is the Lord our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand. 8.
10. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son; and to the Ho - ly Ghost: 11.

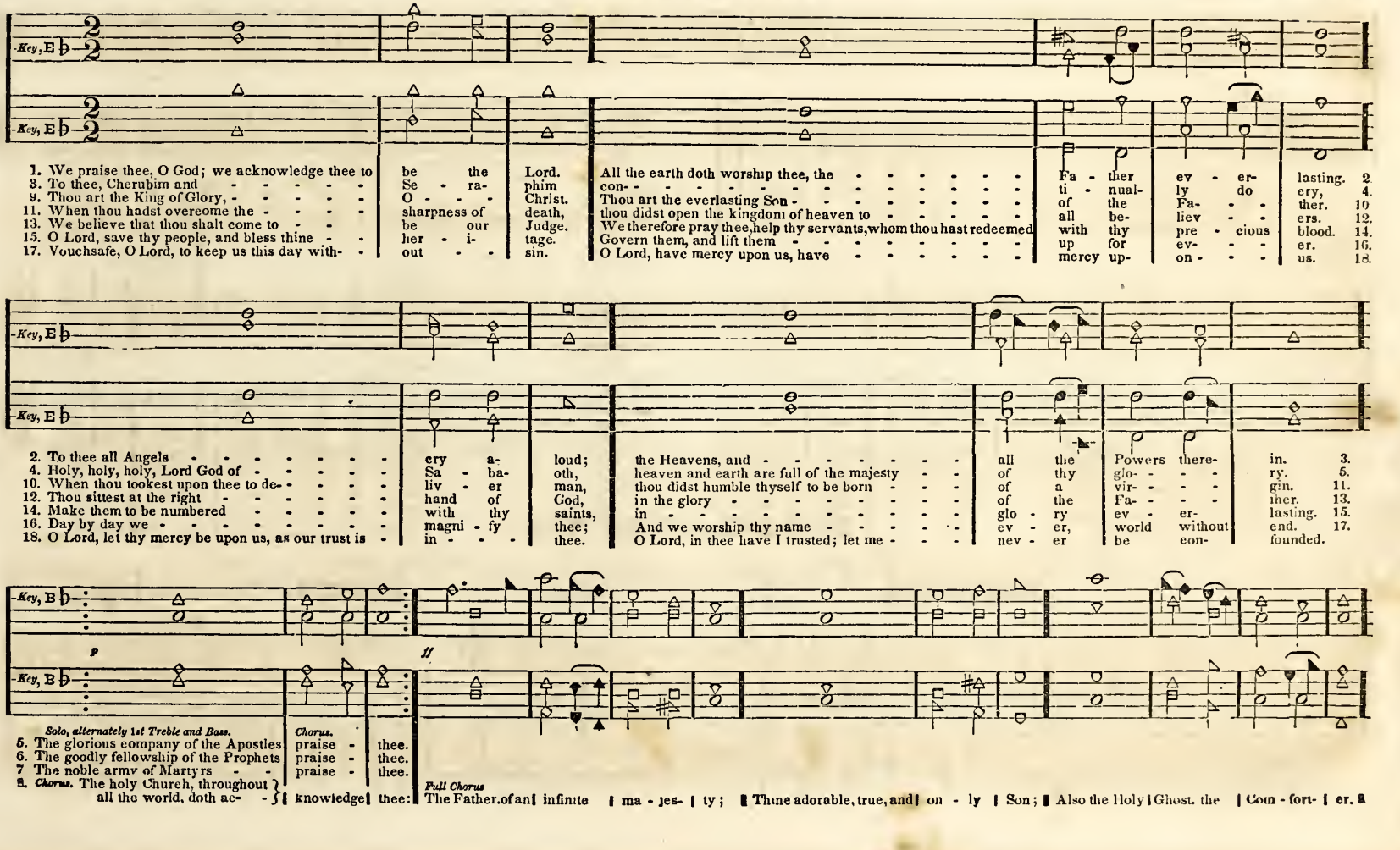

Key of G
Key of G
2. Let us come before his presence with thanks- giving, and show ourselves glad in him with psalms. 3.
4. In his hand are all the corners of the earth; and the strength of the hills is his also. 5.
6. O come, let us worship, and fall down; and kneel be- fore the Lord our Maker. 7.
8. O worship the Lord in the beauty of ho - li- ness; let the whole earth stand in awe of him. 9.
9. For he cometh, For he cometh, to judge the earth; and with righteousness to judge the world, and the peo - ple with his truth. 10.
11. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world with-out end. A- men.

SENTENCE.

B. CARR.

GLORIA. (Before the Holy Gospel.)




Key, E♭
Key, E♭
1. We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship thee, the Fa - ther ev - er lasting. 2
3. To thee, Cherubim and Se - ra- phim con- ti - nual- ly do ery, 4.
9. Thou art the King of Glory, O - Christ. Thou art the everlasting Son of the Fa- ther. 10
11. When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all be- liev - ers. 12.
13. We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge. We therefore pray thee,help thy servants,whom thou hast redeemed with thy pre - cious blood. 14.
15. O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine her - i- tage. Govern them, and lift them up for ev- er. 16.
17. Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day with- out sin. O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy up- on us. 18.
Key, E♭
Key, E♭
2. To thee all Angels cry a- loud; the Heavens, and all the Powers there- in. 3.
4. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sa - ba- oth, heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glo- ry. 5.
10. When thou tookest upon thee to de- liv - er man, thou didst humble thyself to be born of a vir- gin. 11.
12. Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Fa- ther. 13.
14. Make them to be numbered with thy saints, in of the glo - ry ev - er- lasting. 15.
16. Day by day we magni - fy thee; And we worship thy name ev - er, world without end. 17.
18. O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in - thee. O Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me nev - er be con- founded.
Key, B♭
Key, B♭
p
ff
Solo, alternately 1st Treble and Bass. Chorus.
5. The glorious company of the Apostles praise - thee.
6. The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise - thee.
7 The noble army of Martyrs praise - thee.
8. Chorus. The holy Church, throughout all the world, doth ac- knowledge thee:
Full Chorus
The Father.of an infinite ma - jes- ty; Thine adorable, true, and on - ly Son; Also the Holy Ghost. the Com - fort- er.

GLORIA PATRI.

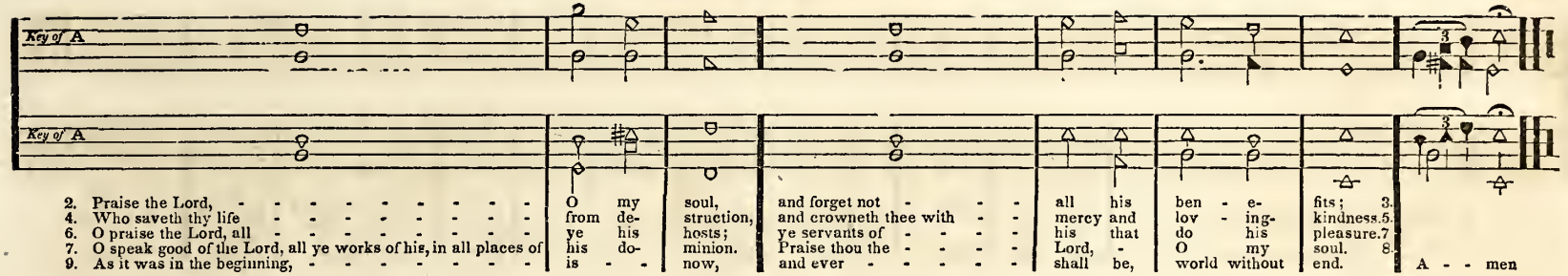
DR. RANDALL.

Key of E
Key of E
Glory be to the Father, and - - - - to the Son, and - - - - - - - - to the Ho - ly Ghost;
Key of E
Key of E
As it was in the beginning, - - is - - now, and ever - - - - - - shall be, world without end. A- men.

BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.

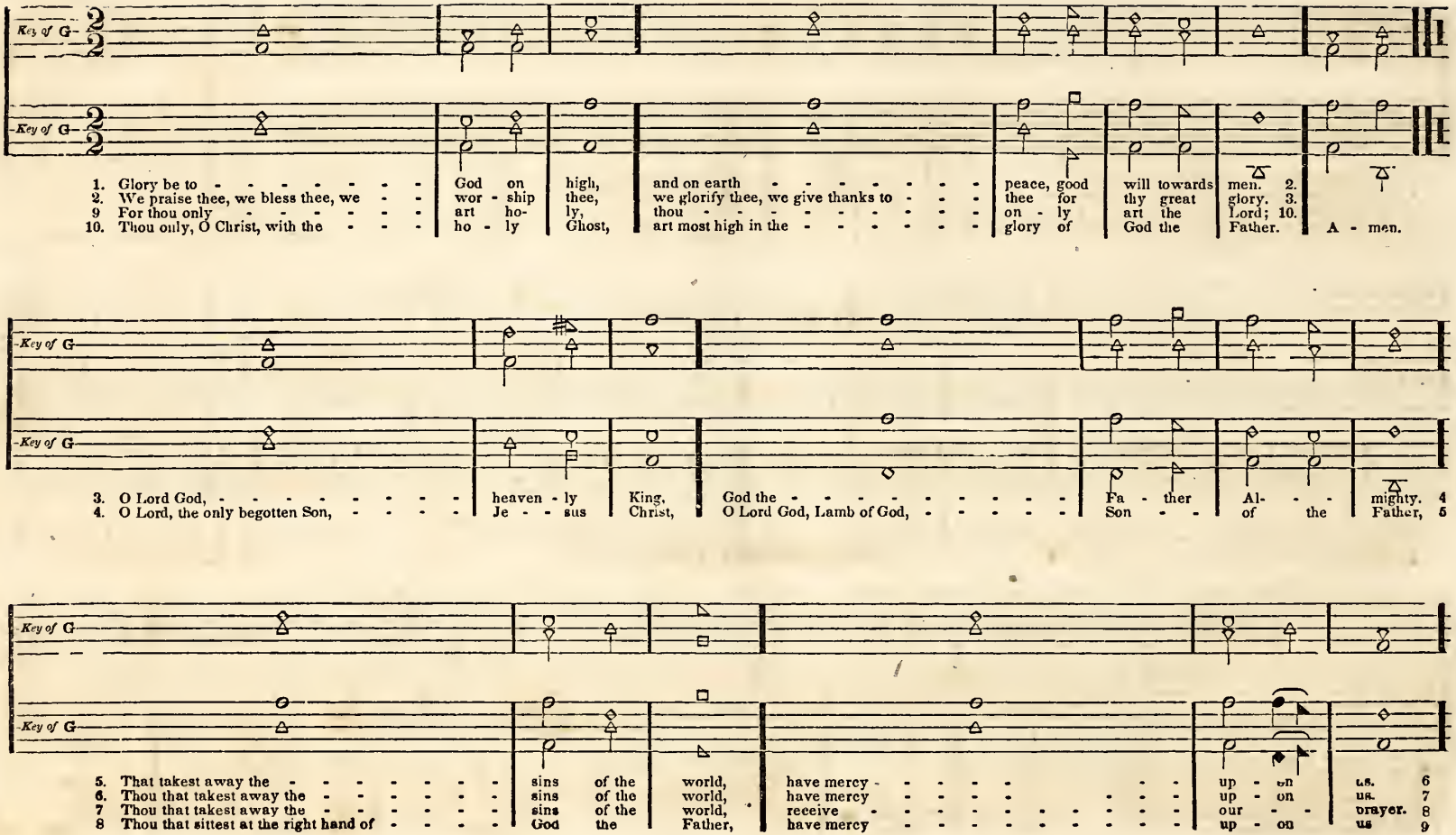
NORRIS.

Key of A
Key of A
1. Praise the Lord, - - - - - - O my soul; and all that is within me - - - - - - praise his ho - ly name. 2.
3. Who forgiveth - - - - - - - all thy sin, and healeth - - - - - - - all thine in- fir mi- ties; 4.
5. O praise the Lord, ye Angels of his, ye that ex- cel in strength, ve that fulfil his commandment, and hearken un- to the voice of his word. 6.
8. Glory be to the Father, and - - - to the Son, and - - - - - - - - - to the Ho - ly Ghost; 8


Key of A
Key of A
2. Praise the Lord, - - - - - - - - - - O my soul, and forget not - - - all his ben - e- fits; 3.
4. Who saveth thy life - - - - - - - - - from de- struction, and crowneth thee with - - mercy and lov - ing- kindness.5.
6. O praise the Lord, all - - - - - - - - - ye his hosts; ye servants of - - - - his that do his pleasure.7
7. O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of his do- minion. Praise thou the - - - - Lord, - O my soul. 8.
9. As it was in the beginning, - - - - - - - - - is - - now, and ever - - - - - shall be, world without end. A - - men

JUBILATE DEO.

Key of A
Key of A
1. O be joyful in the Lord, - - - - - - - - - all ye lands; serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his pre - sence with a song. 2.
3. O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his - courts with praise; be thankful unto him, and - - - - - - speak good of his name. 4.
5. Glory be to the Father, and - - - - - - - - - to the Son, and - - - - - - - - - - to the Ho - ly Ghost; 6.
Key of A
Key of A
2. Be ye sure that the Lord - - - he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people and the sheep of his pasture. 3.
4 For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is ev - er- lasting, and his truth endureth from generation to - - - - - gen - e- ra- - - - tion. 5.
6 As it was in the beginning - - - is - - now, and ever - - - - - - - - - - - shall be, world with-out end. A- men.


Key of G
Key of G
1. Glory be to - - - - - - - - God on high, and on earth - - - - - - - - peace, good will towards men. 2.
2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we - - - wor - ship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to - - - thee for thy great glory. 3.
9 For thou only - - - - - - - art ho- ly, thou - - - - - - - - on - ly art the Lord; 10.
10. Thou only, O Christ, with the - - - - ho - ly Ghost, art most high in the - - - - - - - glory of God the Father. A - men.
Key of G
Key of G
3. O Lord God, - - - - - - - - heaven - ly King, God the - - - - - - - - Fa - ther Al- - - mighty. 4
4. O Lord, the only begotten Son, - - - - Je - - sus Christ, O Lord God, Lamb of God, - - - - - Son - - of the Father, 5
Key of G
Key of G
5. That takest away the - - - - - - - - sins of the world, have mercy - - - - - - up - on us. 6
6. Thou that takest away the - - - - - - - sins of the world, have mercy - - - - - - up - on us. 7
7 Thou that takest away the - - - - - - - sins of the world, receive - - - - - - - - our - - prayer. 8
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of - - - - God the Father, have mercy - - - - - - - up - on us 9

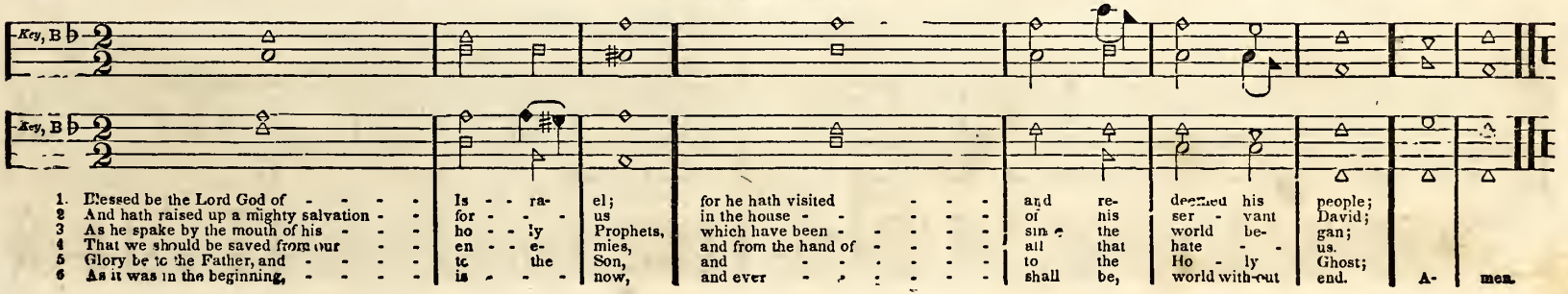
BONUM EST.

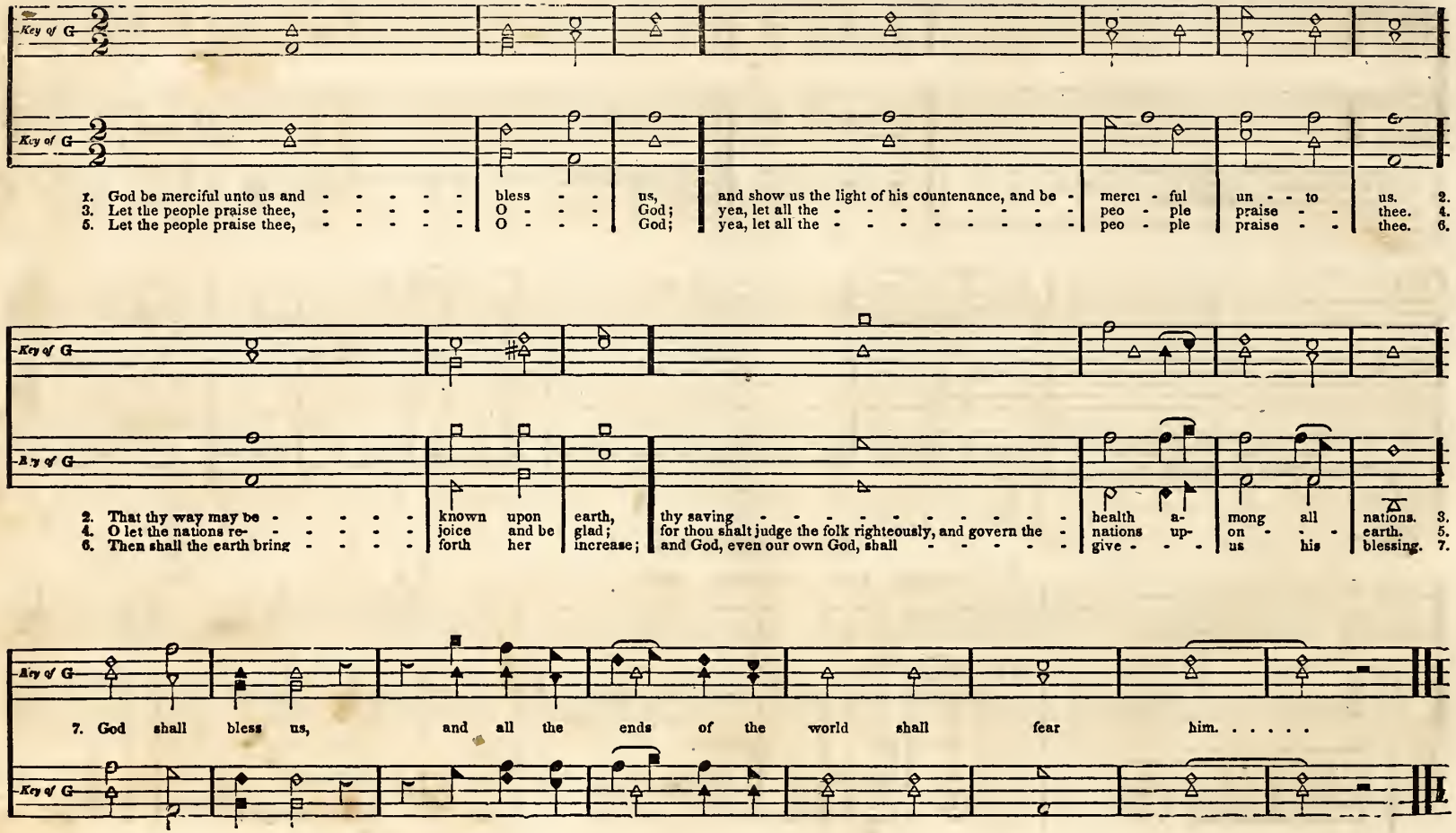
REV. W. JONES.

Key, B♭
1. It is a good thing to give thanks un- - - - - - to the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy - - - - - name, - - O Most Highest; 2.
3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- - - - - on the lute; upon a loud instrument, - - - - - - - and up- on the harp. 4
5. Glory be to the Father, and - - - - - - - to the Son, and - - - - - - - - to the Ho - ly Ghost; 6.
2. To tell of thy loving-kindness early - in the morning, and of thy truth - - - - - in the night - season; 3.
4. For thou, Lord, hast made me glad - through thy works; and I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope- ra - tions 5. of thy hands.
6. As it was in the beginning, - - - is - - now, and ever - - - - - - - - shall be, world with-out end. A- men.

BENEDICTUS.

W. H. W. DARLEY.


Key, B♭
1. Blessed be the Lord God of - - - - Is - - ra- el; for he hath visited - - - and re- deemed his people;
2 And hath raised up a mighty salvation - - for - - - - us in the house - - - - - of his ser - vant David;
3 As he spake by the mouth of his - - - ho - - ly Prophets, which have been - - - - - sin e the world be- gan;
4 That we should be saved from our - - en - - e- mies, and from the hand of - - - - all that hate - - us.
5 Glory be to the Father, and - - - - to the Son, and - - - - - - to the Ho - ly Ghost;
6 As it was in the beginning, - - - - is - - - now, and ever - - - - - - shall be, world with-out end. A- men.


Key of G
Key of G
1. God be merciful unto us and - - - - - bless - - us, and show us the light of his countenance, and be - merci - ful un - - to us. 2.
3. Let the people praise thee, - - - - - O - - - God; yea, let all the - - - - - - - - peo - ple praise - - thee. 4.
5. Let the people praise thee, - - - - - O - - - God; yea, let all the - - - - - - - - peo - ple praise - - thee. 6.
Key of G
Key of G
2. That thy way may be - - - - - known upon earth, thy saving - - - - - - - - - - health a- mong all nations. 3.
4. O let the nations re- - - - - joice and be glad; for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the - nations up- on - - - earth. 5.
6. Then shall the earth bring - - - - - forth her increase; and God, even our own God, shall - - - - - give - - - us his blessing. 7.
Key of G
Key of G
7. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the world shall fear him. . . . . .

Key of C
1. O sing unto the Lord a new song;
3. The Lord declared his salvation;
5. Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands;
7. With trumpets also and shawms,
9. Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together before the Lord;
11. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son;
for he his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight
sing, re- joice, and
O show yourselves joyful be- fore the
for he- cometh to
and to the
hath done of the
marvel - lous hea- - then.
things. 2.
4.
give - - thanks. 6.
Lord the King. 8.
judge the earth. 10.
Ho - ly Ghost: 11.
2. With his own right hand, and with his ho - ly arm,
4. He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the house of Israel;
6. Praise the Lord up- on the harp;
8. Let the sea make a noise and all that there - in is,
10. With righteousness shall he judge the world,
12. As it was in the beginning, is - now,
hath he gotten him-
and all the ends of the world have seen the sal-
sing to the harp with a
the round world and
and the people
and ever
va - tion
psalm of
they that
with -
shall be,
self the
vic - to-
of our
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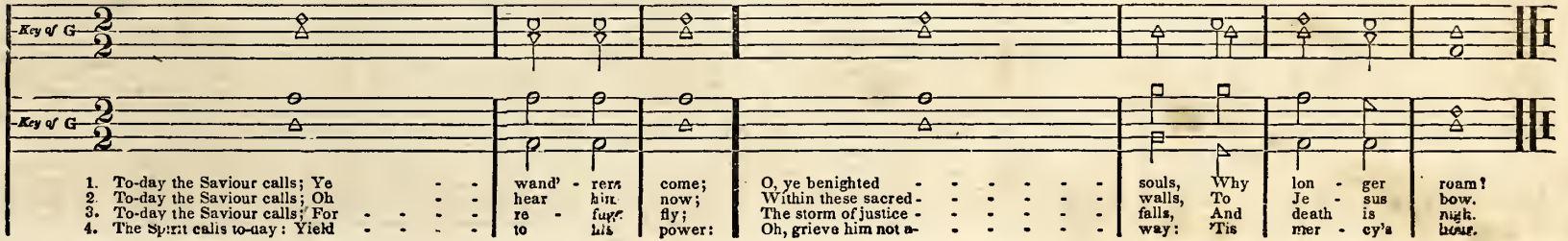
To-day the Saviour calls. [CHANT.]

GREGORIAN.



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RECOMMENDATIONS.

Mr. J. B. AIKIN

My dear sir:—I have carefully perused, and I may say studied, your new system of musical notation in the Christian Minstrel. I am not sufficiently a practical musician to be able to form a judgment of the value of the collection of tunes contained in the book. But of one thing I am perfectly certain. You have simplified the method by which an understanding of the theory of music is conveyed to the mind in a remarkable degree. Of all the sciences to which my attention has been directed, music is the most complicated and unintelligible in the ordinary modes of instruction. If I had enjoyed the advantages of your book twenty-five years ago, it would have saved me some months of perplexing study. The impression that peculiar musical talent is necessary to comprehend the principles of music, has kept thousands from all serious attempts to become acquainted with the science. Your system is capable, I am confident, of conveying to uninstructed minds such a knowledge, in a few days, as would require several months in the usual mode of instruction. At a time when there are so many pretenders to improvements in every branch of science, very few of which do not prove to be *mere* pretenders, you will, of course, meet with difficulties in introducing your book, but the truth is mighty and must ultimately prevail.

With great respect, I remain yours, truly, JOEL PARKER, D. D.,
Pastor of the Clinton street Presbyterian Church.

Philadelphia, June 25, 1846.

Mr. J. B. AIKIN,

Dear sir:—I have an ear and soul for music; but of the science I am no master. Your selection of musical airs for public worship I deem excellent. In hearing *one* of your lectures on your improvements, I learned more of the science of music than I could ever before acquire. I shall not despair of understanding the science if I can get time thoroughly to study your "Elements of Music." With the sentiments of the Rev. Dr. Parker I fully concur.

EZRA STYLES ELY, D. D.,
Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Northern Liberties.

Philadelphia, July 9th, 1846.

Mr. J. B. AIKIN,

Dear sir:—The Christian Minstrel should command the attention of the musical public. In your work, the science of music is so simplified as to render a practical knowledge of it easily attainable. The difficulty of mastering, and practically applying the common system of notation is so great that few persons whose time is limited succeed in overcoming it. You have done a good service to the church and to the community by removing the mysticism which has been hitherto unnecessarily thrown around a science whose humanizing influences can hardly be over-estimated. You have popularized music, and made it accessible to the mass. Prejudice will doubtless look on your improvements with jaundiced eyes; but your system must succeed. I am satisfied that you have taken up the "stumbling-blocks out of the way of the people," and henceforth he who "runneth may read" music.

Truly your friend, THOS. MACKELLAR.

Philadelphia, July 13, 1846.

From the Christian Observer.

To simplify whatever is complex, is one of the great purposes to which the genius of the age is applied. The results of this process may be seen in most of the text-books in our schools, and in every scientific manual. In the Christian Minstrel, by J. B. AIKIN, we have an illustration of this process in the science of music.

Mr. J. B. AIKIN,

Dear sir:—I have carefully examined your new system of musical notation, entitled The Christian Minstrel. After being engaged in teaching music for the last twenty-five years, I am free to say that your system obviates several difficulties in the old system which greatly perplex the learner. The simplification of the subject of the time, and the change of the letters on the staff, greatly facilitate the acquisition of the principles of the science of music. The sound and clear reasoning contained in the preface, and the elementary principles of your book, are sufficient to convince any unprejudiced mind that this valuable work must soon find its way into every church in the country. There is not a shadow of doubt in my own mind that it will soon become the general standard of church music, and that the system is of equal importance to instrumental music. Your arrangement of the measures, and the lettering of all the staffs alike will diminish *more* than one-half the labour of the new beginner.

With great respect, I remain yours, truly, GEORGE HARDAKER,
Professor of Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Philadelphia, October 22, 1846.

We fully concur in the sentiments of approbation above expressed.

THOMAS G. ARMSTRONG,
Leader of Choir, First M. P. Church, Philadelphia.
JOHN MOORE,
Chorister of Eastburn Mariner's Bethel, Philadelphia.
WILLIAM STEWART,
Leader of Choir, Bethlehem M. E. Church, Philadelphia.
JOHN HUFF,
Leader of Choir, Nazareth M. E. Church, Philadelphia.

From the Philadelphia Daily Sun.

AMONG the valuable achievements in science of modern times, the last—not least—is a work on music, just published in this city by J. B. AIKIN, with a collection of the most popular psalm tunes, anthems, and chants entitled The Christian Minstrel, designed for the use of churches, singing-schools, &c.

This work accomplishes that which has been so long and so much needed, viz., rendering the science of music *intelligible*. The obscurity and mist which have hitherto been in the way of thousands to any progress in the attainment of a clear, distinct knowledge of the principles of this science, are here dispelled. The work supplies the deficiencies which have been so deeply and so deplorably felt. It cannot be too soon adopted in the churches and schools of this city, and throughout the country. It is the system which is destined to prevail. The author has erected for himself a "*monumentum perennius æra.*"—The date of his book is an epoch in the history of music.

To specify the radical improvements in the various arts connected with the science made in this work, would be superfluous, since it is published to the world, and to be appreciated and admired, it needs but to be understood.